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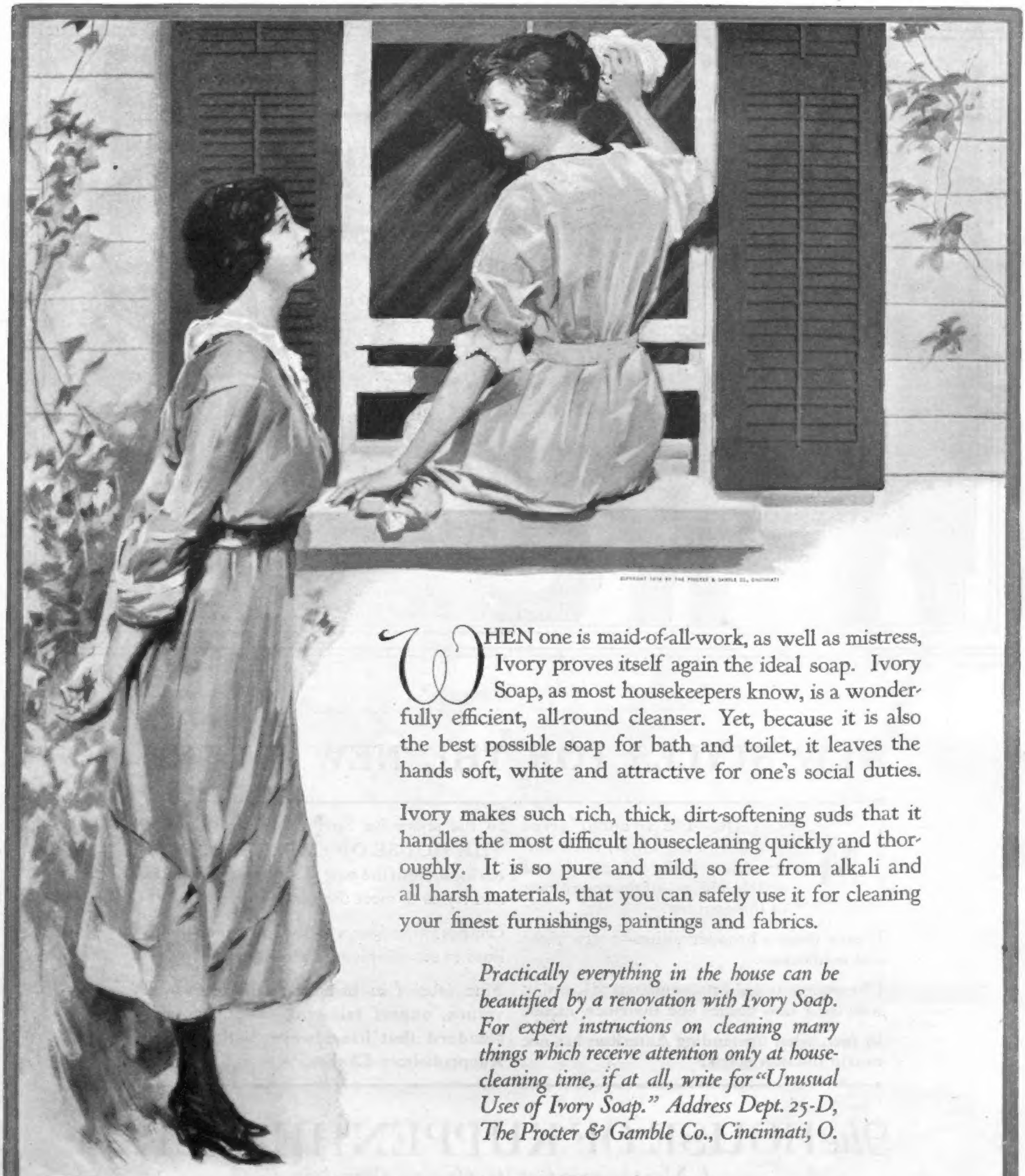

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BY FORCE OF ARMS

Soldiers, Not Hunger, Defeated Germany

By Alonzo Englebert Taylor

DRAWN BY JAMES M. PRESTON

IN FEBRUARY, 1917, I wrote for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST a review of the food supply of Germany under the blockade. This survey was based upon personal investigation of the state of affairs as they existed at the close of the crop year 1916, with a forecast into 1917. At that time the blockade of Germany was not effective, and relatively large amounts of foodstuffs were obtained from Switzerland, Holland and Scandinavia. The agricultural classes of Germany had been drawn upon for military drafts without consideration of occupation; and agriculture suffered from scarcity of fertilizer and work animals. Nevertheless the reduction in crops in 1916 was balanced by the supplies secured from the conquered areas to the east.

With the advent of the United States into the war the German food authorities realized that this would result in a stricter blockade; they feared that continuation of military operations with progressively increasing pressure would result in further fall in agricultural production. Nevertheless it was believed that the conquered areas could be forced to contribute amounts sufficient to compensate for reduction in production and losses expected through stricter application of the blockade.

With the collapse of Russia and the signing of the Brest-Litovsk Treaty the German authorities again felt fully assured of the impregnable position of their food supplies, since they counted on the Baltic Provinces, Poland and the Ukraine to supply them with large amounts of grain and cattle, to say nothing of extortions from Rumania and Serbia. The disastrous autumnal campaign in Northern Italy had provided Austria with considerable supplies by capture, and possession of a fertile area which she expected to cultivate in 1918. In the first two years of the war it was the theory of the German High Command that Austria-Hungary would continue to be a self-supporting unit. When in the spring of 1917 food shortages in Austria-Hungary made it clear that this assumption could be no longer entertained it was still believed that the conquered territory would suffice to supply the needs of both members of the Central Powers and to furnish also small supplies to Bulgaria and Turkey.

One must distinguish between physiological and pathological restriction of the diet. Under the first we understand such restriction as results in loss of weight down to or somewhat below the correct statistical weight of the individual according to height, without reduction of physical strength and without the development of a morbid psychology. The training of the athlete represents a familiar illustration, though as is well known when driven to extreme this may cease to be physiological and become pathological, in both the physical and psychological sense, the first signs of overtraining passing under the term "gone stale."

By pathological restriction of the diet we understand restriction that leads to loss of weight so extreme as to mean not merely loss of fat but also loss of muscle, with corresponding diminution of physical strength; and which, continued, leads to a definitely morbid psychology, anatomical defects due to resorption of fat, the development of œdema, the appearance of changes in the composition of the blood and to increased susceptibility to infectious diseases, especially to tuberculosis. The elevated curve of death in a starving people is largely the result of deaths from infectious diseases. Certain of the physical functions are retained unimpaired, despite a high degree of emaciation. Thus it is the judgment of experts who have studied the question in the most afflicted classes of Europe that no matter how attenuated the mother, the newborn child is normal; but since the milk of the mother is abnormal in composition and low in quality the babe soon develops evidence of malnutrition.

Up to the spring of 1917 there were no signs of pathological restriction of the diet in Germany, in the judgment of the German experts, except such as are always to be observed in the very poorest classes, though the size of this class was probably somewhat increased. War œdema appeared in prison camps in 1916, but was not reported in the civilian population until the early summer of 1917. In the summer of 1917 definite signs of pathological results of limitation of the food supply became apparent, and the months of August and September were filled with grave anxieties.

The theory of the control of food supplies in Germany was to divide the stocks into twelve parts and to issue one-twelfth each month. This theory would work well if one possessed a carry-over to begin with and were certain to secure the eleventh and twelfth quotas according to program. The Germans entered upon the crop of 1916 with a carry-over; but they were disappointed in the collection of the eleventh and twelfth quotas. The result was that in many parts of the industrial areas of Germany it was not possible, prior to the harvesting of the 1917 crop, to issue the stated rations. This led to hurrying the threshing by offering high premiums for earlier deliveries of grain. The effect of this was to stop the gap in the summer of 1917, but to make certain a similar gap a month earlier in 1918. In the United States we entered upon the consumption of the crop of 1918 about a month earlier than is normally the case; but the large wheat crop made this absolutely safe for 1919, even with continuation of war.

The crop of potatoes in 1917 was disappointing, but the failure of the fodder crop was a veritable catastrophe. Since the claims on potatoes for the manufacture of alcohol could not be curtailed and the peasants felt compelled to feed potatoes in lieu of other fodder, the amount of potatoes left for the people was much reduced below the program. In particular in the industrial areas of the Rhine, in Berlin and in the port cities, the deliveries were always below the ration figures and often for days were not in evidence at all. The public was greatly disappointed at this, partly because of their natural dependence upon the potato and partly because the earlier reports of the crop had been stated in terms of optimism. The result of the failure of the fodder crop upon the production of meat and milk was of course precisely what was anticipated.

The month of August, 1918, represented the lowest point in the alimentation of the people in Germany. This was the time when meatless weeks were instituted, there was great scarcity of potatoes, the bread ration was reduced, and the industrial population placed under a strain that seemed almost insupportable. Through the capture of large food stocks on the Western Front in March, April and May, the claims of the German Army upon the domestic food stocks had been appreciably reduced, but the expected supplies from the Ukraine had failed to materialize. Instead of a million tons a little more than a quarter of a million was obtained. The combing of Russian Poland and the Baltic Provinces could not be accomplished in time to bring grain to the industrial areas in August and September; and from every direction from which adequate relief had been promised and expected, little was obtained. During the month of August large sections of the Austrian Army subsisted for weeks on no other food than corn meal. The endurance of the soldiers in the field and the civilians at home during this time indicated a degree of faith in the military command incomprehensible outside of Germany.

Conditions in the Autumn of 1918

CONDITIONS improved very materially in September. The grain crop was appreciably better than in 1917—ten per cent; considerable supplies had been secured from the conquered territory to the east; the sugar-beet crop was above expectations; the fodder crop a great improvement over 1917; the potato crop was a fourth greater than in 1916, and though a little less than in 1917 it was certain that more would be available for food because of the excellent fodder crops. In terms of percentage the crops of 1918 were estimated at being fifteen per cent greater than the crops of 1917; which gain was, however, overbalanced, in part at least, by the reduced number of swine and the emaciated condition of domesticated animals in general. Nevertheless, from the standpoint of the German people the nation entered upon the crop year 1918 with expectations equal to or better than those of 1917. Statistically the condition of the people had depreciated to a noticeable extent and the prospects of securing relief from the east were greatly reduced as against 1917, since the authorities had found that though the Russian peasant had lost all power of active resistance he still possessed qualities of a peculiar nonyielding type that were as effective as active resistance. Up to the first of October the German people regarded themselves in the same situation that they occupied on the first of October, 1917, and the same word was on the lips of everyone: "*Durchhalten.*"

It is realized in Germany that one reason for the scarcity of foodstuffs within the empire has been the insistence on the part of the agrarian in conducting his agricultural operations with a view to profit for himself rather than production of food units for the people. Since the beginning of the war a strong antiagrarian feeling has developed within the Social Democracy and this will play an important rôle in the political future of Germany. The political parties that will be most strongly represented in the new government, whatever the exact constitution and methods of procedure, will be the Social Democrats and the Centrum. Many of the agrarians will be in the Centrum; none will be in the ranks of the Social Democrats. The Social Democrats know that the agrarian policy during the last four years was quite as successful as the blockade of the enemy in reducing the food supplies of the people.

That statement is true in both the direct and indirect sense. In the direct sense the agrarian classes consumed more than their due proportion of the food supplies. Competent statisticians in Germany have since the close of the war made the statement that the food supply of the agrarian population had never fallen to lower than eighty, possibly only to ninety per cent of the pre-war figure, while the food supply of the industrial classes had fallen to sixty-five, and at times to fifty-five per cent of the pre-war figure. With equitable distribution between the two classes the situation of the industrial workers would at all times have been very much better than it actually was. In the indirect sense the agrarians deprived the industrial classes of foodstuffs because they insisted on maintaining their domesticated animals at the expense of direct foodstuffs. Wheat, rye and potatoes in material amounts were deflected from the industrial classes to domesticated animals, with a return in food units that was very small in proportion to the direct value of the materials thus employed; and even these were not returned to the industrial classes, but were sold at high prices to the rich. The figures admit of no other interpretation than that a million tons of grain and several million tons of potatoes fit for human consumption were annually devoted, contrary to law, to the feeding of domesticated animals.

Anyone who will survey the known production of the German Empire during the war will realize that one hundred million Japanese could have lived in Germany, supported themselves in good nutrition and laughed at the blockade. This was not possible with the German people, partly because their dietary is less efficient than that of the Japanese, but largely because the agrarians conducted their agricultural operations with the view to preparation for peace, with profits during the interim, rather than for the purpose of the best maintenance of the nutrition of the people during the war. "In war prepare for peace" was indeed the slogan of the German agrarian; and the industrial worker paid the price in emaciation. That the agrarian was always feudalistically and monarchically inclined, ranked the Kaiser above Luther, and esteemed it a privilege to live under a military dynasty will of course not induce the Social Democrat to view the agricultural program of that class in any more favorable light.

In every other direction the conditions of the German people were in 1918 evidently and consciously worse than in 1917. The blockade of Germany was very effective. The textile stocks of the nation became depleted, and during the summer of 1918 the clothing of the working classes became the object not merely of social concern but of actual suffering for the present and fear for the future. The winter of 1917–18 brought privation to millions in Germany as the result of insufficient clothing. Linen could not be employed for clothing, cotton was not to be obtained, and as raiment became more and more sparse the efforts of the German technical trades to effect replacement with the new wood-fiber clothing became veritably frantic.

The Shortage of Clothing and Coal

IT MUST be admitted that the cloths and clothes produced from wood fiber represent an amazing technical achievement. On the other hand the fiber washes badly, is very fragile and does not check the radiation of heat from the body. According to experience this cloth is the coolest cloth known. In addition the prices were very high, and since the quality was uneven and could never be guaranteed the working classes were not only exposed to cold but also to financial exploitation, since a shirt was often worn out in a week and a suit might collapse in a few weeks. With each month the working classes felt more keenly the stress of their situation in clothing.

Added to this was the progressive failure of the coal supply. The pre-war coal consumption was about four tons per capita per year—ours was more than five tons—of which about one-fourth was household consumption. When coal production falls, the needs of industry and transportation usually maintain their claims at the expense of the household. There was a certain degree of rationing in the use of coal in the winter of 1916–17, and the production during the year fell progressively. During the winter of 1917–18 a strict rationing of coal was necessary, and the amounts that were issued for domestic consumption—about

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DRAWN BY EDGAR F. WITTMACK

VALUES REVISED

"Do You Think," Viva Said Tensely, "That it Was Quite Nice to Drag Eric Stuyvesant Down Here Just for the Purpose of Neglecting Him?"

By Grace Ellery Channing

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE L. BENSON

"AND so he will motor me down, and I hope you will all make up your minds to like him."

The expression of Mrs. Bracebridge's face, as she laid the letter down, was reflected, as in four mirrors, in the faces about her; meaning, as everyone who knows mirrors will understand, that they presented a wide divergence with a kind of family resemblance of dismay. Alicia's was frankly amused; Fred, after due reference to Alicia's, without which he would not have presumed to have an expression, was slightly puzzled; Warwick, whose right to any expression at all was still less than Fred's, since he ought not to have been there and had only achieved immunity thus far by the excessive modesty with which he had kept in the background—Warwick was openly charmed. At thirteen what is there that is not interesting? Viva alone looked dangerous.

It was Alicia who spoke first. Curiously, though Alicia was the imported member of the family—Fred had imported her—she usually did speak first, perhaps because she had not the Bracebridge tradition.

"Well"—and the amusement of her voice matched her face—"I always thought Vere would eventuate in millionaires."

"My dear Alicia!" It was a moan of protest from Vere's mother; and her delicate face flushed.

"After all," Fred rushed to create a diversion, creating diversions being a part of his profession as the husband of Alicia, "I don't know that his millions are necessarily against him."

"For us they are!" blazed Viva. "We don't belong, and we don't want to belong, to that vulgar millionaire set; we think it's low. Anyway," she added with an irrelevance only apparent, "I call it a shame in Vere."

There was silence for a moment, while everyone was busily engaged in giving the shame its proper name, which it may as well be said at once was Jim Pearsall. Once again it was Alicia who spoke:

"There's not a thing, really, you know against Eric Stuyvesant except those millions."

The family gave her a collective attention. What, it mutely demanded, did she really know? This was a part of the awful wisdom she had brought with her from an outside world whence Fred had so rashly imported her. Alicia savored her sudden importance; there were too many occasions when her husband's family seemed a little to overlook it.

"Of course," she began slowly, "he's a great swell ——"

Mrs. Bracebridge's delicate lips set a trifle and her still pretty eyelids just fluttered; Viva's cheek took on superfluous richness. Anybody but Alicia would have understood these danger signals; possibly Alicia did, but she continued tranquilly:

"No, there isn't a thing against him really; there are always rumors about a young man everybody is running after." This she conceded with the liberality of a young matron old in worldly experience, but she was not allowed to amplify.

"I agree with Viva," her mother-in-law spoke with vivacity. "Everything is against him—for us."

"Yes, everything!" Viva fiercely underlined, and again it was perfectly well understood that everything was only another of Jim Pearsall's names.

"Well"—Alicia spoke still with amusement, but tempered with admiration, for really Viva when angry was quite too handsome—"what are you going to do about it? Vere's of age."

"Aw, I say!" Warwick broke in with forgetful zeal. "Let him come! Maybe he's got a nortermobile."

"An automobile! He's got dozens!" ejaculated his sister-in-law.

"Gee! Maybe he'll let me drive!" exclaimed Warwick before his mother, recovering, transfixed him with a gentle directness which had all the force of a military command:

"Warwick, you will go at once, please, and turn on the hose. And, Warwick!" She spoke arrestingly as her youngest faded reluctantly from the room. "You need not return."

"Well"—Fred came to his wife's assistance and covered his brother's retreat at the same time—"there's nothing to do but make the chap welcome. As Alicia says, Vere is of age."

"It is unimaginable," his mother assented quickly, "that we should do anything but welcome a friend of Vere's—any friend. And of course," she added with quiet emphasis, "there is not the slightest ground for supposing him anything but a friend."

"Just one of Vere's disgusting flirtations," her other daughter supplied unflinchingly.

"My dear Viva! And if it were," she conceded defenselessly, "opposition only makes such things worse; it always strengthened Vere."

"My Lord, yes!" sighed Vere's brother.

Alicia looked at her mother-in-law with unwonted respect. Wherever had the gentle lady learned all that, she wondered. It did not occur to her that she had learned it at first hand and by means of her. Not but that Mrs. Bracebridge considered they had been lucky in Alicia, but she had always felt it was more by fortune than by any merit of their diplomacy. Viva understood.

"That's true," she darkly confirmed.

"We shall receive this young man"—Mrs. Bracebridge had the odd effect of avoiding the ugly word "millionaire" as she would have the word "criminal," once she had decided to recognize the individual—"as we should any other friend of Vere's, and make them both feel he is welcome."

"Yes, and then," flashed Viva, "no doubt he will think it is his disgusting money."

"My dear Viva!" For a moment Mrs. Bracebridge looked as handsome as her daughter. "There are some things no one will ever think of us," she concluded with restraint.

Alicia in her heart acknowledged that her mother-in-law was merely right.

"I always thought it a silly business for Vere to go visiting that set," said Viva severely.

Alicia looked at her pensively; it was she who had urged the visit. Now she had another sudden idea in her head. Heretofore it had been her intention to allow Jim Pearsall her younger sister-in-law partly as a kind of consolation prize, and partly because Jim himself was quite too good an article not to be kept in the family. Now this appeared

to her as prodigal waste. If Vere in a single month's campaign could capture a gilded, no, a sterling gold Stuyvesant, what might not Viva fish forth from metropolitan waters with half a chance? Alicia entertained none of these crude prejudices concerning millionaires; she frankly considered them handy things to have about in the family. Alicia had already two little children and a highly awakened maternal sentiment.

"I think," she therefore now dissembled with handsome alacrity, "that mother, as usual, has said the perfect thing: the only thing to do is to treat him just exactly like anybody else." She stooped to kiss her mother-in-law's cheek as she said it, glanced at Viva with a particular twinkle, and bore her husband from the room. The two who remained watched them from the window.

"You know," Mrs. Bracebridge spoke gravely, "we mustn't make that mistake twice. Not, of course," she added loyally, "that it hasn't turned out very well; Alicia is charming."

"But horribly worldly," declared Viva the uncompromising, "and she's making Fred just like her."

Their mother sighed a little.

"It is in the air; it's another point of view," she murmured excusingly.

"Well, it needn't be ours. And for points of view, imagine the point Vere's millionaire person will probably have."

"My dear Viva, you really ——"

"Oh, I know it's low," returned Viva coolly, "but Vere does enrage me, with her half engagements and her disengagements."

"She isn't—she doesn't ——" protested their joint mother.

"Well then, if she isn't, that's a shame too," Viva got in victoriously, and the obscure implication was so clear to both that when she hastily added "Here he is now!" Mrs. Bracebridge had no need to stop for specifications before exclaiming hastily in her turn "Well, you see him!" as she vanished from the room.

Her daughter would have liked nothing better than to follow, but courtesy forbade. Instead she went to meet the approaching trouble, feeling that oxygen would help the interview, and if Alicia had been present she would promptly have raised the market value of her sister-in-law on the score of color alone.

Pearsall, a comely, unremarkable young American—which means, there are none better—cast himself coincidentally with his greeting on the step at Viva's feet, with that freedom which implies long habit; he seemed unaware of the beautiful conflagration above.

"What's this about Vere's coming home?" he asked with a charming avoidance of futilities.

"Why, she's coming," Viva answered lamely. From her superior altitude she directed a glance at the nice brown top of a head below, and felt a strongly maternal reaction of impatience against her sister.

"Stuyvesant coming with her, too, I hear?" observed Jim lightly, stooping to cull a convenient pebble and cast it into space.

"I believe so," Viva shrugged to denote the unimportance of things in general and visiting millionaires in particular.

A pause; then Jim pensively:

"I expect she's seen quite a lot of him."

"Well, she's been staying with his cousin, you know," was Viva's way of admitting you could expect it.

"Oh," replied Jim, as if he hadn't thoroughly known it before. "She hasn't written very much," he let fall.

Viva nodded. She wanted to convey to him that Vere was less than the beasts of the field, unworthy of anything but his contempt, if of that, but means failed her.

"I expect"—he looked up into Viva's unavoiding eyes with something of the expression seen in dumb animals—"this chap is no end of a swell and all that sort of thing?"

"I daresay." Viva's tone was savage. Jim gave her a glance of gratitude.

"You don't seem exactly pleased?"

"I loathe that set, the idle rich!" said Viva coldly.

"Oh, I daresay Stuyvesant's a very good sort; if Vere likes him, he must be," Jim spoke loyally.

"Oh, Vere!" exclaimed Vere's sister, and stopped short. But Jim only smiled and rose from the step; he had apparently gotten what he came for.

"Well, I just happened in to see if there was anything new. I suppose Vere'll be pretty busy—not so much tennis and so on—while this chap's here?" His eyes wistfully invited Viva to contradict him.

"I don't know," replied Viva, the inexorably honest. "Yes, I daresay she will," she added grimly.

Jim held out his hand; Viva unawares clutched it.

"*I* shan't be busy," she said.

"No?" said Jim; and now his hand closed on hers suddenly and hard. Something fine flew between eyes and eyes; he drew a long breath and released her hand. "Well, that's fine!" he said cheerfully; "I'll surely keep you to that." He nodded again and went down the path whistling ostentatiously.

Viva blew into the house like a passionate young hurricane, and up to her room, where she mutely expressed her mind to the mirror.

"How can Vere! How can she! How loathsome girls are!" Then, logically, against the stranger she concentrated the full weight of her animosity.

"You mustn't expect much," Vere remarked as the car turned up the heavily elmed street. "We are all old-fashioned folks here." She made the statement with unconscious pride.

Eric Stuyvesant had long ago decided that she had the prettiest, most amazing dimples in the world, not stupid dimples, but intelligent, delicate, subtle ones; now he further decided that he had never fully done them justice. The drive had heightened her color, too, at least he supposed it was the ride; it would never have entered his mind that a girl could be so prettily excited by a return to her family.

"I Know It Seems Incredible, But You Have Come to the One Place on Earth Where Your Money Positively Counts Against You"

"There's the house!" Vere exclaimed eagerly, and again the dimples flashed forth. Vere was not without certain private intimations as to what might be passing behind those windows.

"What a jolly place!" commented her companion, glancing with generous approval at the grounds, all of which could have been contained several times in any one of the lawns of his various estates; nevertheless, he spoke without violating conscience. More or less, all the homes of this university town were charming, with an un-American charm of permanence, though perhaps they were the most strictly American thing on the continent; they belonged to America's passing day. Perhaps it can be expressed by saying not one of them had the air of being rented; they looked indigenous, as if built and planned for the spot they occupied by those who had chosen it.

"It's pure colonial; the purest colonial there is," Vere proudly assured him. "It was built by my great-great-grandfather, the governor, and has been in our family since seventeen—something."

"Nothing less than governors ought to issue from that door," said Eric appreciatively. "There now, didn't I say so!"

Vere laughed.

"That's Fred," she said, lightly setting a flying foot on the steps down which Fred, closely followed by Warwick, as the two men of the family, was advancing to meet them. The first offered what the guest, as a university graduate, recognized as a professionally cordial welcome. Warwick followed with a feeble and perfunctory handclasp; his eyes passing over the obstructing form of the visitor rested on the really important object beyond. He wondered already if it would be low to cultivate the chauffeur and decided that it probably would be; most worth-while things he had found thus inhibited. Above his rounded shoulders the mantle of a paternal philosophy already hovered.

Meanwhile within the house, as satisfyingly colonial as the outside, there was being rendered a new version of the casket scene for a male Portia. Alicia's was the golden welcome, radiated to meet them at their entrance; in a single eye-meeting Eric and she made common cause. Mrs. Bracebridge's was of a contained and silver sweetness; Viva alone presented an iron front. One glance at her sister and her sister's prey had frozen every human sentiment.

"He's disgustingly attractive," she thought bitterly. "How can she?"

"He's a duck!" had been Alicia's instant decision.

"He—why, he's just a dear boy!" was Mrs. Bracebridge's mental comment as she met the visitor's smile with one of her own.

Alicia beheld, marveling, this sudden entente, and again did homage to her mother-in-law. Who would have thought she had it in her? These simple souls! She turned curiously to witness Viva's conduct in the face of the enemy.

"This is Viva," announced Vere, throwing herself as she said it on an unappreciative neck and giving her sister an unabashed pinch. Even in her fury Viva smiled. That was so like Vere!

"By Jove!" thought the visitor, staring; "they certainly do specialize on dimples in this family." And he looked again.

The peculiar charm of Viva's dimples lay in their unsuitability to environment, as it were; as if a stern young rock should suddenly put out flowers, or a storm cloud should flash sunbeams. Viva, catching the visitor's gaze, was angry again. That was like Vere, too, letting you in for a smile when you least wanted to smile. The unwelcome guest was smiling also, an engaging smile; Viva frowned. Alicia all but laughed aloud.

"Your family, my dear," she confided some hours later to her husband, "are wonderful—simply. They didn't do a thing too much or too little; in fact, except for Viva's superloftiness they were just precisely as they always are."

The descendant of a long line of governors looked a trifle daunted and perplexed. "And—why not?" he asked then.

And Alicia, for once, looked at him in respectful silence.

"Where are you going?" demanded Vere from the hammock next day where she was

lazily and expectantly swinging, armed cap-à-pie in her prettiest motor outfit, as her sister appeared in a uniform as obvious—short skirt, capable shoes, bare head, rolled up sleeves—and a racket.

It was this last Vere eyed with frank suspicion.

"Tennis," Viva vouchsafed superfluously.

"But Eric is coming to take us out!" Vere's voice rose in alarm and protest.

"Eric!" Viva raised her eyebrows.

Vere laughed.

"Well, he asked me to. And he's coming ——"

"I'm not preventing him."

"But I want you to get acquainted; and it was understood—it was arranged last night. We agreed ——"

"I didn't," said Viva coolly. "I've an engagement. He can take mother—or Alicia," she added maliciously.

"You are too bad!" exclaimed Vere in a tone of disappointment.

"Here comes your chauffeur," observed Viva in a businesslike tone.

"And Warwick! Where on earth did he pick up that boy?" Warwick, sitting luxuriously in front, his eyes glued to the hands that controlled the magic wheel, was conversing affably, his companion was smiling; they had all the air of being old friends. Viva's chin went an inch higher as she surveyed the apparition.

"I Can Certainly Never Have Hoped That a Daughter of Mine Should Play Fast and Loose ——"

In another moment Stuyvesant was out and beside them.

"Have I kept you waiting—for you were waiting for me, were you not?" he anxiously inquired. "And isn't your mother coming?"

"I'm so sorry." Vere rose to the occasion. "She has a headache. You've simply got to come," she muttered to Viva in a fierce undertone.

"I simply won't," returned her sister.

Vere gave her a despairing glance, then turned her back.

"Viva isn't going either," she announced; "she has an engagement." She flushed with vexation. Viva regarded her with secret sympathy but stern joy.

Their visitor turned and looked deliberately at Viva. He had a detestable composure, she thought. After a brief survey, in which she could have sworn she detected a glint of amusement, he turned again to the flushed Vere.

"You seem to be unfortunate; it looks as if you would have to put up with just me," he said in exactly the right tone of apologetic regret.

Warwick coughed delicately, without any real hope; still, miracles can happen.

"If you didn't mind," said Vere sweetly, "it would be a great treat to Warwick. We don't do much motoring, you know."

"Why, of course!" Eric smiled at the boy, a smile that somehow made it all right. "That is, if it won't bore you, old chap?"

Warwick achieved something like a groan, meant to indicate that he could worry through with the thing.

Vere laughed. "Not much danger; even a jitney excites us."

The young man smiled at her; it was one of the things he liked her for—the absence of pretense.

While he rearranged cushions and wraps Vere turned on her sister. "Who are you playing with?" she asked with low intensity.

Viva, looking abominably handsome, Vere reflected, with all her bronze hair shining in the sun, allowed her to remain in suspense while she nonchalantly returned the gaze.

"Oh, just Jim," she then vouchsafed, and with a glance at her watch: "Dear me! I'm afraid I'm keeping him waiting!"

Stuyvesant, with a hand held out to Vere, looked at Viva.

"Can we have the pleasure of dropping you anywhere?" he inquired with civil ambiguity, but their eyes met in a flash.

"Thanks, no," Viva answered coolly; "Mr. Pearsall will be meeting me at the cars."

Stuyvesant bowed; Vere stepped quickly into the car.

"I hope," she said icily, "you will have a pleasant afternoon."

"Thanks, again," Viva replied nonchalantly, as she turned away, "but we always do."

As the magnificent car rolled away Vere shot one glance back at the tall figure of her sister swinging lightly down the road. So they always had pleasant afternoons, did they?

"Why," asked Eric, "do you all hate me so?"

He was idling over Alicia's tea table on the porch, where Alicia fairly glowed to have him, smoking one cigarette after another, and all this, everything suggested, not for the first time.

Alicia laughed. She was exulting in the situation, which was proper beyond all measure. For though Alicia knew enough to have a porch, it was an American porch, without reserves; every passer-by not only could but must take in over the low hedge or across a lawn which on every side ran into some other person's lawn the fact that young Mrs. Bracebridge had a caller. That, in fact, was about half the value of it to Alicia. But within the limits of this severe propriety Alicia had developed her porch humanly. Her visitor had more than once found occasion to give thanks for its refuge during the month he had now been lingering in Peacefield.

"We don't hate you," replied Alicia, giving him an appraising glance and reflecting that he would not be easy to hate. "Some of us almost like you."

"Thanks," said Eric. "Well, what makes me *persona non grata*, then, specially with your people?"

"My people! My mother-in-law has all but adopted you, and Warwick—you appear to have bought his very soul. And Fred ——"

"Go on! Your husband, you were about to say, thinks highly of me, and Miss Vere has a distinguished regard for me, and you yourself—you don't half dislike me. Still ——"

Alicia reflected a minute, then took her decision.

"I don't think you'll understand, but—well, it's your money."

"My what?" Mr. Stuyvesant opened his blue eyes wide.

"I know it seems incredible," replied his hostess, "but you have come to the one place—yes, I should think it must be the one place on earth—where your money positively counts against you."

Her visitor's eyes opened still wider.

"What ails my money? Do you mean it's—er—tainted?—that sort of thing?"

Alicia made an expressive little gesture.

"Don't ask me! It's just that there's too much of it; all money in bulk is tainted to them; they simply don't like it. This whole community has rather that feeling—that it's vulgar to have too much; but my husband's family holds it as a tenet."

"You don't."

"Oh, I—I'm a wretched outsider, like yourself; they merely suffer me on Fred's account," said Alicia with perfect good nature. "Don't misunderstand me—they're the finest people in the world."

"I made that discovery some time ago. They are enchanting. What I've been trying to find out is—what makes them so?"

"It's just that."

"That?"

"Their real superiority to the things they feel superior to. Most people, you know, only pretend to feel superior to what they haven't got and secretly yearn for; these people really are superior; they've got a tradition, a standard, an ideal, if you like, and money cuts no figure in it. It's beyond me, it's beyond you; but I can admire it—and I do."

"Oh, when it comes to admiring ——"

"Which do you admire most?" Alicia asked casually.

"Mrs. Bracebridge, of course," replied her caller promptly.

"Exactly! There you have it. Isn't she just too perfect!" sighed her daughter-in-law.

"Classic, complete, and still so modern."

"Oh, they're much more modern than I," sighed Alicia again. "They think in terms of the future, and connect it with a beautiful, high-minded past. They're suffragists and liberals, the girls have been to college, of course, and they're interested in the working classes, improving the world, and earning your own living."

Eric was silent a moment.

"And so they really object to me because I—well," he fairly blushed, "happen to have a little money I didn't earn?"

"They're doing their best to overlook it," replied Alicia soberly, "but I don't deny it's a handicap; they would honestly prefer you if you were, say, working your way through college."

Eric smiled.

"The odd thing is that I begin to get their feeling. My money—it's a disgusting thing to talk about—begins to feel a handicap even to me. I'm constantly wondering if I'm displaying it somehow, if I'm overdoing or overdressing or anything?"

Alicia cast a critical glance at the perfectly turned out figure before her, too perfectly turned out to suggest that it was so.

"It's not for me to make you vain."

"You couldn't; the most you could do would be to restore a vestige of self-esteem. I give you my word I'm becoming depressed with a sense of blatant inferiority."

"Yet they're so polite."

"Because they're so polite," corrected Eric mournfully. "I can just feel them trying to conceal from me my deficiencies and make me feel one of themselves."

Alicia stifled a smile. She reflected upon the maids and matrons, the female hunters of all kinds, who had stalked from Newport to Palm Beach and back this much-pursued young man, and then she had a vision of her husband's family.

"If they wanted to and tried they couldn't have done it better," she thought with malicious glee.

"They're beautifully delicate about it," Eric went on pensively. "But every time I hand your mother-in-law into my car—and I never thought there was anything extraordinary about that car before—I feel as if it were a pretentious white elephant. There are a whole lot of things it cuts a man out from—this feeling; things he could do ——"

"You'd better not," warned Alicia quickly.

"I'm not taking chances," Eric answered quietly; "but on the other hand I'm not used to cultivating such a crop of suppressed desires—and they're said to be dangerous. Besides," he added defensively, "some of the things a man can do with money are nice."

"Oh, aren't they!" sighed Alicia. "No," she answered the spark of hope in her visitor's eye, "you can't for me either; I'm married to a Bracebridge. And I'll tell you right now," she added loyally, "that while I shall never be more than a fifty-fifty Bracebridge myself, my kiddies—well, I'm hoping they'll be a good seventy-five at least."

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WITH THE TIDE

By EDITH WHARTON

SOMEWHERE I read, in an old book whose name
Is gone from me, I read that when the days
Of a man are counted, and his business done,
There comes up the shore at evening, with the tide,
To the place where he sits, a boat—
And in the boat, from the place where he sits, he sees,
Dim in the dusk, dim and yet so familiar,
The faces of his friends long dead; and knows
They come for him, brought in upon the tide,
To take him where men go at set of day.
Then rising, with his hands in theirs, he goes
Between them his last steps, that are the first
Of the new life—and with the ebb they pass,
Their shaken sail grown small upon the moon.

Often I thought of this, and pictured me
How many a man who lives with throngs about him,
Yet straining through the twilight for that boat
Shall scarce make out one figure in the stern,
And that so faint its features shall perplex him
With doubtful memories—and his heart hang back.
But others, rising as they see the sail
Increase upon the sunset, hasten down,
Hands out and eyes elated; for they see
Head over head, crowding from bow to stern,
Repeopling their long loneliness with smiles,
The faces of their friends; and such go forth
Content upon the ebb tide, with safe hearts.

But never
To worker summoned when his day was done
Did mounting tide bring in such freight of friends
As stole to you up the white wintry shingle
That night while they that watched you thought you slept.
Softly they came, and beached the boat, and gathered
In the still cove under the icy stars,
Your last-born, and the dear loves of your heart,
And all men that have loved right more than ease,
And honor above honors; all who gave
Free-handed of their best for other men,
And thought their giving taking: they who knew
Man's natural state is effort, up and up—
All these were there, so great a company
Perchance you marveled, wondering what great ship
Had brought that throng unnumbered to the cove
Where the boys used to beach their light canoe
After old happy picnics—

But these, your friends and children, to whose hands
Committed, in the silent night you rose
And took your last faint steps—
These led you down, O great American,
Down to the winter night and the white beach,
And there you saw that the huge hull that waited
Was not as are the boats of the other dead,
Frail craft for a brief passage; no, for this
Was first of a long line of towering transports,
Storm-worn and ocean-weary every one,
The ships you launched, the ships you manned, the ships
That now, returning from their sacred quest
With the thrice-sacred burden of their dead,
Lay waiting there to take you forth with them,
Out with the ebb tide, on some farther quest.

Hyères, January 7th, 1919.

With the Armies on the Rhine

By WILL IRWIN

DECORATION BY EDGAR F. WITTMACK

OUR automobile skidding round a turn in the wet road passed a sentry box. The sentinel sprang to attention, and the French officer riding outside with the driver turned to us and made a sweeping gesture. We knew what he meant; we had been awaiting that moment all the morning. We were crossing the border of the province of Lorraine, even of that Lorraine which had been German since 1870. We were in Germany at last! Which was a new thrill to me, I reflected, but no uncommon one at that moment; several millions of Allied soldiers had already crossed that frontier, since the unexpected happy ending of last November, and had said to themselves, in their respective tongues and dialects: "Germany at last!" It happened, however, that our entry was picturesque, not to say quietly dramatic. To begin with, we had driven out onto the hills above the Saar Basin, that rich coal district toward which certain French ambitions are looking at present, and which, unless I miss my guess, will figure much in the peace discussion before these lines see print. All the way through Lorraine we had heard the Saar question discussed pro and con—the coal production, present and potential, the feeling of the inhabitants, the difference between the frontiers of 1870 and of 1814—until the valley of the Saar figured in our minds as did the valley of the Jordan to the children of Israel.

In the second place, we had come out upon it at a singularly favorable point. From the monotonously regular farms of Northern Lorraine we had emerged into a hill district along whose crests we were now running. The valley, therefore, lay bowled before us, grayish-green with the verdure of this astonishing mild winter, misty from the recent rains. It looked rich and powerful almost beyond comparison. In the near foreground the neat, massive shaft houses of a coal mine rose over fertile fields, cultivated up to the very edge of the dump. Beyond clustered the smoking stacks of a steel factory. Still farther down the vista rolled to the limit of vision, fields, mines, factories, all with an air of efficiency and richness.

Cities of Brass and Bad Taste

AS WE traveled on, new views of field, mine and factory opened before us—and all with that same appearance of developed wealth. Now and then we shot through towns. These were dull, unattractive and dingy, as mining towns always are, whether in Artois or the Ohio Valley, the Midlands or the Dauphiné, but substantial, well built and fringed with fine massive residences.

From these towns now and then the course would run between steel works—gaunt, grim, powerful; some, shut down, lay like sleeping giants. Some were puffing smoke; you could see through a tangle of girders black forms moving against the angry red doors of furnaces.

"A wonderful district!" I remarked once to a French member of the party.

"Lens!" he answered, with that expression by which a Frenchman condenses a volume into one word. He had seen Lens, and so had I—a district equally rich, and far more vital to France than this to Germany, reduced now to piled-up brick, pulverized stone, twisted, agonized girders—destroyed not only above the ground but for three thousand feet below. Lens, in 1914, probably looked like this.

We were to spend ten days after this in running across all Southern Germany down the left bank of the Rhine. Across Lorraine we went to the banks of the lordliest European river, at Ludwigshafen, and then through the French, American and British zones of occupation almost to its mouth. And my grand final expression remained the same as that of the first view—richness. Nothing in Europe, not even the Midlands of England, has ever given me such a feeling of accumulated wealth and of wealth in action. To find a parallel one would have to visit the Great Lakes District of America. The big cities—Kaiserslautern, Ludwigshafen, Worms, Mayence, Coblenz, Bonn, imperial Cologne—were substantially built, finely parked, and just wealthy, wealthy. They usually showed their excessive wealth indeed by an exuberance of tasteless ornament, which soon became oppressive.

At a period of American architecture, now happily passed, the newly rich used to overlay their wooden houses with scroll-saw millwork having nothing to do with the architectural scheme or with the utility of the dwelling. The modern Germans of this region have gone a step farther; they decorate uselessly, with heavy stone copings and buttresses and cornice ornaments and much superfluous metal. Whenever they can find the slightest excuse they seem to slap on brass. Northern France and Belgium were stripped by the Germans of brass and copper, even to the doorknobs and window latches. In this district, at least, the Germans appear to have spared their own brass. It gleamed upon us anywhere.

An artistic member of our party announced one evening that he had a solution for the burning question of the hour—how Germany might pay her indemnity. "Take it," he said, "out of the meaningless ornaments she has put on things. You could pretty nearly restore a French town out of the wassets and dingbats on this hotel." Nevertheless, this very ornamentation added to the impression of loose wealth—wealth to throw to the birds.

In one sense it is stolen property; and that was made visible to the eye by contrasting the rest of the Rhine country with Lorraine. Except for the city of Metz and the iron fields, Lorraine remains about as it was when the French gave it over in 1871. Metz itself has been expanded and enriched by the Germans, but it remains a humble town beside those giants of the north, some of which have doubled, trebled and quadrupled during the past generation. Yet the rape of Lorraine is the cause of their new prosperity.

There lay the Rhine Valley, traversed by a river comparable in beauty to the Hudson, and much more navigable. Bordering it were great deposits of coal. It had an exceptional climate—an oasis of warmth in cold Northern Europe. The day when we left the Rhine and traveled toward the passes into Belgium we could feel at once the abrupt change in climate. That, and a fertility of soil sung by the German poets for centuries, gave it the basis for a great population. It lacked only one thing—iron ore. And iron is much less common in Europe than coal.

Lorraine has the best iron fields in Europe west of Russia, which is precisely why Germany took it, on a flimsy old historic claim, in 1871. The prosperity produced by this welding of coal, iron, climate and river facilities was diverted away from Lorraine, partly by natural economic law but mostly by intention. Just as the Prussian lords of empire kept Alsace and Lorraine crown colonies instead of equal members of the confederation, so they kept them industrial vassals. The Lorrainaise crude iron fed the blast furnaces and steel-product factories not of Lorraine but of Southern Germany, even as far as Essen, where Krupp was forging the munitions for a new raid on the resources of the world.

Lorraine made it all possible; and now France has Lorraine back again, which introduces one of the tangled questions confronting the troubled Peace Conference, a question that may already have figured extensively in the newspapers by the time these lines reach print.

Figure it will, at any rate, soon after the conference finishes with the larger principles and gets down to brass tacks on national claims.

The Great Left-Bank Problem

TAKING all Southern Germany to the Rhine, as it stood on August 1, 1914, let us begin with Alsace-Lorraine. Alsace, or a part of it, runs along the upper stretch of the Rhine. Lorraine lies back from the river. It may be taken as a virtual certainty that France will retain permanent and undisputed hold on Alsace-Lorraine. None of the Allies probably will be disposed to deny her that. But Alsace-Lorraine is only the beginning of the left-bank problem so much discussed in Paris just now—and so much discussed on the left bank of the Rhine, for that matter.

Opinions in Paris vary from a policy that would stop at the 1870 boundary of Alsace-Lorraine, and force on Germany some agreement to supply the coal which she deliberately destroyed in France, to the opinion put forth by "Pertinax" in the Echo de Paris—that France should expand to the ancient frontiers of the Frankish Empire and incorporate into new France that whole left bank of the Rhine. In fact, one party holds that in addition to the left bank France should have a thirty-kilometer strip on the farther side in order to guard and secure her possession of the river.

The most moderate of these claims is that on the Saar coal basin. I have discussed that question briefly in an earlier article, but it is so important that it deserves a little further expansion. Ever since the era of steel set in, France has been short of one of the two basic raw materials for steel production—coal. Before this war she produced with some difficulty about 40,000,000 tons a year, and consumed 60,000,000 tons. The Germans blew up and flooded the mines of the Lens region, good for 15,000,000 tons a year, and put temporarily out of commission the Valenciennes mines, good for 5,000,000 tons a year.

All this had nothing to do with winning the war. It was a direct attempt to ruin a commercial rival. For the same purpose she deliberately blew up the steel mills of Belgium.

France's scant coal supply is therefore for the present cut in two. It will probably take five years to restore the

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MARJORIE'S HANDS

By W. B. Trites

SUNK in his armchair Rand gazed straight before him with blind, calm eyes. His hand, the shapely rather than strong hand of an artist, moved with patient skill among a medley of small objects on the table at his side, searching for tobacco jar and match box. In the distance guns were faintly audible.

Rand's pipe was soon alight. Basking in the dry heat of the wood stove he blew forth cloud on cloud. Men said the blind cared nothing for tobacco because they could not see the smoke, but he, for his part, liked the weed better than ever now.

Puff, puff, puff.

Off there in the bitter cold the cannon kept up their soft thudding. Off there in the bitter cold the young soldiers were preparing to attack—were preparing, that is, to be gassed, torn limb from limb, set afire with liquid flame; but he, because shell shock had blinded him, was out of it all for good.

A blind painter!

Of course Colonel Custis, the head of the shell-shock hospital, had assured him that his blindness was only temporary. Custis had guaranteed to cure him, by means of electricity, in three weeks. Seven weeks had now gone by, and he was no nearer being cured than ever. Still—puff, puff, puff—he must not lose heart.

Rand looked perfectly well, a ruddy and robust figure in smartly cut khaki. There was no sign of blindness save that blank stare about his eyes.

A knock, and Miss Eliot entered.

"It's time for your walk, Captain Rand."

He heard her get his overcoat from the hook, but he did not rise. Somehow his walk failed to appeal to him this cold afternoon.

"I don't know that I'm quite up to my walk to-day."

"Oh, yes, you are! You're looking fine!"

"My rheumatism's bad again."

"Come," Miss Eliot persisted, "we'll take our nice walk to Outlook Cliff."

He hesitated. He liked the walk to Outlook Cliff. Often before blindness overtook him he had climbed the mountain road and leaning over the precipice gazed down as one gazes from an aëroplane or a balloon. The sheer rock fell a thousand feet to the wild gorge. Yes, he liked the Outlook, but it was troublesome to reach—a devil of a climb. And to-day ——

"No," he said firmly. "With this game leg I couldn't walk ten yards."

"Doctor Custis will be annoyed if you begin to neglect your exercise."

"I don't neglect my exercise. But if a man can exercise when —— Ugh!"

A pain like a hot dart had pierced his knee.

"Very well," said the nurse coldly, and he heard her replace his overcoat on the hook. "If you won't you won't, I suppose."

"Hang it, Miss Eliot, be reasonable. I'm kept in by illness, and you insinuate that ——"

But the door opened and quickly closed again. Miss Eliot, in a huff, was gone.

Rand chuckled. His rheumatism troubled him no more. That red-hot twinge had been, thank God, the last of it. He wondered a little if Miss Eliot was pretty. He longed a little for the supper hour, with its buttered toast and preserved fruit.

And all the while the guns in the distance thudded softly. All the while the red-cheeked soldiers, bloated with the cold, fought and died. Here, however, it was delightful in warm security to smoke and dream. Rand put another billet in the stove. His look of resignation deepened to a look of satisfaction.

Puff, puff, puff.

II

A MILITARY motor car halted before the hospital and young Lieutenant Sharpe descended nimbly. With suppressed sighs and groans the three civilians followed after.

The civilians looked like tramps. Night after night for a week, sightseeing on the American Front, they had slept on the floor in their clothes in cold and crowded Y. M. C. A. huts under an insufficiency of army blankets. A few hours of this troubled sleep, a hurried breakfast, then off in their open car again for some distant battlefield in the teeth of an icy wind. Fatiguing scrambles up shell-torn heights. Luncheons of jam sandwiches—always jam sandwiches, the Y. M. C. A. staple—hurriedly eaten in the meager shelter of some abandoned, damp and filthy trench. Bleak aviation fields. Wrecked towns. Ruined cathedrals. Then nightfall, and a freezing dash in the Arctic weather for another Y. M. C. A. hut ninety or a hundred miles away.

This life had told on the civilians horribly, but to their guide it seemed to have brought only benefit. Fresh as a rose he now entered the colonel's office.

He Had Shirked Everything, Shifted Everything From His Own Shoulders to His Wife's

"Colonel Custis," he said, "the men I've got outside are no ordinary lot of joy-riding politicians. No, sir! I've got out there Ferguson, the playwright; Jones, the poet; and Hathaway, the novelist."

"Well, well!"

Colonel Custis advanced across the garden with a look of interest. The civilians, he noted, needed shaving, and the big raw-boned chap with the horn spectacles and red hair—Jones, the poet, he turned out to be—had tied a woolen undervest round his throat for warmth, and had also drawn a pair of woolen socks, mitten-fashion, over his hands.

"So you gentlemen are interested in shell shock?"

Jones, the poet, gave a tremendous yawn. "Certainly," he said; and Ferguson and Hathaway, yawning in their turn, repeated, "Certainly, colonel, certainly."

"We'll visit our workroom first."

Traversing the neat garden they came to a one-story hut. Colonel Custis threw open the door and they entered a large clean room, well lighted and well ventilated, wherein some fifty or sixty khaki-clad young soldiers worked. The soldiers looked healthy and happy enough. Some were making cigar lighters and paper knives out of brass cartridge cases. Some stenciled Christmas cards. Some strung necklaces of harmoniously colored beads.

Jones, the poet, removed the undervest from his neck and the socks from his hands. "So these boys," he said, "have all got shell shock."

"There's a chap by the stove trembling," said Ferguson. "Look at him. Head, hands, legs—all trembling. Pitiful, ain't it?" he added in an insincere tone.

"Most of them seem to tremble," said Hathaway, "when they lay off work to stare at us; and then when they go back to work again the trembling seems to stop."

The young lieutenant drew their attention to three soldiers seated on a bench behind the stove. One of the soldiers was blind, the second was deaf and dumb, and the third had both arms paralyzed.

"Poor devils!"

"Poor young fellows!"

But their voices were insincere. The shell-shocked soldiers failed to move them.

"Are these boys curable?"

"Oh, yes. Everybody is curable here."

And Custis led his visitors down the shop, urging them to note the good taste of the soldiers' work. The soldiers hailed from every walk in life: Bank clerks, weavers, farm hands, law students, bookkeepers—they were an amiable-looking rather than a formidable-looking crew. No specimens of the bruiser or rough-neck type appeared among them, but all without exception seemed gentle, kind and good.

"Officers' quarters next?" said Lieutenant Sharpe.

But the officers at this hour were out walking. Their white, clean quarters were deserted. The visitors after glancing in at a bedroom or two halted in the hall before Rand's door.

They halted here because the great hall stove attracted them. They encircled it closely. They extended their palms to the hot iron.

They yawned in weary content.

"Of course," said Jones, "there's no disgrace in shell shock, is there, colonel?"

Colonel Custis hesitated, and Rand behind the closed door calmly took his pipe from his mouth to listen.

"There's no disgrace in shell shock," Colonel Custis said, "provided the patient recovers promptly. If in three weeks' time he recovers and goes back to his duty—then he needn't be ashamed."

"But if he can't recover ——"

"He can—if he wants to."

The visitors seemed taken aback.

"Is shell shock all imagination?"

"The whole thing is imagination."

"Then in a way if a man gets shell shock he's to blame!"

Colonel Custis nodded gravely. He was, they knew, a specialist of international repute, and they judged him to be somewhere between forty and forty-five years of age. His lean face, the features bold yet fine, expressed intelligence and strength. His hair was going gray at the temples, but his figure remained youthful. His eyes now sparkled with humor and sympathy, and now took on an aloof, disdainful, sad look.

"If, after the war," he said, "a chap ever tells me he's got shell shock I'll whisper, 'Hush! Not so loud! Somebody might hear you!'"

"But the English ——"

"The English coddle their shell-shock patients. A great mistake."

"Say, this is interesting!" cried the poet Jones. He adjusted his huge horn spectacles excitedly.

"When we examine the history of shell shock," Colonel Custis resumed, "we find that the victim hasn't got on in the army. He hasn't liked it. He's been afraid. Well, of course, nobody likes it, everybody's afraid; but the average soldier grits his teeth and says, 'If these other fellows can stand it I can too.' And so he makes a fighter of himself. But the predestined victim of shell shock loses his appetite; he sleeps badly; he gets thin and jumpy and quarrelsome. Some men, hating the life as he does, would desert. But he—what would his people say if he deserted? What would his girl say? No, no; he can't desert. He's too proud. His standards are too high. Would God, though—would God there were some way out!

"There's no way out. Poor devil, there's no way out. And finally he goes under fire. Under fire he wants to run, he wants to shriek; but the same thing that kept him from deserting keeps him from running and shrieking. Yet he's being tortured, and his nerves can't adjust themselves to this torture as the nerves of the men about him do.

"A shell bursts near by. He's knocked senseless. When he comes to he's lying on his back, half buried in débris. Where is he hurt? A serious but not fatal hurt would be his salvation. Nevertheless, it isn't true that he hopes such a hurt has now befallen him.

"No, that isn't true. And scraping the débris off with his free hand he goes over himself carefully. His legs are all right. His head is all right. Body all right. His arm, however, pains him, for he has been lying on it a long while. Is his arm damaged? There's no visible wound. And yet—yes, his arm seems numb. He wonders if he can move it. He tries and, as he'd half expected, he can't move it an iota. Perhaps it's broken? It doesn't seem, though, to be broken. Is it paralyzed? Probably. His arm is probably paralyzed. Too bad, that. He can't fight any more if he's got a paralyzed arm. He gets clumsily to his feet. Where's the nearest hospital? His arm dangles, limp and dead, at his side."

"Very interesting," said the poet. "Do you know, I always felt instinctively that there was something phony about shell shock?"

"He's brought here," Colonel Custis resumed. "He has quite convinced himself now that he's got a paralyzed arm. I tell him he's right—he's got paralysis, shell-shock paralysis; but these shell-shock troubles, I explain, are easily cured, and now and then when I've got time I'll come round and give him an electrical treatment. Under this treatment, I say, his paralysis will vanish.

"Well, I come round every few days with a mere joke of a battery, and I apply to his arm a mere joke of a current. That cures him. Yes, as a rule that cures him in three weeks.

"Our treatment, you see, is kind but firm; a kind but firm insistence on the slight and curable nature of all shell-shock troubles. And our treatment is very successful. The English treatment, which coddles the patient, taking shell shock as seriously as typhoid fever or consumption, is very unsuccessful. The French treatment, though as successful as our own, is cruel."

"I've heard of the French *torpillage*," laughed the young lieutenant.

"What is a *torpillage?*" Jones asked.

"A *torpillage*," said Colonel Custis, "is a torpedoing. The French cure for shell shock is an electric current so terrible that the patients themselves invented the name *torpillage* for it. A good name too. I've seen the *torpillage* administered. It's the strongest and most painful current a man can bear without succumbing. A bedridden paralytic on his first *torpillage* will give a yell like a wild Indian, spring from bed, strike his physician a terrific blow on the nose, and then dash round and round the room cursing and swearing, beside himself with indignation and rage. After that, of course, he's cured. He can't after that sink back into bed again—a paralytic—can he?

"Sometimes," Colonel Custis ended, "an apparently hopeless shell-shock patient is cured as by miracle. A blind soldier on a ship will recover his sight when the ship strikes a mine. A deaf-and-dumb soldier will hear and speak when suddenly confronted with his sweetheart."

"What I want to know," said the poet Jones, "is this: Are shell-shock patients to blame or not?"

"The average shell-shock patient," Colonel Custis answered, "the one who promptly recovers—recovers because he wants to—well, this chap surely deserves more praise than blame. He is made, you see, like the rest of us, of good and bad qualities; and here in our hospital he has cultivated the good in him and fought the bad, with the result that the good has conquered."

"And when it doesn't conquer?" said the poet.

Colonel Custis nodded toward Rand's door.

"That room there," he answered, "is occupied by a young officer—he's out on his afternoon walk now—who will never do another day's work as long as he lives. He is blind. Shell-shock blindness. And he'll never recover. Never. Oh, he's a quitter—a quitter, through and through."

Rand behind the closed door placed his pipe on the table noiselessly. He passed his tongue over his lips, which had for a long time been very dry. His heart was thumping so horribly that to still it he pressed his left hand on his breast.

"I was afraid the case was hopeless," said Colonel Custis, "from the moment I first set eyes on him. I inquired into his history. He's some sort of artist, but his health, he told me, has only allowed him to work two or three days a week for the last seven years. I asked him what was the matter with his health. He said he suffered from some queer sort of fatigue waves, but I saw plainly that his fatigue waves were just as imaginary as his blindness. Just as imaginary, and just as incurable too."

"Do you really think," the poet asked in an awed voice, "that this poor devil will stay blind for life?"

"I'm sure of it unless ——"

The colonel mused a moment, then he said disdainfully: "You see, he's a quitter, though he can't admit it. He wants to loaf and be coddled. Well, what a chance for him now! A war hero, a generous pension—the burden of blindness, to be sure; but when you've failed as a painter, how blindness lets you out!"

"Blind for life—and all his own fault!" said Ferguson.

"All his own fault," repeated the young lieutenant with a cheery laugh, and he looked at his watch, calculating the visits to be made and the kilometers to be traveled before nightfall. Hathaway buttoned his waistcoat of yellow leather. Thoughtfully the poet Jones knotted the flannel undervest about his neck again.

"Gentlemen," said Colonel Custis, "few, very few soldiers are stricken with shell shock. Nevertheless, if you write anything about our shell-shock hospital I hope you'll do as I've done. Tell the truth. The truth will prevent their relatives and friends from coddling shell-shock patients; and that is most important, for coddling makes incurables."

The poet Jones thoughtfully drew a woolen sock, mitten fashion, over his huge hand.

"I guess I've got shell shock myself," he said. "I often postpone a day's work on the ground that I don't feel up to it. And I don't feel up to it either. Yet as soon as I decide to loaf—presto, I'm all right again. Isn't that shell shock, colonel?"

"A touch of it, perhaps. It's called neurasthenia in civil life. We've all had it. Whenever we concoct a good excuse to shirk a duty, whenever we convince ourselves that a shirked duty isn't wrong—we may be said to suffer from shell shock in a mild form. A very mild form, but we'd better look out or we may end as tragically as this blind painter."

The poet drew on the other sock. "But you said, colonel, there was hope even for him. What hope?"

And Rand, dry-lipped, his hand pressed to his heart, heard the physician answer:

"There's good and bad in us, isn't there? Well, up to the last we can cultivate the one or the other, as we choose. Yes, up to the last we can cause the one or the other to prevail. It is never too late to mend."

Colonel Custis paused. He seemed to weigh the truth of the old proverb carefully. Then he repeated in a grave firm voice: "It is never too late."

III

RECEDING footsteps, a young and cheery laugh, the slam of a door, silence. Rand in the silence said aloud: "Too late for me."

He knew that the physician's charge was true. He did not dream of doubting it. For it was irresistible, like a cannon ball; and he felt so guilty, so ashamed, he almost believed that he had known the truth from the beginning.

"Too late."

Rand knew that for seven years, out of laziness, in order to shirk his work, he had kept himself an imaginary invalid; and he knew that his imaginary invalidism had culminated at last in imaginary blindness.

He knew this now, but he had not known it before. No, he had not known it. And during those seven years he had really suffered. He had suffered horribly. But all his horrible suffering had been imaginary—imaginary and yet real. And it had ended at last in imaginary and yet real blindness. Imaginary and yet real! Faugh, let him finish once for all with the tragic joke that his life had become!

"Suicide?" he said in a terrified voice.

Yet the word, like a bitter tonic, strengthened him. He could not, however, face forthwith the various means of suicide at his command. To hang himself with his belt, to cut his throat with his razor—no, he required some swifter means of suicide; a leap, say, from a cliff. But this subject of suicide was too dreadful. His mind, whipped toward it, again and again shied away.

Rand, his elbow on his knee, his chin on his hand, fell into melancholy thought. He thought of his elopement and Marjorie's cheerful acceptance of his attic studio after her rich home. How he had worked in the old attic studio, and how their future had glittered! Smiling in the glitter, their eyes dazzled, they had dreamed, Marjorie and he, of a palace on the Grand Canal, Spain, the Orient, Java. They had dreamed of collecting old French furniture, Flemish tapestries. And their dreams had not merely been possible, they had been more than probable; for Rand was really talented, and his talent gained wider and wider recognition every day.

Then this neurasthenia. When had it begun? It had begun seven years ago, the winter his exhibition at Reinstein's permitted him to give up illustrating and move to Maine.

He was already, at twenty-three, a celebrity, as art celebrities go. His photograph had appeared in a dozen periodicals. His paintings brought four or five hundred dollars apiece. Marjorie's people were more than coming round.

Then this damned neurasthenia. Well did he remember the first attack. He sat working serenely one winter morning when a wave of fatigue ran over him. A wave of fatigue, a wave of exhaustion, it swept through his being swiftly, leaving him on its departure short of breath. He frowned in astonishment. He had never felt anything like this before. Then with a deep inspiration he resumed his work.

But another wave assailed him, then another, then another. Stronger and stronger, faster and faster the waves came, till finally, puzzled, annoyed, rather amused, he put down his brushes and hurried forth. Once out-of-doors, walking vigorously in the bright dry cold, the fatigue waves troubled him no more. They were probably due, he decided, to a bad night's rest.

The next week they attacked him a second time, but it was not till their fourth or fifth visit that he began to look for them. He sat at his easel and waited for them fearfully. Seldom did they disappoint him. And they kept growing worse. Instead of waves of fatigue that came and passed, leaving him short of breath but otherwise all right, they now came and remained.

Such fatigue! He could scarce hold up his head. He could hardly breathe. "Another attack!" he would roar to Marjorie, and then he would stalk to his bedroom and throw himself on the bed. The house would be hushed to a sepulchral silence. Sleep, however, would rarely come. When it did come it drove the fatigue away.

Fatigue, just fatigue—that was the form his neurasthenia had taken. It was not, of course, healthy fatigue, such as follows a long walk. No, healthy fatigue is pleasant. But this fatigue, though no pain attached to it, was torture, unbearable torture. What was there about it that made it unbearable torture? There was a feeling of death and corruption about it. He was so tired, so dead tired, scarcely able to lift his head, scarcely able to breathe; it was as if he were imprisoned in a decomposing corpse. Yes, that was it. His living soul longed to work, it urged his body to rise and work; but his

(Concluded on Page 60)

Before Him Success Had Lain, But Success Had Demanded the Hardest Work. How Lazy, Lazy, Lazy He Had Been!

SECONDHAND GHOSTS

By BYRON MORGAN

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

EVERY employee in the Western Branch of the Darco Motor Company was poised, so to speak, with one foot on the clutch and the other on the throttle, ready for instant flight. And mentally each man was taking short practice runs over the precise course he meant to follow. For up in the Bear Den, on the mezzanine floor, Old J. D. Ward had cornered his victim and was devouring him very much as though the bruin insignia on the Darco radiator had leaped rampantly to life.

"Now, young man," the Bear was growling across the six weeks' piled-up mail, "who told you to increase the sales force? Answer me that! When did we hire a man named Conn?"

Toodles Walden, manager of the Western Branch, straightened up with a sudden jerk. His remarkable father-in-law had dropped in from Detroit most unexpectedly only three hours before; yet, with aggravating bearish intuition, he had already turned over the rock that hid Toodles' pet ant hill.

"Conn?" parried Toodles, trying hard not to remember. "Conn? Oh, yes; I—er—hired him while you were away, J. D."

"Huh!" grunted Bruin. "Say, he must be some salesman! I see he's down for two hundred per."

"Oh, Conn is not a salesman. He's ——"

"Our branch pawnbroker?" snorted J. D. "Name's spelled wrong. It ought to be ——"

"Mr. Conn," stated Toodles, mixing a little ether with his courage, "is our Psychological Investigator."

"Crimson Shades of Cæsar!" Old J. D. blew up with a roar that scattered the salesmen waiting tensely below. "Our what?"

"Psychological Investigator!" barked the harassed young manager. "Don't you understand? He investigates our sales prospects ——"

"Oh!" grumbled the Bear. "Why didn't you say right out that he was a detective? What's wrong? Somebody trying to buy a new model Darco without our knowing it?"

"Certainly not! Mr. Conn is a business psychologist—the greatest in the West. He's the foundation of my new selling scheme, J. D. Modern salesmanship is nothing more or less than the proper understanding of psychology. If you know your customer's mind, know your car, and develop your sales talk by psychological reasoning, you're sure to send your prospect home with a new wagon for the family. It's as simple ——"

"Say," interrupted J. D., his weather-beaten mouth disclosing a hint of the famous fighting grin, "why don't you give your salesmen dancing lessons? Believe me, it takes fancy side-stepping to get some sales across!"

"Not if you understand psychology," flared Toodles. "Why, psychology is the spark plug that runs the old selling engine! It'll take a two-cylinder order chaser and put him under the flag like a champion speed wagon. It's a ninety-horse-power, sixteen-valve order-getting sales plan. It'll ——"

Old J. D.'s figure stiffened suddenly, the lines at his mouth tightening. He spoke in a deep strangely quiet tone:

"Will psychology sell secondhand cars?"

"Huh?" Toodles' mind skidded and missed the abrupt turn at the top. A sickening silence spread and hovered over the Bear Den like a black pall.

"That's the real problem of the motor-car business, sonny," rumbled Bruin. "Any high-school boy can sell new machines; but the Columbus we're waiting for is the man who can dope out a smooth-running sure-fire scheme for unloading secondhand cars." Abruptly Old J. D. kicked back his chair and jerked open the window that looked down on the garage floor below. "Just take one look down there!" he snorted. "This place's a regular pawnshop. Twenty secondhand cars! A dozen more packed away in the basement. Forty-seven thousand dollars tied up! Figure that up at seven per cent interest, young man."

"But I'm doing everything possible to move those cars, J. D.," protested Toodles, perspiring and on the defensive. "I sold that old 1911 Darco yesterday."

"How much?" demanded Bruin.

"Seven hundred. You see ——"

"Holy Murphy!" the Bear burst out. "For a car that five years ago sold for forty-two hundred dollars—that we allowed nine hundred for in trade? Damnation! I've a good mind to charge that two-hundred loss to you."

"Oh, be reasonable!" sputtered Toodles. "It isn't my fault. Every agency is cutting prices on their secondhand stuff. Why, last week the Fargot people held a regular department-store bargain sale! What can we do?"

"You can use some judgment in quoting trade-in prices. There's ——"

"Judgment!" yelled Toodles. "When every agency is bidding against every other? Look at that 1912 Kodick I took in last month: I offered eight hundred; the Fargot bid nine; the Kodick ten-fifty. I'd worked for three weeks on that sale—against that competition. I ——"

With a Flash of Brilliant Green Paint, a Rush of Air and a Swirl of Dust, the Flying Monster Had Passed

"Competition? Fiddlesticks!" growled the Bear. "It's rotten salesmanship—psychological or any other dad-blasted kind. Seven hundred dollars for a car ——"

"Say, I've got the best sales force in Los Angeles!" boiled Toodles. "What price can you expect from those old rattletraps?"

The Bear's eyes glazed dangerously.

"Rattletraps!" he roared, all the humor gone from his voice. "Automobile salesmen? Bah! You're paint dealers—beauty-parlor specialists. When a prospect comes in for a secondhand car you lead him back into the garage and make excuses. For what? For the fact that some good old reliable wagon that has thousands of miles left in it has lost some of its paint. Psychology? Now, how long has this Conn been drawing his salary?"

"Why—why, six weeks yesterday," Toodles calculated

"Very well, son-in-law; we won't argue any more. You hired him. It's your dream. You pay him."

"But, listen here, J. D.," gasped the young man, a yawning chasm opening to receive his Great Selling Scheme: "I'm manager of this branch. I've the right to hire employees. I ——"

"Great Christmas!" exploded Bruin. "You don't call a psychological investigator an employee, do you?"

Toodles brushed a moist hand across his hot forehead and mentally contemplated the wreck.

"Be reasonable, J. D.!" he pleaded. "You can't make me pay that cuss. Dorothy and I you know, we never had a wedding trip—we've been saving and planning for a trip to Hawaii this winter.

"Conn's worth his salary. But you can bet I'm not going to pay him—not by a ——"

"Then fire him!" grunted the Bear.

"I—I can't, J. D. I—I tried him out for a month; then gave him a contract—a year's contract."

"What!" bellowed Old J. D. "Tried to tie me up to that second-sight spook artist for a whole year, did you? That's psychology for you! Say, I've a good mind to raise him. Well, son, it's good-by Hawaii for you for a year."

The door crashed shut, blotting from J. D.'s sight a perspiring young man, who flung himself downstairs and into a Darco roadster.

The wrathful roar of its exhaust vibrated through the Bear Den.

"I wouldn't be surprised," Bruin muttered, "if a certain high-browed professor lost a good winter's job, contract notwithstanding." After a moment he muttered thoughtfully: "Psychological salesmanship? Maybe it'll sell soap or something people want; but secondhand cars! Well, the neighbor next door drives the latest model."

For several minutes Old J. D., his eyes old and stern, sat physically and mentally motionless. Presently he roused himself and militantly stamped downstairs. The salesroom was strangely quiet; not a salesman was in sight.

"Hey!" he thundered. "Where's the picnic?"

A head bobbed up from the far side of a car.

"Did you call, Mr. Ward?" queried Whipple, whose task as floor salesman for that day prevented his joining his fellow workmen in some safe retreat.

Without a word—to the everlasting astonishment of Whipple—Old Bruin marched on into the garage. There, lined up like a group of ghosts for inspection, were twenty secondhand cars. With a searching, appraising scrutiny for each, the Bear passed slowly down the line.

Gradually a feeling of depression came over him. They were ghosts—phantoms of past glory. Only a few short years back—some only last season—they had been softly purring, shining kings of the open road. Their glistening bodies washed and polished, their mighty motors tuned to perfection, they had chuckled quietly through the traffic or leaped with exultant roar for the freedom of the country highways. Now, with varnish dulled and fenders dented, they were rattletraps, their fate in the hands of the inexorable jury, Style. With a deep-throated growl of resentment against the whims and fancies of the motor world, J. D. turned and climbed heavily to the Bear Den. His jaws were clamped savagely on his burned-out cigar.

"By thunder," he growled, jamming a finger against an ivory call button on the edge of his desk, "this horse-trading pawnshop business is going to stop! . . . Take a letter, Miss Phillips."

He turned half defiantly to the stenographer who answered his summons:

"'J. C. Thompson, Manager, Darco Motor Company, Detroit: Notify all factory branch agencies that on and after September fifteenth every salesman will be held individually responsible for the price of all secondhand cars they accept in trade. All depreciation

between the trade-in price and the final selling price of secondhand cars is to be deducted from the salesman's salary or commission check. . . . Get that out at once, Miss Phillips." He settled back and scowled at his desk.

An hour later Old J. D. belligerently scrawled his signature below the drastic regulations.

"See that each salesman in this plant receives a copy of this," he gruffly instructed.

Old J. D. had handled temperamental automobile salesmen too long to underestimate the upheaval his revolutionary secondhand-car policy would cause in minds whose bugbear was the siren chorus: "What'll you give me for my old car?" Crouching at his desk, he grimly awaited the first eruption. It came ten minutes before closing time. A delegation of three salesmen nervously climbed the stairs and none too recklessly pried open the Bear Den door. Old Bruin glared a greeting.

"Just what do you mean by this, Mr. Ward?" demanded Arnold, extending a copy of the new order; the two other men, Jackson and Whipple, were silent.

The Bear's massive paw grasped the paper. Word by word he read it aloud.

"Guess that's plain enough," he grunted. "Now you fellows understand me: I'm asking nothing impossible. I want sane prices quoted on traded-in cars; and I want those cars sold—not stuck back in the garage and forgotten. That's all!"

"And it's enough!" snapped Jackson, thrusting Arnold aside. "You know that ninety per cent of our sales are trades. You can't stick to a rule like that. The boys won't stand for it. We ——"

"I'll let 'em go, then," growled J. D. "I'm building motor cars—good motor cars—to sell, not to swap. I'm hiring you fellows to sell 'em. Understand?" His cigar spouted smoke with unmistakable finality.

Halfway down the stairs Jackson muttered: "I'm not going to stand for it. The Ronado agency wants men."

"I'm with you!" agreed Arnold.

Whipple shook his head.

"You fellows had better stick. It won't be long before other dealers tack up the same rule. They've got to come to it."

"There'll always be some agency making long trades. Me for the soft picking!" Jackson linked arms with Arnold and turned down the street toward the Ronado garage.

The following morning Old J. D. arrived at the Western Branch with a mysterious grin twitching at the corners of his weather-beaten mouth. From the crown of his natty brown fedora to the highly polished tips of his russet oxfords he fairly radiated good humor; for the night before a friend had whispered motordom's most treasured secret—the name of a prospect for a secondhand car.

"Now, sonny," he boasted to the exasperated Toodles, "you watch the Old Man cut a few corners by old-fashioned salesmanship. No high-browed psychology! No, sir! . . . Bet you a box of cigars I have a check by four o'clock."

"I'll take it!" retorted Toodles, thoroughly heated. "Who's your prospect?"

"That's a secret I wouldn't tell even my own grandmother!" emphatically stated the Bear. "This is my own picnic. You have that 1914 five-passenger Darco dusted up and ready at eleven o'clock. I'll drive, myself."

It was exactly ten-fifty-five when the Bear, with his stylish fedora pulled snugly down over his grizzly hair, drove jauntily up Figueroa Street.

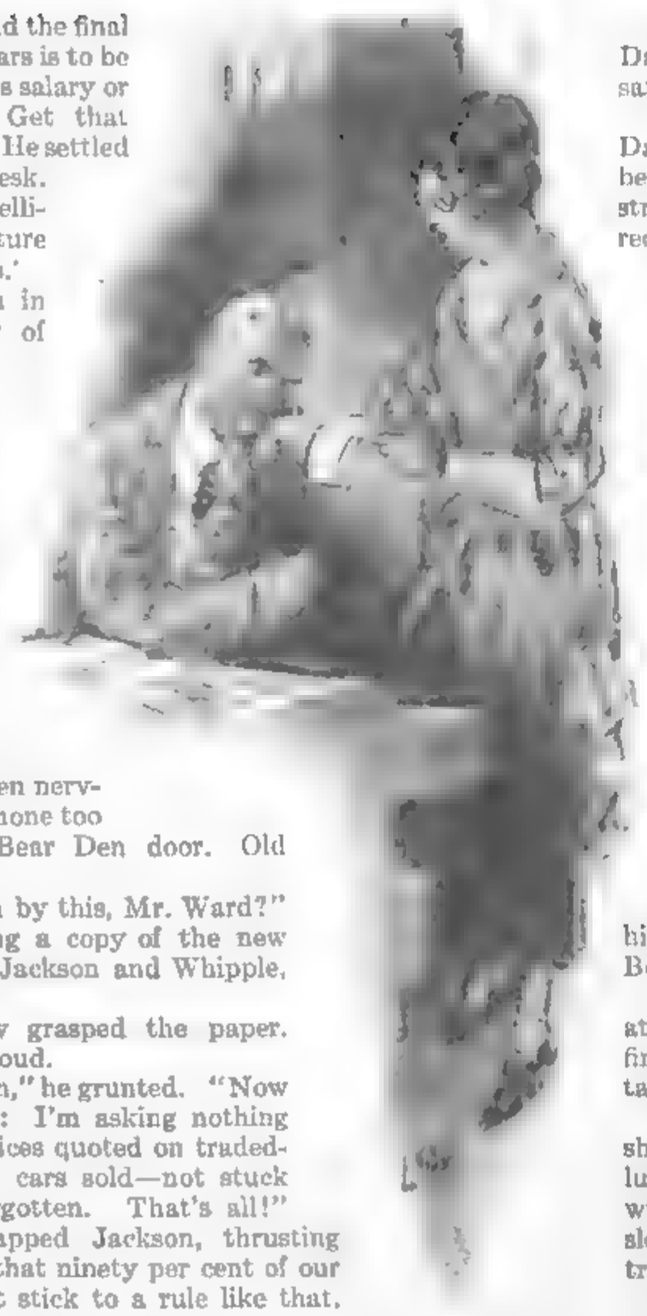
"Guess Toodles didn't sleep well," he mused. "Never knew the kid to be so durned scrappy."

At the Alexandria J. D. picked up his prospect, a Mr. Myers, and with the steady hand of a veteran juggled the old Darco through the traffic. At Westlake Park he swung over to Wiltshire Boulevard. "The top looks pretty bad," commented the customer, running true to form.

"It is slightly faded," admitted the Bear; "but, you know, Mr. Myers, the real value of a secondhand car is in the chassis. Now this motor ——"

"And the whole car needs a coat of paint," persisted the prospect.

"A little varnish, perhaps," agreed Bruin. He retarded the spark lever in an effort to lessen the noise of a slapping piston. "But a few thousand miles doesn't hurt the efficiency of a Darco motor, Mr. Myers. I'll open up a little. Notice the smoothness of the pick-up."



Notify All Agencies That Every Salesman Will be Held Responsible

J. D. gently opened the throttle. The Darco, despite its age of thirty-two thousand miles, responded heroically.

Vermont Avenue was passed and the Darco rattled on. Then suddenly from beneath the front floor boards arose a strange harsh grind. The Bear's face went red. He glanced sidewise at his passenger. Mr. Myers had lifted his feet to the top of the door; a smug grin was spreading over his features, as if this new turn of affairs simply confirmed his own judgment. The grind changed to a terrific clatter.

"Something busted already, eh?" demanded Myers, with the most irritating of smiles.

"Oh, no!" assured J. D., bringing the Darco to an abrupt stop. "Just a loose clutch attachment. It'll take only a minute to adjust."

He jerked up the floor boards. The sight that met his eyes caused even the hardened Bear to gasp. The transmission case was foaming like an exploded soda fountain.

"Some car!" taunted Myers. "Believe me, some car! Well, my friends all warned me. No more gasoline antiques for mine!" He turned on his heel and strode disgustedly up Hobart Boulevard toward the street-car line.

For one red-hot minute Old J. D. glared at the offending case. Then he inserted a finger into the foam, smelled of it, and tasted it gingerly.

"Soap!" he exploded, catching his shocked power of speech in one full-lunged blast. "Soap!" He hauled a wrench from the tool box, rolled up his sleeve, removed the top plate from the transmission, and plunged in his hand.

A moment's fishing brought to light the chewed remains of a screw driver. With dangerous calm, the Bear replaced the metal cover and the floor boards, wiped his hands on the grass of the parkway, and drove slowly back to the Western Branch.

Toodles and Darby, the master mechanic, were in earnest conversation. Both turned as J. D., in a state of near explosion, steamed into the salesroom.

"Quick work!" complimented the unsuspecting Darby.

Toodles held aloof. Old Bruin's fur bristled.

"Say," he roared, "what in hell is the matter with the mechanics round this shop? Answer me! What square-head loaded that transmission with soap?"

"Soap?" stammered Darby, sudden fear gripping him.

"Yes! Soap! And a screw driver to boot! Who did that?"

Darby's face took on a chalky hue. "Why—why, I think Simmons was working on that car."

"Simmons? A salesman! What business has a salesman in the shop?"

"Just a minute, sir." Toodles coolly thrust himself into the argument. "I put Simmons in the shop. You remember, sir, you said we were paint dealers—beauty-parlor specialists. Well, beginning this morning, each salesman is to work one day a week in the shop. I've been considering it for some time. A man must know his car and know his customer to use the proper psychology in selling ——" He broke off.

The Bear's face had flooded purple. "For the love of Mike!" Bruin burst out. "You put a hundred-and-fifty-dollar-a-month salesman in the shop? Of all the fancy nightmares!" He whirled suddenly on Darby. "How about that soap?"

"Why—why, I told Simmons to fill the transmission," reiterated Darby. "I even showed him the barrel of grease in the oil room. The—the washing soap is next to it. The screw driver—I—I don't know a darned thing about that."

"That'll do, Darby," growled J. D. "You clean every salesman out of your shop. I'm going to put a vacuum cleaner on this plant. By thunder, when I get through there won't be even a germ of newfangled selling schemes!" He turned to Toodles. "I'll see you upstairs, young man."

"I'm busy," firmly stated Toodles. "I'll be up later."

"You'll what?" flamed Bruin. "Say, you march!"

And, despite his newfound courage, Toodles marched. Also, for the first time, he made a mental note that there were exactly thirteen steps in the Bear Den trail. Vividly there ran through his mind the lines of a famous poem.

"Oh, damn that hangman's tune!" he muttered as the glass door banged shut.

"Now, sonny," rumbled the Bear, "I've skidded for the last time on your slippery ideas. Five minutes from now we start selling cars by old-fashioned salesmanship—not college-textbook phrases. . . . Say, what ails you to-day?"

"I'm tired of being bossed round like a kid," sputtered the psychology student. "Last night I decided I was either going to be manager of this place or else I wanted to know it."

A heavy silence fell upon the Bear Den. Old J. D. settled massively back and stared at the ceiling. Many deep wrinkles gathered about his eyes. He looked tired—old. Finally he climbed stiffly out of his chair and shuffled over to the little window. For a minute he glared down into the garage—down upon the silent row of phantoms—the steel ghosts of faded glory. Then he turned back to the small safe in the corner, whirled the combination, swung open the door and selected from the mass of papers a long official-looking document.

"All right!" he muttered, with a husky note in the habitual growl. "I'll see whether you've really grown up. You know what this is?" Toodles gulped twice and nodded.

"The contract I signed two years ago," he found himself saying.

"Correct for once," grunted Old J. D. "It expires on the thirtieth. Now I'll give you two months in which to resell me your services as manager. You can use psychology or any other damfool notion that pleases you."

"But, say, J. D. ——" protested Toodles, aghast at the unexpected disaster.

"No arguments, sonny! You asked for a chance. You've preached psychology and every other freak idea. Let's see you make 'em work."

"Oh, it's a devil of a chance!" yelled Toodles, fired by J. D.'s seeming unreasonableness. "You think it's a polite way of canning me. I'll show you!

"I'll—I'll sell that man Myers, myself!" The door slammed hard.

For certain minutes the Bear paced restlessly back and forth. Presently one corner of his mouth twitched slightly and his eyes lighted up.

(Continued on Page 65)

"But Surely You Can Reason Out Some Way to Convince Daddy. Anyway, I Don't Think He Really Intends to Discharge You"

LOOKING BACKWARD

Men, Women and Events During Eight Decades of American History—By Henry Watterson

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

MARK TWAIN came down to the footlights long after Artemus Ward had passed from the scene; but as an American humorist with whom during half a century I was closely intimate and round whom many of my London experiences revolve, it may be apropos to speak of him next after his elder. There was not lacking a certain likeness between them.

Samuel L. Clemens and I were connected by a domestic tie, though before either of us was born the two families on the maternal side had been neighbors and friends. An uncle of his married an aunt of mine—the children of this marriage cousins in common to us—albeit, this apart, we became lifetime cronies.

Notwithstanding that when Mark Twain appeared east of the Alleghanies and north of the Blue Ridge he showed the weather-beating of the West, the bizarre alike of the pilot house and the mining camp very much in evidence, he came of decent people on both sides of the house. The Clemens and the Lamptons were of good old English stock. Toward the middle of the eighteenth century three younger scions of the Manor of Durham migrated from the County of Durham to Virginia and thence branched out into Tennessee, Kentucky and Missouri.

His mother was the loveliest old aristocrat with a taking drawl, a drawl that was high-bred and patrician, not rustic and plebeian, which her famous son inherited. All the women of that ilk were gentlewomen. The literary and artistic instinct which attained its fruition in him had percolated through the veins of a long line of silent singers, of poets and painters, unborn to the world of expression till he arrived upon the scene.

These joint cousins of ours embraced an exceedingly large, varied and picturesque assortment. Their idiosyncracies were a constant source of amusement to us. Just after the successful production of his play, The Gilded Age, and the uproarious hit of the comedian, Raymond, in the leading rôle, I received a letter from him in which he told me he had made in Colonel Mulberry Sellers a close study of one of these kinsmen and thought he had drawn him to the life. "But for the love of Mike," he said, "don't whisper it, for he would never understand or forgive me, if he did not thrash me on sight."

The pathos of the part, and not its comic aspects, had most impressed him. He designed and wrote it for Edwin Booth. From the first and always he was disgusted by the Raymond portrayal. Except for its popularity and money-making, he would have withdrawn it from the stage as, in a fit of pique, Raymond himself did while it was still packing the theaters.

The original Sellers had partly brought him up and had been very good to him. A second Don Quixote in appearance and not unlike the knight of La Mancha in character, it would have been safe for nobody to laugh at James Lampton, or by the slightest intimation, look or gesture to treat him with inconsideration, or any proposal of his, however preposterous, with levity.

He once came to visit me upon a public occasion and during a function. I knew that I must introduce him, and with all possible ceremony, to my colleagues. He was very queer; tall and peaked, wearing a black, swallow-tailed suit, shiny with age, a silk hat, bound with black crape to conceal its rustiness, not to indicate a recent death; but his linen as spotless as new-fallen snow. I had my fears. Happily the company, quite dazed by the apparition, proved decorous to solemnity, and the kind old gentleman, pleased with himself and proud of his "distinguished young kinsman," went away highly gratified.

Not long after this one of his daughters—pretty girls they were, too, and in charm altogether worthy of their Cousin Sam Clemens—was to be married, and Sellers wrote me a stately summons, all-embracing, though stiff and formal, such as a baron of the Middle Ages might have indited to his noble relative, the field marshal, bidding him bring his good lady and his retinue and abide within the castle until the festivities were ended, though in this instance the castle was a suburban cottage scarcely big enough to accommodate the bridal couple. I showed the bombastic but hospitable and sincere invitation to the actor Raymond, who chanced to be playing in Louisville when it reached me. He read it through with care and reread it.

"Do you know," said he, "it makes me want to cry. That is not the man I am trying to impersonate at all."

Be sure it was not; for there was nothing funny about the spiritual being of Mark Twain's Colonel Mulberry Sellers; he was as brave as a lion and as upright as Sam Clemens himself.

When a very young man, living in a woodland cabin down in the Pennyrile region of Kentucky, with a wife he adored and two or three small children, he was so carried away by an unexpected windfall that he lingered overlong in the near-by village, dispensing a royal hospitality; in point of fact, he "got on a spree." Two or three days passed before he regained possession of himself. When at last he reached home, he found his wife ill in bed and the children nearly starved for lack of food. He said never a word, but walked out of the cabin, tied himself to a tree, and was wildly horsewhipping himself when the cries of the frightened family summoned the neighbors and he was brought to reason. He never touched an intoxicating drop from that day to his death.

Mark Twain's Mother Was the Loveliest Old Aristocrat With a Taking Drawl, Which Her Famous Son Inherited

II

ANOTHER one of our fantastic mutual cousins was the "Earl of Durham." I ought to say that Mark Twain and I grew up on old wives' tales of estates and titles, which, maybe due to a kindred sense of humor in both of us, we treated with shocking irreverence. It happened some fifty years ago that there turned up, first upon the plains and afterward in New York and Washington, a lineal descendant of the oldest of the Virginia Lamptons—he had somehow gotten hold of or had fabricated a bundle of documents—who was what a certain famous American would have called a "corker." He wore a sombrero with a rattlesnake for a band, and a belt with a couple of six-shooters, and described himself and claimed to be the Earl of Durham.

"He touched me for a tenner the first time I ever saw him," drawled Mark to me, "and I coughed it up and have been coughing them up, whenever he's around, with punctuality and regularity."

The "Earl" was indeed a terror, especially when he had been drinking. His belief in his peerage was as absolute as Colonel Sellers' in his millions. All he wanted was money enough "to get over there" and "state his case." During the Tichborne trial Mark Twain and I were in London, and one day he said to me:

"I have investigated this Durham business down at the Herald's office. There's nothing to it. The Lamptons passed out of the Demesne of Durham a hundred years ago. They had long before dissipated the estates. Whatever the title, it lapsed. The present earldom is a new creation, not the same family at all. But, I tell you what, if you'll put up five hundred dollars I'll put up five hundred more, we'll fetch our chap across and set him in as a claimant, and, my word for it, Kenealy's fat boy won't be a marker to him!"

He was so pleased with his conceit that later along he wrote a novel and called it The Claimant. It is the only one of his books, though I never told him so, that I could never read. Many years after, I happened to see upon a hotel register in Rome these entries: "The Earl of Durham," and in the same handwriting just below it, "Lady Anne Lambton" and "The Hon. Reginald Lambton." So the Lambtons—they spelled it with a *b* instead of a *p*—were yet in possession. A Lambton was Earl of Durham. The next time I saw Mark I rated him on his deception. He did not defend himself, said something about its being necessary to perfect the joke. "Did you ever meet this present peer and possible usurper?" I asked.

"No," he answered, "I never did, but if he had called on me I would have had him come up." His mind turned ever to the droll. Once in London I was living with my family at 103 Mount Street. Between 103 and 102 there was the parochial workhouse, quite a long and imposing edifice. One evening, upon coming in from an outing, I found a letter he had written on the sitting-room table. He had left it with his card. He spoke of the shock he had received upon finding that next to 102—presumably 103—was the workhouse. He had loved me, but had always feared that I would end by disgracing the family—being hanged or something—but the "work'us," that was beyond him; he had not thought it would come to that. And so on through pages of horseplay; his relief on ascertaining the truth and learning his mistake, his regret at not finding me at home, closing with a dinner invitation. Once at Geneva I received a long, overflowing letter, full of flamboyant oddities, written from London. Two or three hours later came a telegram. "Burn letter. Blot it from your memory. Susie is dead."

How much of melancholy lay hidden behind the mask of his humor it would be hard to say. His griefs were tempered by a vein of stoicism. He was a medley of contradictions. Unconventional to the point of eccentricity, his sense of his own dignity was sound and sufficient. Though lavish in the use of money, he had a full realization of its value and made close contracts for his work. Like Sellers, his mind soared when it sailed financial currents. He lacked acute business judgment in the larger things, while an excellent economist in the lesser.

His marriage was the most brilliant stroke of his life. He got the woman of all the world he most needed, a truly lovely and loving helpmate, who kept him in bounds and headed him straight and right while she lived. She was the best of housewives and mothers, and the safest of counselors and wisest of critics. She knew his worth; she understood his genius; she clearly saw his limitations and angles. Her death was a grievous disaster as well as a staggering blow. He never quite recovered from it.

III

IT WAS in the early seventies that Mark Twain dropped into New York, where there was already gathered a congenial group to meet and greet him. John Hay, quoting old Jack Dade's description of himself, was wont

to speak of it as "of high aspirations and peregrinations." It radiated between Franklin Square, where Joseph W. Harper—"Joe Brooklyn," we called him—reigned in place of his uncle, Fletcher Harper, the man of genius among the original Harper Brothers, and the Lotus Club, then in Irving Place, and Delmonico's, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street, with Southerland's in Liberty Street for a downtown place of luncheon resort, not to forget Dorlon's in Fulton Market. The Harper contingent, besides its chief, embraced Tom Nast and William A. Seaver, whom John Russell Young named "Papa Pendennis," and pictured as "a man of letters among men of the world and a man of the world among men of letters," a very apt phrase appropriated from Doctor Johnson, and Major Constable, a giant, who looked like a dragoon and not a bookman, yet had known Sir Walter Scott and was sprung from the family of Edinburgh publishers. Bret Harte had but newly arrived from California. Whitelaw Reid, though still subordinate to Greeley, was beginning to make himself felt in journalism. John Hay played high priest to the revels. I used to make periodic and pious pilgrimage to the delightful shrine.

Truth to tell, it emulated rather the gods than the graces, though all of us had literary leanings of one sort and another, especially late at night; and Sam Bowles would come over from Springfield and Murat Halstead from Cincinnati to join us. Howells, always something of a prig, living in Boston, held himself at too high account; but often we had Joseph Jefferson, then in the heyday of his great career, with once in a while Edwin Booth, who could not quite trust himself to go our gait. The fine fellows we caught from oversea were innumerable, from the elder Sothern and Sala and Yates to Lord Dufferin and Lord Houghton. Times went very well those days, and whilst some looked on askance, notably Curtis and, rather oddly, Stedman, and thought we were wasting time and convivializing more than was good for us, we were mostly young and hearty, ranging from thirty to five and forty years of age, with amazing capabilities both for work and play, and I cannot recall that any harm to any of us came of it.

Although robustious, our fribbles were harmless enough—ebullitions of animal spirit, sometimes perhaps unguarded—though each shade, treading the Celestian way, as most of them do, and recurring to those Noctes Ambrosianæ, might e'en repeat to the other the words on a memorable occasion addressed by Curran to Lord Avonmore:

"We spent them not in toys or lust or wine;
But search of deep philosophy,
Wit, eloquence and poesy
Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine."

IV

MARK TWAIN was the life of every company and all occasions. I remember a practical joke of his suggestion played upon Murat Halstead. A party of us were supping after the theater at the old Brevoort House. A card was brought to me from a reporter of the World. I was about to deny myself, when Mark Twain said:

"Give it to me, I'll fix it," and left the table.

Presently he came to the door and beckoned me out.

"I represented myself as your secretary and told this man," said he, "that you were not here, but that if Mr. Halstead would answer just as well I would fetch him. The fellow is as innocent as a lamb and doesn't know either of you. I am going to introduce you as Halstead and we'll have some fun."

No sooner said than done. The reporter proved to be a little bald-headed cherub newly arrived from the isle of dreams, and I lined out to him a column or more of very hot stuff, reversing Halstead in every opinion. I declared him in favor of paying the national debt in greenbacks. Touching the sectional question, which was then the burning issue of the time, I made the mock Halstead say: "The 'bloody shirt' is only a kind of Pickwickian battle cry. It is convenient during political campaigns and on election day. Perhaps you do not know that I am myself of dyed-in-the-wool Southern and secession stock. My father and grandfather came to Ohio from South Carolina just before I was born. Naturally I have no sectional prejudices, but I live in Cincinnati and I am a Republican."

There was a good deal more of the same sort. Just how it passed through the World office I know not; but it actually appeared. On returning to the table I told the company what Mark Twain and I had done. They thought I was joking. Without a word to any of us, next day Halstead wrote a note to the World repudiating the interview, and the World printed his disclaimer with a line which said: "When Mr. Halstead conversed with our reporter he had dined." It was too good to keep. John Hay wrote an amusing story for the Tribune, which set Halstead right.

Mark Twain's place in literature it is not for me to fix. Someone has called him "the Lincoln of letters." That is striking, suggestive and apposite. The genius of Clemens and the genius of Lincoln possessed a kinship outside the circumstances of their early lives; the common lack of tools to work with; the privations and hardships to be endured and to overcome; the way ahead through an unblazed and trackless forest; every footstep over a stumbling block and each effort saddled with a handicap. But they got there, both of them, they got there; and mayhap somewhere beyond the stars the light of their eyes is shining down upon us even as, amid the thunders of a world tempest, we are not wholly forgetful of them.

V

ALL is fair in love and war, the saying hath it. "Lord!" cried the most delightful of liars, "how this world is given to lying." Yea, and how exigency quickens invention and promotes deceit.

Just after the war, the war of sections, of course, I was riding in a train with Samuel Bowles, the elder, who took a great interest in things Southern. He had been impressed by a newspaper known as The Chattanooga Rebel and, as I had been its editor, put innumerable questions to me about it and its affairs. Among these he asked how great had been its circulation. Without explaining that often an entire company, in some cases an entire regiment, subscribed for a few copies, or a single copy, I answered: "I don't know precisely, but somewhere near a hundred thousand, I take it." Then he said: "Where did you get your press power?"

This was, of course, a corker, but it did not embarrass me in the least. I was committed, and without a moment's thought I proceeded with an imaginary explanation which he afterward declared had been altogether satisfying. The story was too good to keep—maybe conscience pricked—and in a chummy talk later along I laughingly confessed. "You should tell that in your dinner speech to-night," he said. "If you tell it as you have just told it to me, it will make a hit," and I did.

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A Second Don Quixote in Appearance and Not Unlike the Knight of La Mancha in Character, It Would Have Been Safe for Nobody to Laugh at James Lampton

How British Labor Sees It

By MEYER BLOOMFIELD

A Children's Labor Demonstration

EVERY labor question in Great Britain is at the same time a political question. This fact should be kept in mind at all times or much that is going on in the industrial world here in England will not be fully understood. For those of us who look on labor matters from the American point of view this admonition is especially necessary. In the United States the labor movement and all its particular trade-union activities may be said to be a complete and self-contained affair, apart from the currents of politics. Labor's program is never merged into or wholly identified with that of the existing national parties.

There is a sense, of course, in which every live industrial topic in a free country is also political or governmental. When a large body of men press for the settlement of any question or the adoption of certain measures, department heads, legislatures, governors, and even Presidents may be moved to take a hand. Still all this, with us at any rate, is more or less accidental. It is not supposed to be the business of our public officials, and certainly not the business of party chiefs, to engage very actively in framing or furthering industrial policies for the labor forces of the country. And we have no distinctive party comprised of Labor representatives for the special purpose of sending men of their own choosing to Congress or to state legislatures.

In Great Britain the line of separation between labor and political machinery is obliterated. Questions like the eight-hour day, minimum wage, child labor, employment of women and collective bargaining are not merely subjects for discussion between employers and employed or between trade unions and employers' associations; they are among the principal concerns of the political parties, and the very special concern of one party in particular: The Labor Party.

The Acid Test of Loyalty

THE promotion of specific reforms or legislation in which the manual workers are interested more often takes the form in Great Britain of political than of trade-union action. The campaign is the accepted substitute for the general strike. As a matter of fact both forms of agitation, industrial and political, go on simultaneously, the latter, however, excelling in vigor and in general public interest. Parliamentary action is regarded as by far the more desirable method of getting results, the strike as an inferior and desperate resort.

To capture Parliament—that is, to win a majority of seats in the House of Commons—is labor's aim. This done, industrial reconstruction may be brought about in a constitutional way, the British way. And when a given course can be described as typically British the last word has been said for it.

The Labor Party is as characteristic a creation of the British labor movement as is the corresponding industrial body, the Trade-Union Congress. Most of the trade unions of the country are affiliated with both, supply the bulk of the funds by means of a levy upon their local treasuries or assessment on their members, and through delegates selected for the purpose they direct the affairs of both the Labor Party and the Trade-Union Congress.

Strictly speaking, the Labor Party is not a political party as we ordinarily understand it. It is, in fact, a federation of labor organizations, plus a number of socialist societies, plus a miscellaneous alliance of trade councils, professional groups and a sprinkling of men and women—writers, lecturers, clergymen, social workers, "intellectuals" and others—all of whom combine, not as spokesmen for any specific interest such as mining, teaching, printing or the like, but definitely as labor politicians.

And right here another word of explanation is in order. The term politician as the British use it never carries with it implications of the sort with which we are unhappily familiar. You don't insult anybody here with it. You merely describe an interest of his, or a chief occupation, as if you said of a man that he is a doctor, engineer, journalist or soldier.

Parliament, as I have mentioned, is the goal of the Labor Party's efforts; the majority of the party's representatives in the House of Commons have always been trade-union leaders. There have been times when men not members of unions have sat in the House as the party's spokesmen; because of their work for the party or for the labor movement in general they were taken into the fold, given a place in the party's councils, and backed as the party's candidates in an election. In the general election held last December not one of this outside group won. Every man of the sixty who were elected on the Labor Party ticket holds some trade-union office or is directly connected with some labor organization.

The newspapers were not slow in seizing on this result the moment the figures were known. "Labor Cleans House," "Loyal Labor Wins," "Pacifism Down and Out," "Kaiser's Friends Scrapped"—these are among the milder headlines by which the country was apprised of the verdict. There can be no question as to what the five million and more voters—women were among them for the first time—had in mind when they gave victory to the banners of Mr. Lloyd George and his ticket. Much more even than the men the women seem to have made loyalty to the country their acid test in casting their first vote; and rightly or wrongly they singled out candidates on the basis of this simple test for slaughter or success. Only a deliberateness of selection such as this can explain the apparently overwhelming victory of the Prime Minister. The country decided to stand by the present government, which had conducted the war to a successful conclusion, and to return only those Labor candidates whose records left no doubt as to their position throughout the war and their intention as regards the fate of its instigators. This much is clear, for all the hubbub of explanation and commentary.

But what the headlines and first impressions failed to show was the very important fact that the aggregate difference in the votes between the winning and the losing parties was not more than half a million, a slender enough margin, though, as I have said, by no means controverting the decisiveness of the verdict.

To understand how labor views the immediate future in Britain, what its policies are and are likely to be, we must go behind the returns and see just what did happen in the election. The topic is as full of life to-day as it was in December; in fact, much more so. Labor has its own idea as to what the verdict of the election meant, and it is proceeding to carry out in a pretty definite way the mandate it believes the country has given it.

In the United States our habit on the morning after election is to let bygones be bygones and forget politics, unless we have some personal interest or cause at stake, until the open season is on again. It is quite the other way here; especially so with the Labor forces, which just at present are unusually busy. And labor, or Labor, is on the map these days, politically speaking; also industrially and internationally speaking.

In the British labor movement there have been cycles of interest and of indifference as regards mixing labor and politics. For a long time there was opposition to labor's going out of its regular trade-action course in order to obtain conditions or concessions that it demanded. At the present moment the pendulum has swung in the direction of great hopes, though somewhat modified by the poorer election showing than was expected—hopes of controlling Parliament in the near future and setting up a Labor government for the United Kingdom.

The Birth of the Labor Party

IN 1900 the fusion of trade-union and socialist forces resulted in the birth of the Labor Party. From that time forward the political growth of labor has proceeded apace. In 1906 twenty-nine out of fifty candidates on the Labor ticket captured seats in the House of Commons, formed themselves into a parliamentary party with their own whips and officers, and launched the Labor Party as a going concern and political contestant. In 1910 the party fighting in seventy-eight constituencies carried forty of them.

Up to the beginning of the war a generally compact, well-organized group of trade-union and socialist members in the House of Commons worked with more or less internal harmony to promote industrial measures, such as prevention of unemployment, improvement in factory and mining conditions, nationalization of mineral resources, and the protection of unions against restrictions regarded as detrimental to the interests of labor. The war immediately worked confusion and disunity in the ranks of political labor. The partnership of labor and socialist groups looked to be at an end. Broadly speaking the line of cleavage between the trade unions and the socialists seemed to be this: The trade unions unhesitatingly sprang to the support of the government in its move against the German peril; they took what was described as the national, the patriotic viewpoint. The socialists, on the other hand, proclaimed their international viewpoint, which was generally branded throughout the country as unpatriotic and pro-German, not even possessing the crude virtues of that large group of German socialists who, misled or coerced into believing that their country was in danger, stood by their own government.

The Asquith Ministry invited the coöperation of the trade-union members in Parliament and appointed to various posts men like Arthur Henderson of the Iron-Founders; Roberts of the Typographical Association; and Brace of the Miners. Later, under Mr. Lloyd George, other trade-union men appeared in larger numbers as government officials. Clynes, the Food Controller, belongs to the Gas Workers—now called the General Workers Union; Hodge, the Pension Minister, to the Steel Smelters; and

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Have a Nut Sundae With Me

By Samuel G. Blythe

I KNOW a man, aged fifty-one, who has the makings of a hundred thousand cocktails of assorted varieties carefully cached against the dry spell that is impending. A hundred thousand cocktails is a good many, but this man is an earnest cocktailian, and he is descended from sturdy stock. There is no telling but he may live for a hundred years or so, and life to him without a few shaken up before dinner would be unendurable. Besides, making cocktails is the only polite accomplishment he has. Nature has not endowed him with any other method of self-expression, as the free-verse folks say. He is a rotten bridge player, a dub golfer, a poor shot and simply impossible at poker. His license for toleration in the society in which he moves comes from the deftness with which he mixes the gin and vermuth, or whatever the ingredients of the concoction may be—he can make them all and even has attained the great celebrity of having a cocktail named after him, which is about as famous as an American may be—in the most seductive proportions.

Oases in the Arid Future

THAT is all there is to him, and he knows it. Combined with this knowledge is the further cognizance that in the course of obtaining this artistry with the shaker he has also obtained, and retains, a most delectable thirst for his own product. Moreover, his friends rely on him for theirs. So he just had to do it, for three reasons: As a justification for his continued existence; as the guard and shield against a solitary life; and as a protest, ringing and defiant, against the assault on his personal liberty this prohibition business implies. He is very keen about the personal-liberty part of it.

I know another man, aged sixty-two, who has laid in one hundred barrels of bourbon whisky, has them all sweetly sequestrated in a convenient place, and thus is fairly complacent over the outlook. He feels that with any luck at all, with any sort of a break in his affairs, he is reasonably certain of a few toddies each day. Of course there are moments when he is apprehensive, when he feels that he should, perhaps, have bought that other fifty barrels when he had the opportunity. One never can tell. He might live on and on beyond the allotted span, and he often wakes in the night shuddering with horror over a nightmare, in which he found himself old, shaken, stricken with years—and not a drop of bourbon in the house. However, he figures that by carefully conserving his supply and not being too sociable with it he may pull through.

I know a third man, aged fifty-odd, to whom this prohibition business came as a terrible shock. There he was, doing his daily drinking in peace and content, and suddenly he read in the papers one morning that on and after a certain date—not so far distant, either—this country would be dry. It was incomprehensible, and he set it down as one of those sensational lies the papers print just to sell a few copies extra. It was against that personal liberty guaranteed, as he understood it, in the Constitution. To be sure, he had never read the Constitution, but he felt that it must be there, this covenanted right to drink or let it alone according to his custom. So he took a drink and dismissed the matter from his mind.

Later he talked to some of his friends, who were drinking and letting it alone for intervals of ten or fifteen minutes at a time. He laughed at the idea. Impossible! They couldn't do it.

"Dammit," said one of his friends, after he had let another one alone briefly, "they have done it."

Still of the opinion that his familiars were spoofing him, but harassed, none the less, over the frightful possibility, inasmuch as these radicals and Bolsheviki and other similar insects were upsetting the old order that had been good enough for his father and was good enough for him, he made inquiries, and was horrified to learn that it was indeed too true. They had taken his personal liberty, tied a knot in its tail and flung it out of the window. The country was going dry.

He gave the matter considerable thought, and then decided upon a course of action. He went to several eminent diagnosticians in turn, and had himself examined, explored and charted. After the returns were all in he took these aggregate vital statistics of himself to a life-insurance company and asked the insurance company to compute his expectation of life as based thereupon. That done he bought and stored in an accessible place enough whisky of his favorite brand so he may have a bottle a day for each day he may hope to live, and added a few dozens surplusage in case of accidental sojourn in these arid parts longer than the insurance sharps figure he is entitled to remain with us.

A Land of Dismal Nights

THE ruling passion is strong in drought. All over these soon-to-be-arid United States, bibulous gentlemen are ferverishly laying in stocks of beers, ales, wines and liquors, as the signs on the store windows used to read; and all over the country, in every place where there is a barroom or a café or a boozing ken of whatever nature, the Grand Lodges of Sorrow open nightly on the subject of Personal Liberty, and debate that prized but vanished possession, crying into their high balls as the discussion proceeds, until the melancholy barkeeper shoos them out into the inhospitable street at closing time.

The debate usually opens with the flat declaration by the gentleman who is buying that it can't be done. "Listen

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The Old Man's Rich and He Can Stand It

THE BLOOMING ANGEL

VIII

By WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

IT WAS in the fall and Chester A. Framm had just got back from Los Angeles after a moderately successful tour introducing Framm's Magic Hair Gloss together with the now standardized Angel Bloom Cream. Shamelessly, too, he had overseen the distribution of Flossie's latest advertising novelty entitled Mr. Framm Knows a Pretty Girl When He Sees One. The poster showed Chester at center-card holding hands with the Venus de Milo—artfully provided with white-gloved arms—and with Miss Vivian Hussel, the most popular beauty on the American musical-comedy stage. Vivian had been harder to coax into the picture than had Venus, but Floss had seen to it in her own sweet way.

On the morning of his return to San Francisco he had again been astonished, for the black-and-white front of the beauty shop, over which he had presided with capable efficiency, was undergoing another change. A house painter on his ladder occupied a prominent place outside the show window, whose sash slats he was at that moment streaking with vermilion paint. Mrs. Chester A. Framm, modishly attired in a tight-fitting suit of blue, stood on the sidewalk in affable conversation with a jet-spangled old lady who, as she talked, wagged in her right hand a huge bird cage containing an enormous red-and-green parrot. Half a block away Chester recognized Flossie's new acquisitions—Aunt Het and her familiar fiend Oscar!

"Lord sake! Lord sake!" shrieked the winged devil, holding himself upside down by his unbreakable beak.

"Why, Aunt Het!" exclaimed Chester as he reached forward and did his duty by the smiling cheek she presented for his kiss.

"Goob, dear," urged Flossie, almost before the salutation had been repeated on her own smooth lips, "won't you please take Oscar over and hold him up next to the paint?"

"Next to the paint?" asked Chester blankly as he took the bird cage in his helpless hand.

"We're trying to match him," explained his wife. "And please don't argue—Mr. Horn's charging us by the hour."

Framm took the shrieking Oscar over and held him next to the paint, per instructions.

"Mr. Horn," tactfully suggested Aunt Het to the house painter, "don't you think we'd better try a little blue in the red—Oscar's wings aren't at all the shade you're using."

"Color-blind, old sweetheart!" pronounced Floss. "Don't you pay any attention to Aunt Het, Mr. Horn."

Mr. Horn, who showed a scabby face under a derby hat which he had punched full of holes, apparently for ventilation, stood patiently aside and compared Oscar's wings with the vermilion on the window slats.

"A little yella would fix it, I guess," he voted.

"There!" crowed Floss triumphantly. "That's what comes of being an artist. Oscar's scarlet, isn't he, Mr. Horn? And his tail isn't sage green like that stripe under the sign. It's apple green, isn't it, Mr. Horn? There now, Aunt Het. See what you almost did! And you've lived with Oscar all these years and never saw him in his true colors!"

"He's got to be an absolute match," pronounced Aunt Het decisively.

"Aunt Het's offered to loan us Oscar for a window display," Floss volunteered after a minute inspection of the paint pots.

"Only for two hours in the afternoon," the old lady qualified.

"Only two hours in the afternoon. We'll have a dummy parrot sawed out of a board and painted to match," Floss rattled on. "Then Oscar will come in daily and ballyhoo for the Ink. Isn't it splendid!"

"Splendid!" echoed the president of the Framm Complexion Company Ink. He rubbed his hands in delight. Strange how the thing was getting into his blood.

"But of course," he qualified, "maybe people will ask what a red-and-green parrot has to do with Angel Bloom."

"Sush!" cried Floss. "You ought to see our window card—The Parrot Lives a Hundred Years Framm's Compounds Create Lasting Beauty."

"Let's go inside," suggested Aunt Het.

A crowd was beginning to gather, mostly Chinese idlers, messenger boys and truckmen—a class unconsidered in the creation of beauty shops.

The interior of Framm's was quite different from the one Chester had first beheld from the door of a fog-bound hack. The floor was carpeted in pink and the wall was papered in the same shade. All the shelves, cabinets and show cases were ivory enameled. The Framm compounds had, in the few months past, been complicated into Angel Bloom Salve, Angel Bloom Lotion, Angel Bloom Elixir, Framm's Magic Hair Gloss and the Yard of Beauty Shelf, the last including all the Framm preparations with a celluloid manicure set thrown in. Which was in the nature of a miracle; but nothing more miraculous than this unheralded and smiling appearance of Aunt Het upon the scene.

"Well," smiled that mysterious being, seating herself upon one of the whirling stools in front of the show case, "Flossie tells me you're turning out to be quite a business man."

"He's wonderful!" chimed in Floss. "I always told you he would be."

"Thanks," responded Chester, flattered in spite of his better nature. Then with a stroke of boldness he had undoubtedly borrowed from his wife he asked: "When did you get over being cross with us, Aunt Het?"

"I? Cross? When was I ever cross with you two foolish darlings?"

"Something told me, the day we moved ——"

"Mr. Horn, Oscar's Wings Aren't at All the Shade You're Using"

Floss, who stood behind him, pinched his ear quite painfully. "Floss simply insisted on moving," went on the old lady. "My spirit guide warned me against the insurance business and Mr. Applethwaite had promised to dismiss you."

"Oh." Chester heard in so many words what he had suspected this long time. The discharge and the eviction—and possibly the spirit guide—coming all in the same hour, had been one of those Floss-arranged melodramas.

"And just look what it's done for you!" cried Aunt Het. "Now you're boss of your own business and making money hand over fist."

"Well, yes."

Chester was a shade less enthusiastic than he had been a minute ago.

"Aren't you?"

"I've been going over the trade in Los Angeles," said he. "Flossie's advertisements never fail to draw a crowd, but all the big druggists have their own preparations. The Mr. Framm Loves a Pretty Girl poster created considerable amusement. I got some orders—seven cases all told. But as far as I can make out we're retailers trying to break into the wholesale. The shop about pays for itself, but we still owe for part of the fixtures. Floss got us started with a loan on her street-railway stocks, but that's about gone for raw materials ——"

"Two hundred dollars in my own selfish stocking," Floss corrected him.

"We have a limited credit for supplies which we've got through Holbetter; but Holbetter's the smallest druggist in America, I suppose. There's the matter of bottles alone. We're using eleven different types and sizes which we have to buy in small lots—the most expensive way. That's where we stand. We're looked upon as a set of patent-medicine fakers and a sudden expansion would blow us off the map."

"Doesn't he sum it up won-derfully!" cooed the lovely Floss, clapping her hands. "And to think when I found him he was nothing but an orator. And now he talks like the president of the First National Bank."

"There's some difference between us and the First National Bank," he informed her with a sad smile.

"We're a lot more fun!" chirped Flossie. "Oh, see how I stenciled rosebuds on all the doors. Aunt Het, are you going to lend us Oscar to-day?"

"The paint might make him ill," objected the old lady, rising with her sacrilegious cage. "I'll have Wong bring him round with his perch to-morrow afternoon."

"Hor-rors! Hor-raws! Awk! Awk!" screamed Oscar as Aunt Het, defying her luck, passed out under Mr. Horn's polychrome ladder.

"Why didn't you tell me it was you that got Aunt Het and Mr. Applethwaite to throw me out?" he accused her as soon as Flossie's eccentric relative had taken her departure.

"Old Nuisance," she replied, "you ought to know why. It's impossible for me to think and talk at the same time. And you've scarcely kissed me once since you got back."

Dr. Nathaniel Hawthorne Holbetter walked in upon the love scene. He was a quaint little person, and when costumed for the street he wore an obsolete derby with a high square crown over his abundant iron-gray locks. His veiny right hand clasped an ebony cane with an ivory handle carved to resemble a human leg bent at the knee. He affected greenish broadcloth and a huge Masonic watch charm.

"You back, Framm?" he asked sharply, making it plain that it was Mrs. Framm who had drawn him there. His question trailed off into a series of loud clicks.

"Just this minute," replied Chester. "How are things going?"

"Rotten!" He clicked once. "Quite rotten!" He clicked twice.

"That's what I like about Buffalo Willie!" exclaimed Floss, coming over and stroking his dangerous chin beard. "He sees the bright side of everything. Isn't he cute, Goober?"

Buffalo Willie's old face puckered itself into a series of fond little

wrinkles. It was plain to see that the witchery of Floss had changed him into a small hairy pet.

"Yes. Yes. Yes-yes." Buffalo Willie emitted a long series of clicks. "But we've got to come down to tacks. Tacks!"

He seated himself on a stool and as he talked he pulled fragments of dried root out of his pocket and chewed savagely.

"Tacks. Things have to go forward or back in this world. No standstill. That's the trouble with the pharmacy. Standstill. Feet in the mud and you start to back up. Understand?"

"What's that drug you're always eating, Willie?" asked Floss, her mind as usual on the concrete rather than the abstract.

"Licorice. Good for the throat. Have some?" He passed a fragment over to her and she chewed gingerly.

"Now these preparations. Overstocked, undersold. Expensive loft rented to manufacture. Six girls employed compounding the lotions and creams." Click-click. "Too many. I laid two off yesterday."

"I had a notion we were undercapitalized," objected Chester.

"Wrong. Overstocked. These new preparations all very well. But they're scarcely on the market. What we've got to do is to sell more Angel Bloom right away or——" Click-click. That seemed to settle it for Angel Bloom.

"How much have we on hand?"

"Angel Bloom? Twenty-six hundred bottles. Seemed to put too much faith in the preparation. How many orders did you get in Los Angeles?"

"For Angel Bloom? Two cases," Chester was bound to admit.

"That's it. Something about the advertising. Shouldn't wonder if the Magic Hair Gloss might go pretty well." The hair gloss was Holbetter's own invention. "But no capital for that. Everything devoted to Angel Bloom Cream. Not selling right. Framm Complexion ad all right. That sort of stuff has to percolate. Percolate."

"Of course we can't pay our debts with stock on hand," agreed the president of the Ink.

"Can't be done. Now the fourteenth. Need at least eight hundred dollars before the first. Otherwise ——" Click-click.

"In a word we're required to get rid of twenty-six hundred bottles of Angel Bloom Cream in two weeks if we expect to pull through," was Chester's excellent summing of the case.

"And miracles don't happen. Not in the drug business."

"You poor sweetheart!" It was Floss who came into the conference. "How like a child you do talk!"

"Mean to say?" snapped the little old gentleman. "Twenty-six hundred bottles of pink lotion. Couldn't force it on 'em in two weeks. Not without a pump!"

"We'll get the pump, Willie."

"Maybe we can. Maybe so. Maybe so."

"I'm just the least bit bruised," she insisted, "to think of the way you've gone back on all the nice things you said about my window card with pretty me in the center."

"Some people like it," Buffalo Willie admitted, "but it sells no goods. Only yesterday dark fellow comes along. Stops in front of the pharmacy. Dangerous looking. Dangerous. Takes off hat, rubs head!" Willie clicked twice. "Then comes rushing into store. 'Where did you get that picture?' Dangerous. Thought he was going to throw fit, so stood ready with aromatic spirits. 'Friend of mine,' says I. 'Unknown lady inventor. Try a bottle?' 'Will not,' says he; 'but I'll give a dollar for the poster.' Last one I had. Refused. How's that?"

Chester looked at Floss, who at the moment was looking at Buffalo Willie.

"Wasn't he sweet!" she exclaimed.

"Perhaps. Women have peculiar notions. Hated this fellow. Spaniard. When I refused to sell he almost stole the Love a Peach poster right out of the window. Bad lot. Finally said 'My card!' and went boiling into the street. Get some queer compounds in my business."

"He gave you his card?" asked Floss in the gentlest possible tone.

Buffalo Willie went rummaging through his peculiar clothes and fished out a peculiar assortment of papers mixed with shreds of licorice root. At last he blew the dust from a small card before presenting it to Mrs. Framm. Her face was a study.

"Who is the Owner of This Animal? I Am a Representative of the Humane Society"

"I knew he would!" she murmured eventually, and passed the card to her husband, who made no comment as he read:

MR. RAMON DE SILVA
Representing the San Francisco Blade

As soon as Chester had escorted Doctor Holbetter to the sidewalk and been slyly informed that Mrs. Framm was a wonderful woman—watch her—accomplish anything—blow something up sometime—Chester returned to the interior of the Angel Bloom Shop and asked of his amazing consort:

"What are you going to do about this Spiggoty?"

"Do about him? Why, use him, of course!"

"Now look here, Floss! We can't have our business wrecked any more than it is by having that nuisance round. What's he doing in San Francisco?"

"I haven't asked him," she replied calmly. "But I suppose he's come up here to find me."

"Oh."

"Isn't it providential! Just at the time we need him."

"What can we do with him?"

"Use him in the Ink, foolish."

"In what capacity, if you don't mind saying?"

"Press agent."

"Press agent! He looks about as much like a press agent as I look like a hairdresser."

"How you get my ideas! Now do be a dear old love-box and call up the Blade office and ask Spig to have dinner with us at Marchand's. Hurry, Goob dear. We've got to sell oceans of Angel Bloom in a week, and we can't leave a single cobblestone unturned in San Francisco."

IX

AT EIGHT-THIRTY that evening the cozy group of three were finishing an early dinner at Marchand's By the size of the check, which Chester was paying, it was easy to infer that Floss had many important things on her program of high-pressure salesmanship.

"So the whole circus—tents, canvasmen, menagerie and wagons—is stranded out on the sand lots. The property owners won't let them exhibit, the mortgagees have seized half their rolling stock, and you can hear the manager swearing in circus language the whole length of Mission Street."

Thus The Spiggoty, apparently delighted with his unexpected meeting, finished a long story of the broken-down show which he had reported briefly in this evening's edition of the Blade. A changed and reduced Spiggoty he was from the haughty Hidalgo of Dyak. His blue suit was a trifle shiny, his manner deferential to the successful rival; but there was the same look of doglike devotion in the somber eyes which he turned toward the girl.

"That's the very circus we want!" cried she, dropping her hand bag and permitting The Spiggoty to stoop for it. "Are you all quite finished? We've got time to get out there before they put the boa constrictor in his umbrella case or whatever they do with the poor old dear at night."

In his newly accepted situation of press agent for the Ink, Ramon de Silva had hinted at possibilities. Chester dropped his napkin and followed Flossie's mad charge out into the street. His not to question why. Floss had decided and the Company Ink had but to foot the bills. In the car bumping out toward circus town he remained the silent partner, viewing with alarm his wife's evident delight in her renewed acquaintance with The Spiggoty. Press agent! How long was this surprising arrangement expected to last?

At the end of the line an acrid smell and weird trumpeting through the dusk proclaimed the circus. It turned out to be a shabby affair with one tent still standing and innumerable gypsy forms grubbing about camp fires or swearing at work horses.

"Could I see the manager or floor walker or somebody in authority?" asked Floss of a seamy individual who sat on a pile of colored stakes and smoked an awful cigar.

"Ask for Hank," prompted The Spiggoty.

"If you would just speak to Mr. Hank," smiled little Mrs. Framm.

The apparition muttered something sounding like "Ug" and strode away.

"Hank!" The name seemed to have affected the dainty inventor of perfumed lotions as she stood hedged about by woeful menagerie smells. "I suppose Hank is an abbreviation for Handkerchief, ain't it?"

"That's the man," said Spig, pointing through the dusk and indicating a roly-poly figure as it emerged from a tent flap.

He came up looking mean and hard with his dyed mustache and pink shirt front.

"What's wanted?" he growled, giving them the evil eye.

"Oh, this is Mr. Hank? I came out to see if you would rent me one of the animals or a cally-ope maybe."

"Huh. I'm glad there's somebody in this hick town that wants to pay for something. I've been under the main top for thirty years and I never trouped out against such a bunch of stiffs."

"I *thought* you'd like San Francisco," she agreed. "Almost everybody does—at once. Now have you got a royal Bengal tiger or a marmoset to hire by the day?"

"Are you kiddin' me, girlie?" asked Mr. Hank; but he looked less fierce, as people were inclined to do when their eyes were set on Floss.

"Not the least little particle. What have you got roaring there under that darling tent?"

It was indeed roaring, even at that moment.

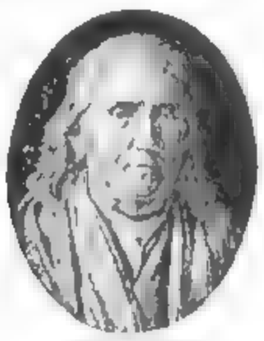
"Three bulls and some cats," volunteered the proprietor.

"Oh. Then that's the dairy department!"

"Elephants and lions," prompted The Spiggoty. "That's what they call 'em in the show business."

(Continued on Page 83)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 29, 1919

The People's Income

SEVERAL studies have recently been made of national income—that is, of the income received during a year by all the inhabitants of the United States, or creditable to them, where, in the case of corporations, the year's income is not wholly distributed among individuals. Thanks to income tax, corporation tax, and some other sources, we are gradually getting a better stock of information on the subject. In a general way there is no great difference of opinion as to the relative importance of the main sources of national income, or wealth production.

If we take the total national income at one dollar it would be distributed, according to its main sources, about as follows: To agriculture, twenty-two cents; to railroads and all public utilities, slightly less than nine cents; to retail merchants and all professional and personal services, including cost of government, or the services of all government employees, something over twenty cents.

The above categories take about fifty-one and a half cents of the total income. The reason for grouping them together is that income derived from those sources is very widely distributed, and not with the most glaring inequality—among farmers, retailers, professional and personal-service classes—or, in the case of railroads and public utilities, it is under strict public regulation, so that the capital employed gets only a moderate return and labor is in a position to get what the traffic will bear. This is notably the position of railroads and public utilities generally at present.

A little over thirty-nine cents of our dollar—according to the calculation we are using, with which other studies are in approximate agreement—goes to manufacturing. Three cents plus goes to wholesale dealers and five cents plus goes to mining. Those categories take forty-eight and a half cents out of the dollar. Under them there is opportunity for great inequality in distribution of income.

As against that opportunity, however, something over thirty cents of our dollar of total national income is reported to the Government under its income and corporation tax laws. Not all of this reported income pays taxes. A great many individual returns show income high enough to require a report, but not high enough to pay a tax. The amount estimated as subject to actual tax comes to twenty-seven cents out of the dollar, and this is subject to steeply graded taxation, running up to seventy-seven cents on the dollar for big individual incomes and to eighty per cent in the top grade of corporation taxes.

The twenty-seven cents which is thus taxed on a steeply ascending scale very largely comes out of the forty-eight and a half cents mentioned above, as to which greatest inequalities in distribution of income occur. In other words, the individual and corporate incomes that are subject to the heaviest taxation are largely derived from manufacturing, mining and wholesaling.

This is offered as a rough indication, based on the best available information, as to how far we have got out of balance and as to our effort to trim the ship. As to over half the national income we can say confidently that farms, public utilities, retailing and professional and personal services are not now functioning in such a way as to make a handful of plutocrats and a horde of paupers their typical product. As to the other category there is the very powerful corrective of heavily graded taxation.

If you want a mathematical statement deduct the taxed twenty-seven per cent from the dubious forty-eight per cent and say that distribution of income in the United States is closer by two-thirds to the ideal than it is to the dismal picturings of our amateur Bolsheviki.

Why All or None?

WHEN war's huge demands for goods stopped it was expected that prices would fall. But how much? Purchasers inclined to hold off and get full benefit of the expected drop. Producers were reluctant to start price cutting, for if they cut once purchasers might still hold off, expecting a further cut. In some lines goods were not moving. Secretary Redfield proposed a series of conferences between the Government and producers in certain staple lines, notably iron and steel, to fix prices for government orders, hoping the prices so fixed would be generally accepted as a fair basis.

But somebody felt it necessary to get the Attorney-General's opinion about it, lest any kind of agreement should fall under the ban of the antitrust laws. Any move in concert might be unlawful.

Practically we are asked to take our choice between no restraint whatever on competition and no competition whatever, which is as foolish as asking a man to choose between wearing an overcoat all the time or none of the time. We want competition and we want reasonable restraints on it.

Railroads illustrate the case. Law commanded unrestrained competition among them, which prevented them from doing certain things that would have been beneficial to everybody concerned. Then the Government took them over and immediately all competition ceased. That is partly what the public is complaining of now; for a good many valuable services to the public, such as the services of freight solicitors and passenger agents, ceased when competition stopped. Moreover, the old competitive spirit that tended to keep railroad management on edge died down.

Restraint upon competition, by combination of many mills under a single management, has been good for the iron and steel trade. The big units can produce and distribute cheaper than many small units could. But competition has been good for the trade too. Probably the biggest consolidation in that line was somewhat too big. It started off with sixty per cent of the total business and ten years later had only fifty per cent. Strong rivals had gained upon it. Probably it was somewhat too big, for no business can be permanently bigger than its management and there is a limit to the field that any management can cover at its highest efficiency. Exceed that limit, and the concern tends to get rigid and bureaucratic, like a government. So combination carries its own corrective. Yet, on the whole, restraints on competition through combination have been good, and competition has been good.

The Government sticks to a theory of all competition or no competition; that competition must be maintained everywhere under all conditions without restraint or disappear. Why cannot we intelligently find out where competition is useful and where it is not; where restraints ought to be permitted and where stopped? The Government is still prosecuting its aged suit for the dissolution of the Steel Corporation, though eighteen years' experience has shown that it is not monopolizing its field.

There is here involved a very big reconstruction question. We want the most efficient organization of industry. We came pretty near getting it in wartime and increased our production of goods twenty-five per cent or more—because we temporarily discarded our rigid antitrust theories and invited concerted action. We need that most efficient organization for peace no less than in war. The hoary antitrust theories undoubtedly stand in the way. Why cannot we be sensible about it?

Bad Leadership

THE trouble with the Prussian Junker was mostly just stupidity. His brains were congested with a notion of his own providential right to boss the job. We have our own trouble of that brand. Wherever you find a man going purple in the face over the general proposition of labor you may know he is a member of the *Herrenhaus*. Labor is going to have its say increasingly about industrial matters that affect it. As a long-range rule, it is going to ask for more wages. To say all that is simply to say what o'clock it is. All intolerant, autocratic leadership on the side of capital is as bad for our peace, so far as it goes, as Junker leadership was for world's peace.

Plenty of labor leadership, too, is as far from the line—ranging all the way from I. W. W. syndicalism to reckless, irresponsible use of power and mere mulishness. The strike, for example, has been labor's great weapon, but a terribly costly weapon and always a more or less doubtful one. Calling a strike is going to war. It means immediately great loss; if protracted it means suffering; after all, it may not win. Any labor leadership that can lay claim to honesty, intelligence and a sense of responsibility will husband its strike power as pioneers husbanded their powder. But of late we have had several proposals from labor headquarters to involve great numbers of workmen in strikes for trivial or entirely nonindustrial, noneconomic causes; in short, to toss the powder into a bonfire, so the Indians may be impressed by the volume of flame.

There is some bad leadership on both sides. It is up to both sides alike to restrain it or get rid of it. Any representative of capital who is autocratic, intolerant, mulish toward labor, who does not know how to conciliate and compromise, is a misrepresentative and not fit for his job. Stockholders and directors must put him out. The bigoted, reckless, irresponsible labor leader who does not know how to compromise is not fit for his job. Bad leadership on both sides is no small part of the trouble.

Really Getting Richer

IN THE last three years all estimates of national income, or of the wealth produced in the United States, have bulged like a rubber balloon to which the lung power of a youngster is vigorously applied. In great part this enormous increase is stage money—created by calling a bushel of wheat worth two dollars instead of one dollar. Comparisons in money value mean little; but a study of the situation leads to the conclusion that the quantity of goods produced, or of valuable services rendered, was at least a quarter greater in 1918 than in 1914.

That is real gain—more goods; more valuable services. That is an actual means of better living. We got that gain by applying ourselves with greater energy to production and pulling less at cross-purposes.

The Demand for Goods

AT THE end of last October everybody knew the war was practically over. In the following January the United States exported the greatest value of goods ever sent out in one month. Many wartime restrictions upon tonnage and the export movement generally were still in force in that month. The exports, measured in value, were more than three times those for the last peace January—in 1914. Rise in prices falls far short of accounting for that.

Imports increased also, but only fifty per cent as compared with January, 1914. The balance of trade in our favor on the month was more than four hundred million dollars, or more than ten times that of January, 1914.

That starts off the new peace year in impressive fashion. True, hold-over war demands account for the size of the figures in considerable part; but, in spite of every uncertain or untoward factor in the situation, there is certainly an enormous market for American goods.

The League of Nations

IT IS a poor senator who could not enormously improve the Ten Commandments, or the Sermon on the Mount, or the Constitution of the United States. If the authors of the first two utterances should appear with the most painstaking arguments in support of them, it is the poorest kind of lawyer who could not pile up objections in detail, under hypothetical cases, twice as fast as the authors could adduce reasons for accepting the utterances. That is more or less the trade of lawyers. Given a body of men who want to raise hypothetical objections, the first paragraph of the Declaration of Independence would have provoked so many arguments that the document would have been under debate to this hour, and our half dollars would be adorned with the image of King George.

If you take any possible constitution of a League of Nations as the last word that is ever going to be said on the subject, as fixing now and forever the terms of international relations, and then set yourself to conjuring up hypothetical cases under which it might not work well, you would never get a League of Nations. And that—do not forget—is exactly what some of the senatorial objectors want: no League of Nations, but substantially the old international system, which gave the great war its ample opportunity.

The draft of the league's constitution affords a working basis to begin with. As soon as the breath of life is breathed into it, like all living things it will begin to change. There will be modifications and amendments as experience shows the need of them.

The precise form in which the constitution of the league is cast is comparatively unimportant. The great thing is to accept the underlying principle of friendly international organization and to get a settlement of Europe's affairs now that will reduce the danger of war to the lowest practicable point. That is what the objecting senators never would do. Whatever form the constitution was cast in, they would still find objections.

A WOMAN'S WOMAN

By Nalbro Bartley

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

XXXV

DENSIE PLUMMER found her daughter having an inexcusably late breakfast in her room. She was pretending to eat, merely wasting her food and glancing at the morning paper propped beside her.

"Good morning, mother dear," Sally said easily as Densie entered. "I was going to phone yesterday, for I supposed you were back from New York. But I had a wretched headache and didn't feel able. Better, thank you; just that lazy feeling that seems to have become attached to me. Have some coffee? Then sit over there and let me gaze upon my famous mummy."

Sally was gentle in her manner; the former spirit and impulsiveness had vanished. She was like an old woman in a young, weary body. Unconsciously Densie shook her head as she looked at her. The red-gold hair was carelessly combed and the cheeks pale and sunken, without their customary rouge. Her morning gown of flame-colored silk accentuated the pallor. Her dead eyes seemed not to look at her mother, but above, beyond, away—it was hard to describe their evasive method of glancing round one.

"What is the matter, Sally dear? Have the burdens of the world fallen upon you?"

"Don't pry, mummy. It is nothing—just awful ennui of the soul, I guess. I want to go away if Rex will let me. I want the sea—did you ever feel that you must go away, miles and miles away, where no one knows you and where you can sit on the beach and listen to the boom-boom of the sea and forget everything that is happening in the world of men?"

"Where could you go in midwinter?"

"Florida, California—Bermuda—anywhere, I don't care. I'm stifled in this place with its glaring gilt decorations. I hate the gossiping hotel people, I can't gamble well enough to be engrossed in cards, cigarettes hurt my throat and cocktails give me these heads. I don't even care enough to get up an affair with someone. I'm just a foolish sort of person, one who cried for what she should not have all her young best days—and when she finally got it—didn't want it!"

"Why not take an interest in something worth while? Come down to the Red Cross every morning, I need another clerical worker. Do sewing for the Belgian children. There's the Armenian and Syrian relief that fairly haunts me—make a life for yourself outside of everyone else."

Sally shook her head. "I am only a slug."

"Why are you?" demanded her mother.

Sally shrugged her shoulders; her face had a grayish look that was alarming.

"Won't—Rex let you?" The old warm current stirred beneath the coating of ice.

"Don't talk about it, mummy. Tell me of New York and your success."

"Tell me about your husband, this man you so blindly adored, who seemed to mean life to you if he married you and death if he did not. Why is it all so hard, my dear?"

Densie leaned forward sympathetically, but she did not hold out her hands.

"I cannot," was all Sally answered. "If you love me, mummy, never ask me again."

At which interesting juncture Rex made his appearance, spick-and-span as a bridegroom, his wizened, copper-colored face newly shaven and powdered, the mocking eyes encased in their too vast whites a trifle bloodshot.

"Not Either Go to That Dance or Never Speak to Me Again!"

"My dear Mother Plummer," he said suavely, going over to her with utmost deference, "and how are we with all our honors and patriotic enterprises? What a little woman it is—eh, Sally?" He looked at the girl sharply.

"So I've been saying." She spoke nervously.

"Well, we have to have someone in the family with brains," he added with the suggestion of a sneer. "I suppose New York is all agog with war agitation—the news is ominous, isn't it?" He picked up Sally's newspaper and pretended to study it. "Afraid we'll have to jump in and whip 'em a-plenty!" he added forcefully. "I hope you'll use your influence all you can, Mother Plummer."

"I am working night and day for it—we must do our part. Surely the nation will see its duty in time to help."

"I am positive of it—pray God," he said earnestly.

Sally let a cup crash onto the floor. "So sorry," she said.

"Don't mention it," Rex answered, as one speaks with veiled warning to a child before company.

Though Densie approved Rex's attitude she wondered all that day as to the meaning of the little happening.

XXXVI

VALENTINE'S DAY brought Geraldine the coveted ring! "I'm so happy, Ken dear, that I'm afraid I shall die before I've the chance to wear it!" she said honestly. "Isn't it a beauty? And a carat and a half. Your sister's is two carats, isn't it? And your mother has several."

"It isn't half good enough for you," he assured her, "but it means I love you and you are to be my wife." All the trust of youth was in his dark eyes as he spoke. "When we are married you shall have all the rings I can buy if you still want them."

Geraldine showed the ring to Densie and Sally with coy shyness. Both praised it and kissed her in preoccupied, rather indifferent fashion, while John Plummer looked at her a long time without speaking, causing her to blush and vow an everlasting hatred for the old grocery clerk.

Her mother and father called Kenneth "our boy," and after the advent of the ring they explained how necessary it was for Geraldine's happiness that they all live together. To which plan he assented, smothering a trifle of disappointment.

"The war clouds are ominous," Mrs. Poole had expounded, "and if you must go, Ken, our little girl had better stay with us."

The day after Valentine's Day Densie had the greatest honor of all conferred upon her. The President wished to see her; he wished her cooperation in a campaign for war relief. It was not generally announced that Mrs. Densie Plummer was to confer with the Chief Executive at Washington and his assistants, but everyone became aware of the matter whom Densie wished to become aware of it, and when asked by the newspapers as to the truth of the report she said that she neither affirmed nor denied it. The society column of the same issue had the leading notice to the effect that Mrs. Densie Plummer had left for Washington.

But a still greater joy came to her, though she tried not to admit it—even greater than that never-to-be-forgotten morning conference spent in the White House hearing naught but praises and being asked for suggestions. Densie thought as she stood on the steps of the White House after the session was ended that she must have reached the zenith of her career. She recalled briefly, as drowning men review their lives in swift, furious panorama, the various ways in which she had ascended the ladder.

But the greater, more personal joy and satisfaction came when Senator Gleason kidnaped her, as he explained to her secretary, and made her go with him into Virginia to his winter home, the home that had been for many years without a proper mistress.

"I must catch the night train," Densie said in confusion.

"You may—but first you shall give me the afternoon!"

So they drove through the country roads to the estate—Glen Laurie—where the old servants welcomed their master with enthusiasm, and one, older than the others, added feebly, "Mass'r and Missis," pretending ignorance as to the falseness of the statement.

The house was a rambling white affair with well-planned grounds and diamond-paned windows, jutting balconies at unexpected places, servants' quarters, stables, gardens—everything which went to comprise a Southern estate. With an old mammy as guide the senator and Densie went through the partly dismantled rooms. He showed her the portrait of his wife over the fireplace—a gentle-faced girl with glowing, happy eyes. Something in the expression recalled Sally as she had been at twenty.

When they finished the tour of inspection, Densie having been for the most part silent, the senator made her linger in the hallway while he said: "I've waited as long as I intend to wait, Densie. The boy has given his heart away, and you're lonesome. I'm lonesome. I want a home. I cannot have a home alone I want you. Don't you think I've been patient long enough?"

Densie did not answer at first. She looked up at the portrait of the young wife. The senator thought she was thinking of his first and deeper love and strove to argue with her that this was not so. But it was not the case, for the portrait had blurred into many and composite portraits—Aunt Sally and Uncle Herbert, Densie herself as a child, sitting in the walnut rocker to do her spool crochet and learning that she was to have a brother; John astride his pony in the kitchen garden, the Little House as they had come to it after their wedding journey, the first day Harriet walked and John and Densie celebrated it as a general does a victory, Kenneth as a baby, Sally as a girl, Densie in her old-style clothes, her martyred outlook upon life; and finally, after this bewildering sort of experience, the portrait persisted in becoming that of a tired man with kindly eyes and grizzled hair—with a linen apron tied about him and toil-worn, degraded hands.

Then she said, "I cannot. I am an old woman and I cannot play as you would have me."

"You are not old; you are young. I am not old, nor shall we let ourselves grow old in spirit. Look at me, Densie—say you don't care. Ah, you cannot, can you?"

"We could never find happiness by riding roughshod over someone else's unhappiness."

"Who would be unhappy? Who cares? Who has cared? Tell me."

Despite her logical self trying to dominate and accept this crowning glory, Densie found that blurred psychic portrait of the tired man would not vanish.

"Oh, not now, my dear," she begged; "not now, anyway."

"But you do care?" he urged.

"I care," she admitted slowly. "I wish I were free to say 'yes.'"

"Then you shall be free—that is enough of an answer."

Stooping swiftly he kissed her.

All the way home Densie kept thinking of the portrait of the girl bride which seemed so lonely and deserted, and of the psychic blur which made the tired-faced man come into the frame, and of the boyish, gentle little senator—good as only few men are good, this Densie knew, and his joy at her halfway answer. Before morning she found herself beginning to plan, half shamedly, half gladly, about the future. Strangely the President's praise and requests melted like mist from her horizon. Only the future with James Gleason occupied her attention. John had asked for his freedom once—it had not been Densie's fault that he had not had it. And Kenneth had given his heart away as the senator prophesied. How very wonderful it would be to enjoy an Indian summer!

Then followed the deluge of love letters, love letters as amusing as were Kenneth's; even more so, since these two had the added wisdom of years to make them impressive The senator was detained in Washington, fretting under the delay. But he would join Densie as soon as he possibly could and they would make definite arrangements as to the future—"the immediate future, dearest," he added, underlining the words

As rosy cheeked as a schoolgirl Densie hid the letters in her secret drawer and spent half the day reading a book of love poems he had sent her. Her secretary suddenly discovered that the work for Mrs. Plummer was double what had been represented to her. But Densie good-naturedly engaged an assistant; she did not quibble over anything these days. She even smiled tenderly upon Geraldine and gave John a handsome scarfpin for his birthday, refusing his thanks almost brusquely; and she told Sally that love was the most wonderful thing in the world and she ought to try to keep romance alive. Just then Densie saw the world through rose-colored spectacles. No pair of lovers could be counted foolish. Her mission in life, as all normal women's when the heart is wooed and won, became microscopic in importance.

Careers she admitted were naught but sedatives with which the loverless and unwanted drug themselves to still the ache of loneliness. The President would have been surprised if he could have seen the way in which Mrs. Plummer disposed of her affairs in the twinkling of an eye and devoted the best part of her day to reading and answering letters from James Gleason.

The senator's friends had a brief but forceful way of summing up the situation. "Jim's a good fellow," they would concede, "a mighty good fellow—but there's no fool like an old fool!"

XXXVII

WAR broke over America to sober Eastertide, and Densie, jarred from selfish reverie, plunged again into the activities of her nation. Likewise the senator was preoccupied and overburdened with detail; director of energies, they soon learned to call him.

"We must not think of ourselves just now," Densie wrote Easter Sunday; "not for a little time at least. We must do what is needed without flinching, for who can say what will be needed of any one of us? I am so proud of you and your speech—I wanted to come and tell you so. That speech inspired me, and I shall take up the torch. If we get the ballot in my state this year I shall resign from all active suffrage work and give my time to war work and organizations. I am at your disposal in any such matters, and want suggestions. My dear, my dear, how wonderful it is to be both a boy and a strong statesman!"

As she sealed the letter she thought with scorn of her husband's attitude toward the war, and his commonplace comments.

"We're in it now and we'll have to go through," he had declared, "but we never need have gotten into it—never. Profiteers did it, that's what it was. Watch the bank accounts of impecunious dealers grow—watch 'em and watch the middleman's shrink watch the game, that's all I have to say."

Densie had indignantly refuted the facts, stating the principles of idealistic democracy which the younger nation had chosen to champion. She quoted several of James Gleason's sentiments, but John only shook his head and declined to argue.

"This is a free country—up to now," he declared, "and I've the right to say it was never necessary to enter this war."

"Are you disloyal?" Densie's eyes were dangerous.

"No, I'll do whatever is asked. I stand by America, and you know it. But I've my opinion, just the same."

So they dropped the subject and retired with their personal ideas regarding each other.

Densie posted the senator's letters herself; there was all the charm of a girl's stealing to the old oak tree at dusk to find the rustic letter box about mailing the senator's letters and marking them "Personal" in her prim firm hand. Returning from mailing one at the corner—she never posted them in the hotel—she heard a familiar whistle and turned to see Kenneth hurrying after her, his face white with excitement.

"I'm going to enlist," he said breathlessly. "I'm not going to wait to be called. I want to work my own way up and stand on my own merits. I don't want you to use your influence, mummy."

Densie felt a trifle faint. The great impersonal viewpoint of the war, the speech-making and relief organization, the directing of committees—were things which required ability and special qualities of perseverance and aggressiveness; but the small silent sacrifice of one's son, just a common private, one's only son—was a thing which only the boy's mother and God would remember and understand.

"Ken, right away?" she said, ashamed as she spoke, for it might have been the way Geraldine Poole would have answered his heroism.

He had taken her arm and he bent over her anxiously. "You sound just as Gerry will sound," he said in surprise. "I thought you'd sing out for joy and make me feel all set up. You must; I cannot stand two weepers. Dad will growl, and Sally doesn't care. I thought you'd be proud—that you would want me to go before I was ordered. I want to begin like any other boy and make my own way."

"Oh, I do—of course."

(Continued on Page 24)

"John!" He Heard Her Call, and Opening the Door Found Her Half Lying, Half Kneeling Beside Her Bed

REPUBLIC TIRES

With STAGGARD *Studs*

ONE LOOK at an old Republic Tire will reveal one of the reasons why these tires *do* last longer.

The reason is the extraordinary toughness of the rubber, due to its treatment by our Prodium Process.

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Originator of the First Effective Rubber Non-Skid Tire—Republic Staggard Tread

Republic
STAGGARD
Tread
Maximum Grip with Minimum Friction

(Continued from Page 22)

But the words lacked the emphasis of her usual declarations. They went up to their rooms and found John reading the papers.

"Kenneth is going to enlist," Densie said as she stood beside her tall son and tried not to tremble. "He wants to go before he must. I am glad."

She knew her voice broke. The relief work, the committees, the speeches—were like phantoms beside a real flesh-and-blood sacrifice.

John dropped his paper; his rather dead eyes looked up at the boy and a glow of understanding came into them.

"You young—rascal," he said slowly, trying to make himself appear indifferent, even humorous, but the timbre of his voice told Kenneth that at last his father thought him a man.

"I want to tell Gerry," he added. "She'll feel it most of all." This with unconscious selfishness. "So I'll dig out. I'm going in the Army, mummy; you'd better start knitting me a whole trousseau. I want to be very spoiled and babied and have a box every week I'm in camp. But I guess we won't linger in camp any too long—it's France for ours!"

"Why don't you let me try and see if we cannot use you in some other place to more advantage?" Densie urged in spite of herself. "There are numbers of strong men with no brains—an officer supplies the brains—and when a boy has both a strong body and brains he—he ought to think well before he casts his lot with common soldiers."

She took hold of his arm. She had pictured for so long the battlefields with their dead and dying, in order to rouse public generosity, that it all rushed over her now with a new, personal meaning. Supposing this boy, flesh of her flesh, idol of her heart, should lie dying some hideous winter's night ——

"Let him alone," John was saying. "If he wants to start at the beginning, let him start." He held out his hand to Kenneth in silent understanding.

Kenneth grasped it eagerly. They seemed to come close in spirit—these two of such long-standing estrangement. And they both pitied the weakness of a woman—perhaps that was what drew them together.

After Kenneth had rushed off to Geraldine, John and Densie sat before the fireplace and each waited for the other to speak.

The senator's love letters seemed trivial and absurd. Densie's work took the form of drudgery. She thought with dismay of the list of engagements on to-morrow's calendar. Her boy was going to enlist. She remembered Aunt Sally's Civil-War stories—the young, brave boys who marched jauntily away and who sent back those funny little knapsacks containing their trinkets. It was always some grizzled old man who came to tell of their death. Oh, how old everything could become all in an instant. She was old, old to her very heart; and, bitterest sting of all, Kenneth had told her hurriedly that he might spend hours consoling a flaxen-haired little doll who cared no more for him than she did for any stranger who could give her an equally handsome diamond ring. How little Gerry would care should he return maimed—maimed. Her heart thumped so loudly she wondered if John could hear it. She glanced at him, but he was no longer sitting in a dejected, careless fashion; he was leaning over toward the little fire, his hands up to his cheeks and his face was smiling, triumphant.

"John," she said suddenly, "our boy is going," and she smothered a sob. "This war—this awful, cruel war—was it necessary?"

He turned in surprise to look at her.

"Impersonal speeches don't hold when freedom asks for your youngest born, do they?" he said gently. "I'm proud of him. He's the stuff to win the damned thing. Why, we had to get into this scrap, Densie, even if we didn't want to because ——"

He began a quick, rather superficial but sincere summary of the situation, leading up to his argument that it was America's job to finish the fight and that his son was about to enlist—no slacker—no, sir—no waiting for a cotton-wool commission or a wheel-chair officer's job—no, by God, a soldier, a man with a gun! And he was proud of him. Some boys would have hidden behind their mothers' skirts and had them wield their influence, but not Kenneth!

Then as he saw tears on her cheeks and the expression of the dark blue eyes he added kindly: "But he's your son, Densie, so he would not have done differently."

"Thank you." Something about the compliment, as delicately formal as a sonnet to a French marquise, touched her. It was generous of John! "I must learn to knit everything—he must go well equipped—as well equipped as his mother—and—and his father can send him."

John thanked her vaguely, but he knew that Densie was thinking of the senator as the co-equipper.

Geraldine took the news just as everyone expected she would do. After several long reels of tears and protests she finally managed not to faint by dint of Kenneth's protecting arm, and proceeded to ask him if there would be any nice military hops held at camp and if there was any chance of her visiting him and meeting all the officers.

"Darling, this is war—it isn't military school. But I guess my mother will come to see me, and you can come with her."

"Your mother wouldn't want to take me; I know she wouldn't." Here she dissolved in fresh tears. "Oh, Ken, if you die I shall become a cloistered nun."

At that identical moment she was recalling a certain traveling man with whom she still corresponded.

"No, you must not"—youth does love to play at tragedy—"you must be very brave and live your life just as I would have had you do." This with an attempt at being masterful and protecting. "I shall leave a—a letter, you know, with my lawyer." The letter and lawyer were both new inspirations, and Kenneth decided to engage such a person and write such an epistle in the morning.

"What will be in the letter?" she asked rather coherently for such a weeping young person.

"I could not tell you now," he answered truthfully.

A trifle appeased Geraldine began other tactics.

"I want a lot of souvenirs from France, Ken. Do you think you could get me any gloves in Paris? I thought I remembered someone's saying how cheap they were; no one wants any white kid gloves over there now."

"I'll try—but I won't be thinking much of gloves. You see my theory is this," he said, dashing off into outlining an American campaign warranted to wreck the stoutest of Teuton defenses. He even sketched something on the corner of an envelope, which Geraldine pretended to inspect, yawning as she did so.

"We Could Never Find Happiness by Riding Roughshod Over Someone Else"

Later she suggested: "Darling, let's be married before you go. I'd rather be a widow than an old maid." She looked at him in appeal.

"What would you live on?" the boy asked anxiously. "You know I've got to get my start by myself. I don't think we will, Gerry; not right away. Let's wait until I know I'm going over, then maybe it will be the best thing. I don't believe I could bear to leave you unless I knew you were all mine," he added softly. Kenneth was like Densie during the impersonal side of the war propaganda; the reality of it had not yet made itself felt. "Maybe I'll have won a commission then; you'd rather marry a d-dashing lieutenant than a common soldier, now wouldn't you?" He kissed her hair.

"I want to marry you," she insisted. "I shall not let you go unless we are married oh, how terrible war is!" she added pettishly.

After more comforting Kenneth suggested: "Can't you chirk me up; I need a few kind words, as the old song goes. Don't go into more weeps! Why, even mummy wasn't up to the trick. It was father who said he was proud."

"I'm proud of you," wailed Geraldine, "but I love you so much! Ken, if we had a military wedding just think what a sensation it would be—and one of the first. If we wait much longer they'll be very common. We could have The Star-Spangled Banner played instead of Lohengrin, and you'd wear your uniform and I'd wear red, white and blue, and we'd have the wedding cake decorated with flags and I'd cut it with your sword!"

She was quite animated over the prospect.

"But I won't have any sword, maybe," Kenneth tried to explain.

After all, women were distressing when it came to the really big things of life, he thought. A man's quick handshake and a "you-old-rascal" were much more soul satisfying.

"Then you can rent one," she retorted.

At which Kenneth's sense of humor got the better of him and he laughed, thereby offending her mightily. After another hour of argument and protest and love avowals he left, frazzled to the last ounce and feeling as if he had done trench duty for a fortnight. Geraldine was left with her own thoughts—which no one but herself suspected.

Things might be worse. Kenneth was certain to be made an officer because of his mother. Then he would have a midsummer furlough and he could spend every hour of it with herself and they would plan for the wedding. She would also visit him at camp, there would be endless good-looking men about, and before he sailed they would be married. As a young officer's widow—what worlds do lie before one!

Smiling discreetly she dashed off a coquettish note to the traveling man in Kankakee!

XXXVIII

SALLY'S conduct upon hearing the news was the most disquieting of all and equally unexpected. Kenneth despaired of understanding his womenfolks. He told his father about it.

"She just gave a scream you could hear two blocks and went into her bedroom and—bang—down she went, and there she lay across the bed sobbing and moaning like a regular leading lady. Now can you get it?"

"I suppose she meant to say she regretted your going," his father said rather sarcastically.

Kenneth had dropped into The Golden Rule Tea Store to impart this information. It was the first time he had come in to see his father in years, and the clerks looked at him curiously. John Plummer, forgetful of his apron, stood in the aisle talking to his son. Kenneth also seemed oblivious of the white apron and the gaping clerks. He had realized in the last twenty-four hours that even the most brilliant mummy in the world cannot be both father and mother, that there are certain father things that are distinctly out of her realm. This quiet encouraging camaraderie at such a time was one of them. It seemed good to be friends with his father, the shabby dad who lived like an unbidden shadow in his mother's apartment.

"That's a cheerful way to tell a chap—mummy turns white whenever she sees me, and can't talk about it. Geraldine was prostrated—poor little girl—and Sally faints right off the bat. I suppose Harriet will write me one of her notes of evaporated affection and send me a pair of ear laps," he concluded cynically.

"You wanted to have a bit of a fuss made over you—that it?" asked his father. "Never mind, Ken, women are queer; they always do the thing you least expect and then are furious if you accuse them of having been anything but logical and consistent. I guess it will work out all right. Sally is all nerves anyway, and your mother will be brave at the finish. As for this Geraldine, I can't pretend to say."

"Rex came in before I left. I never liked him, but I must say that he acted white; wanted to get me a good pair of field glasses. Decent, wasn't it?"

"Oh, yes; Rex is decent in those ways."

And his father, obeying a warning nod from the manager, went back to dishing out spices and thinking with strange pride that his boy was one of the first to go. Hang it all, why wasn't it America's fight as much as anyone else's? Only he had failed to read the handwriting on the wall. Well, it was America's fight, and his boy was one of the first to go. No need urging it—no red tape, no exemption—no waiting for the draft. John Plummer absent-mindedly weighed out overgenerous quantities of spice before he became conscious of his errors. He was heart and soul a patriot through the magic of personal sacrifice, ready to join the Knights of Liberty or to tar and feather the first pacifist caught skulking about his hearth.

Harriet did send a letter of evaporated affection and a gift. But Sally did not come out of it, as Kenneth and his father hoped. Even Densie, recovered from the shock, was amazed at her daughter's attitude. Rex gave the boy a handsome present and delivered it with a speech of well wishing and congratulation. But Sally did nothing, refusing to see him or talk about it, and when her mother upbraided her in the matter her face turned the warning gray color that preceded a faint.

"What is it, Sally? This boy of ours needs all our sympathy," her father said one evening. He rarely saw Sally and he was shocked at the change he found. "It seems as if the lad's sister should stand by him—do some little thing."

(Continued on Page 26)

STYLEPLUS CLOTHES

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"Sometimes I got good clothes. I was never sure.

"Now I buy all my clothes at one store—the Styleplus Store here in town.

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"Be a Styleplus 'regular,' old man, and your clothes troubles are over. You'll never have to apologize for your appearance.

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"The sleeve ticket tells the price"

AMERICA'S ONLY KNOWN-PRICED CLOTHES

(Continued from Page 24)

He was looking at her magnificent costume of green net with mother-of-pearl trimming and a flat white-satin hat. She had dropped in to see her people on the way to a theater, but Densie was not home.

"Rex gave him something," she said bitterly

"I know, but—it's the things women make that the boys like. He's our only boy, Sally; all we have to offer."

John laid his hand on her shoulder and drew her to him. There had come a great change in John Plummer since the night before Kenneth's enlistment—a regaining of his dignity. He was self-possessed and kindly, and the harsh discontent somewhat faded from his face.

"My girl, what bothers? I don't like the look in your eyes."

"Father," she answered with a great effort, "do not ask me about Ken. I tell you I cannot bear to make anything for him or talk to him or see him go. If he wants money all he has to do is tell me—for there is plenty of money. But let me alone. I hate the war! I won't think of it! And that is all."

"But is it—quite all?" he persisted.

"Oh, quite." She forced a smile. "Tell Ken I love him, but I'm not myself—I'll do better writing letters to him. Besides, he has mummy and Gerry and Harriet."

"But he wants Sally too. He needs us all."

She broke away. "I'm so tired to-night, father; don't ask me anything more."

"But you are always tired, Sally, and yet you never do anything," he could not refrain from adding.

"Yes, isn't it funny?"

She almost screamed in a nervous frenzy, and before he could stop her she had gone.

The day Kenneth left, Densie had word from the senator that he would be in the city that evening. It gave her a false stimulus. She began telling herself sharply that her son was a minute sacrifice and much work must be done to keep the home fires burning after he had gone. She had devoted as much time to Kenneth, *per se*, as was fair to her other duties, she resolved that after her visit with the senator she would begin again to do all that was expected of her.

Sally did not say good-by to the boy; she feigned a headache and sent him an incoherent note. Rex delivered it with apologies and profuse good wishes, but Kenneth was aggrieved at the neglect.

"I might have gone in to see her," he complained to his mother. "It isn't the way Sally used to be—why can't she bear the war? It is her war as much as mine. Gerry is coming to the station," he supplemented proudly.

And Gerry did, only to burden him with fudge and photographs and to be the last to touch his hand and kiss his lips, turning with supercilious scorn to say to John Plummer, "I suppose you wish you were young again!"

At which John thought of the worse fates awaiting a man than a bullet, and Densie turned away to hide a smile. That night John Plummer went walking, tramping up and down lonely, poorly lighted streets so that only his thoughts might keep him company. He wanted to rejoice in his son, in the new meaning of fatherhood, in his pride. He wanted to wonder leisurely why Sally would not bid her brother good-by; to fancy what Sam Hippler would have said, and Uncle Herbert and Aunt Sally; to picture how, if they were still at the Little House, they would have given the boy a joyous send-off, a real old-time party with two kinds of cake and home-made ice cream, the piano jingling tempting dance music and the older folk sitting back to smile approval on the young; and of how the minister would have come in to say a simple prayer of godspeed and the boys and girls would have gathered round the young soldier to pledge their friendship anew—and how very good it would have been to have had all this happen!

At the same time Densie and the senator were talking somewhat of Kenneth, but more of themselves and a little of the war situation and new duties confronting each.

"I'm glad he went as he did," the senator told Densie. "However, we will keep an eye on him; there will be the right moment for helping him on a bit."

"It makes romance seem very thin, doesn't it?" Densie asked presently. "We haven't the right to our Indian summer yet. Suppose if the boy were decorated—or killed—and his father and I divorced! It would rob either the honor or the sorrow of its dignity. Not yet, dear," she ended.

"But some day?" he urged. Just then the cares of state lay lightly on them both.

"Some day," she assented, but in her heart it did not thrill her as formerly.

Kenneth's camp letters were amusing and wholesome; they robbed war of its sinister meaning. After a little Densie was accustomed to his absence; she knew he was doing the thing which was his duty and it satisfied her. She was too busy with impersonal things to miss him personally. For she was seldom at home—and out of the city the greater part of the time. She was in demand for campaign work throughout her state. Her secretary demanded still another assistant, who was forthcoming; and even the senator grumbled that she cheated him of his rights, she ought to give him one hour on Sundays which was not punctuated heartlessly with telephones and calling patriots who all thought that Mrs. Densie Plummer would know just the right thing to do.

Once, from a sense of duty, Densie asked Geraldine to luncheon, but she was so bored with the girl's senseless drivel that she was thankful her son was at camp, since he would surely see Geraldine as she really was upon his return. She had intended taking Geraldine when she visited the camp, but she so irritated her that Densie canceled her resolve.

"I Could Not Come Before. I Had to be Brave Enough to Come for All Time"

When she visited Kenneth and explained that Geraldine was too impossible to bring along, that she, Densie, was too occupied with duties to bear with a giggling flapper, Kenneth said very little. But Densie saw her error. She realized he would have rather seen the giggling flapper than his mother, and he asked more questions about his father than about anyone else.

"I expect a summer furlough," he said when Densie was leaving, "and I'll make it up to Gerry then. Poor little girl, it is hard on her, mummy."

This gave Densie food for reflection on her journey back, though when she phoned Geraldine the next afternoon her mother said she was motoring with an out-of-town friend who had just happened in and demanded to be entertained. This gave Densie still further reflective food. Wisely, she did not write Kenneth the news.

Densie Plummer forgot her thirty-fifth wedding anniversary until Sally sent over some handsome flowers. All at once she recalled the day, and wondered if John remembered. She decided to thank Sally personally and stem any hint of sentimental memories which might try to sweep over her. This was no time for emotion. She scribbled a few lines to Kenneth, fondly locked away the senator's last letter and took a taxi to Sally's hotel.

Rex was leaving as she came in.

"Good morning, Mother Plummer," he began graciously. "Many happy returns of the day—Sally never remembers our anniversary; isn't she the wretch? But she had your florist's order placed a week ago. Well, what of the boy?" He was laughing down at her, mocking her, it seemed.

Densie stared at him. She was thinking that he seemed to be younger in some ways than her own daughter.

"Very well. I brought his last letter. He'll be home shortly; then you can see for yourselves. Harriet is as well as she ever seems to be; she has had another advance in her work."

Rex left them, bowing respectfully to his mother-in-law and kissing Sally on her cheek, during which Sally sat as unmoved as an Elgin marble.

"Don't you want to read Ken's letter?" Densie asked. "You usually have hysterics if I try to read them to you."

"If he's well that is enough—I'll send him a hamper of things."

"Don't; they have good fare and this Geraldine person makes fudge daily, I believe. Save your money, Sally. Uncle Sam is going to need it."

"I had a letter from Dean Laddbarry," Sally said unexpectedly. "He has just formed a company, an alfalfa industry of some kind. At this time it may be expedient—a food substitute—he is to make tea, flour, extract. Heavens—a complete larder, for all I know. He has had chemists analyze the stuff and pronounce it fit, and he wrote to say he had heard that Ken was in training and he would like his address. His company is being operated with government sanction, which is his way of doing his bit. It was a nice letter."

Densie was silent; that warm flowing current under the ice coating would stir at most inopportune times.

"I sent the flowers because I knew father would never think of the day—and the senator would hate it, because it was not his anniversary too." She smiled at her demure mother. "I wonder what you will do with the senator. Come, fess up to your weary old married child. You're only fifty-three, and you look thirty-five—and you know the senator cares very hard."

"Sally," Densie protested, "with your brother in training and father ——"

"In a linen apron! Mummy! Why not be truthful, as you used to suggest to me—what's the harm? I'd like to see you mistress of Glen Laurie."

"What would you do with your father?" Densie could not refrain from adding. War or no war, what woman can resist the prospect of a wedding?

"Oh, we'd find another Mrs. Starr," Sally answered flippantly.

"Please don't leave Ken's letter—send it to Harriet. You know I've no brains these days. I couldn't read it with any understanding."

"You read Dean's," suggested her mother

"Tit for tat en?" Sally laughed at the turned tables.

John did remember the anniversary. All day the panorama of the past unrolled itself before him—the wedding, Densie in her going-away dress of dove-colored broadcloth, tilts and curves and fussy rosettes, the dotted chenille veil to hide her blushes, the love of a bonnet—his own tall self, top hatted, with a brave mustache and a bottle-green paddock coat! The wedding journey, the blessed, glorious young time of their romance—and, sweetest of all, the return home!

"God bless our home," Densie had said reverently at the first meal together.

And they had wandered through the rooms like delighted children, to exclaim over everyone's kindness and their good fortune—finally, they stood under the mahogany framed picture of the Child, which Aunt Sally had given them from The Evergreens, a rare print that had been her mother's, the same picture under which the three children had later stood when they recited their Bible verses on a Sunday morning—and as they paused, John remembered Densie's saying: "I feel He does bless us, John!"

Well, that was thirty-five years ago, and it was all ended. So he hurried about the store taking off canvas covers and unnailing boxes and trying to stop remembering, wondering in between customers as to his boy and why Sally could not bear to talk of the war.

That night Densie waited for him; she was sorry she had not remembered the day ahead of time so she could dine with him, irksome though it might be. But it was too late to readjust her schedule. So she waited to explain and say some polite thing of scant meaning.

When she saw him she knew what had happened. The warm flowing current rose in rebellion against the ice coating. As she had once been able to read his thoughts and those of her children so she reclaimed temporarily her ability.

He did not hesitate to confirm her fears. "I'm discharged, Densie," he said quietly. "I'm too old to be working for someone else, they said—like Sam Hippler. They say I am set in my ways and irritable. F-funny, isn't it—to be called old at fifty-five?" He almost shuffled across the room to find his pipe. "I shan't stay about here. It isn't fair to you. I want to see the boy first, and then I'm off to begin again—farm, I think. I'd like to get back to where things grow. Perhaps it isn't as rough luck as it sounds."

He sank into his chair and puffed moodily away.

"I am sorry," she said politely—but she knew it was not true. She was not sorry. Her shame at having a clerk for a husband would be ended. She would help him start a farm and regain his grip on things—that was only fair if she was to marry James Gleason.

"I'll advance whatever you need," she offered. It was impossible to mention a wedding anniversary at this juncture.

He started up angrily, his face flushed, his voice broken.

"I'll take no more of a woman's money—no matter how things have changed about!"

Late that night Densie wrote the senator what had happened.

"It will work out for the best, I am sure, but we must be patient. My husband must get a fresh start—for he is still in his prime. It was a severe and undeserved blow as nearly as I can tell. . . . Do you understand why I have written as I have?"

To which the senator promptly replied: "Nothing terrifies me, dearie-dear. I shall overcome every obstacle. Start the whole world again if you like. But you must belong to me. Be brave; we shall make trials vanish as if we waved a fairy wand instead of mortal fingers!"

This comforted Densie. She even decided to broach the subject of financing John's farm plan again. He was penniless and he must do something. His pride would soon retire in favor of common sense. She so honestly wished him well that she would make him agree to her ideas. She had cured herself of cabin fever and she had been as penniless as John. It was John's turn this time!

XXXIX

KENNETH'S furlough came in August. The senator had seen to that, for Densie still had hopes that her boy might be given a commission or some sort of ordnance work. With all her bravery for other mothers and wives, her boy seemed set apart, that he must not march to the trenches with the other shuffling obedient feet.

Geraldine had decided that this furlough would be the time for her marriage. To allow Kenneth to go to France without making her his wife was quite unfair. She wanted to be known as "young Lieutenant

(Continued on Page 34)

QUITE frequently, a word from without, rouses us to the merit that sits by our own fireside.

By some such simple, human, process, the Cadillac is being re-discovered in America by way of France.

America did not fully recognize the genius of Edgar Allan Poe until France and England revealed it.

England, in turn, awoke to Robert Louis Stevenson, her own gifted son, when America acclaimed him.

In like manner many an American soldier had to go to France to find out how good a car his own country builds, in the Cadillac.

These men saw the Cadillac under circumstances that were at once brilliant, and trying.

The war zone was a huge demonstration-ground; and its adoption by the War Department thrust the Cadillac into almost cruel prominence.

Under the eyes of all the allied governments, the Cadillac was naturally subjected to most intent and interested scrutiny *as the choice of our government.*

Conditions were such that American army men were given an exhibition of Cadillac efficiency they could never have witnessed at home.

They saw the car doing almost impossible things, day after day, with the same constancy and consistency, that characterizes it on American streets and roads.

But, best of all, they were witness to the frank and ungrudging admiration of three allied nations, which pride themselves on motor refinement.

Naturally, their Americanism rejoices in that fact, and they have come home realizing fully, for the first time, how highly the whole world esteems the Cadillac.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DETROIT MICHIGAN

THE SILKY WAY

By Frank Goewey Jones

WHEN Old Swope went into his private office with the Saturday morning mail and pulled the door shut the heads of the forty-odd stenographers and clerks simultaneously lifted from the desks over which they had been bent. It was as if one end of an invisible cable were fastened to the knob, and separate, imperceptible, taut strands ran through pulleys above the employees' seats to their several chins. The wizened president of the Electrical Supply Company often boasted of the business machine he had built of the human cogs in his office. But Swope did not know with what precision the mechanism was disengaged from work the instant he turned his back. The employees in general considered the maximum of safe idling as an obligation to their self-respect.

Helene—christened Ella—O'Malley lifted her head with the rest; perhaps half a second before the other clerks. She raised her tapering graceful hands from the pad on which she had been entering an order and delicately fingered her fluffy aureole of hair, as one touches something very precious. The previous evening Helene had paid the Elite Beauty Parlors seventy-five cents for her coiffure—a sixteenth of her weekly wages as order clerk. She had slept stiff-necked, with a veil swathing her head, to preserve the perfect shape of the twin tabs that hid the red, not little, ears which would have been her despair had fashion not decreed their concealment. More than the cost of her coiffure in money and discomfort made it priceless to Miss O'Malley this Saturday morning in particular. It was the golden crown of her dimpled, prettily freckled face; and she had burnished it especially for her prince. Helene expected to be engaged before night.

She tilted her chair sidewise and craned her neck to look round the pillar that blocked her view of the checker's adjoining desk. Ecstasy flooded over Miss O'Malley like a tingling wave. She gasped, as a bather loses her breath when first she is swung off her feet in the exhilarating embrace of the surf. The order clerk saw a slim "tony red" oxford, above it a maroon silk sock, and above that—crossed by the clasp of a blue garter—an inch of the prince himself! The rest was hidden by the checker's roll-top desk; but Helene blushed, and hastily tipped her chair back behind the pillar again. She knew, of course, that when seated Mr. Woburn habitually pulled his trousers legs very high to prevent them from bagging at the knees and dulling the knife edges of the creases. She knew he was fully clad in his new summer suit. But last night when Miss O'Malley in dishabille was reading her favorite magazine in the privacy of her back bedroom she had come upon an advertisement of men's abbreviated underwear, of which she had just been startlingly reminded.

The pictured model in masculine minimums was tall and slender, like Mr. Woburn. There also was a striking facial resemblance to her beau ideal. Helene had torn the advertisement from the magazine and locked it in the top drawer of her bureau. She blushed now because she thought of the intimacies of living with Alfred. Her heart leaped in her plump breast as Miss O'Malley hid behind the post. She was eager to have the prince claim her to-day; yet a little terrified, too, that to-day had come.

The previous afternoon the checker had walked beside the order clerk from the office to her boarding house, as he often did. But on this occasion they had not chattered trivialities, as was their wont when together. In gloomy tones Mr. Woburn confided to Miss O'Malley his intention to hit Old Swope for a raise; which he pessimistically declared he had no expectation of getting, but simply had got to have. She offered neither stimulant nor discouragement to his scanty hopes of a larger salary. Instead she remarked with seeming irrelevance that she did all her own sewing and most of her washing, to be economical. Then Helene adroitly diverted the conversation to a monologue on the domestic arts, and modestly summarized her qualifications as a mender, housekeeper and cook.

Mr. Woburn was significantly silent for several minutes afterward. But when the couple halted before the door of Miss O'Malley's drab boarding house his drooped narrow shoulders stiffened with sudden resolution. He faced his companion determinedly. "Say!" the checker blurted. "You're a reg'lar wiz! I'll tell the world you are. Say, this noon I bought a couple pairs of silk ——"

He was interrupted, as bathos so untimely breaks in upon romance, by the raucous voice of his chum, who at that moment happened to round the corner and espy him:

"H'lo, Miss O'Malley! Say, Al, d'you know Pete Carter's back from France? He's down at Hanecy's pool room. C'me on! Excuse us, Miss O'Malley." The ruthless interloper most politely bobbed from under his hat.

More Than the Cost of Her Coiffure Made It Priceless to Miss O'Malley. She Expected to be Engaged Before Night

As the prince was dragged away he sent back to the girl an eloquent look of promise and a hurried call:

"See you to-morrow!"

Tears of disappointment drowned her palpitant expectancy. She shot a glittering barb of hate after the despoiler. Then all at once Helene remembered it was Friday. She shuddered at her narrow escape from becoming engaged that unlucky afternoon. She thought of to-morrow, and laughed as she danced lightly to her cheerless room, buoyed by the music of her anticipations. Very softly she whispered to herself "Alfred!" with the caress of possession in her voice. Never before had she called him by his beautiful first name. And Mr. Woburn always had addressed her as "Miss O'Malley."

During the expensive dressing of her hair at the Elite Beauty Parlors that evening, and late into the ensuing hours while she lay rigid in bed to keep from mussing her coiffure, Helene thought of the delicious happiness the next day would bring. All the prince had started to say was as clearly audible to the ears of her imagination as the recollected actual words would have sounded in her memory if they had been spoken without the interruption by his chum:

"You're a wiz! I'll tell the world you are. This morning I bought a couple pairs of silk stockings for you. You told me yesterday how much you liked silk things. You ought to have all your clothes silk. Nothing's too good for you. I'm only making twenty-two dollars a week, but some day I'll get rich and be able to buy you anything you want. That's why I've got to have a raise. Say, Helene, I'm just crazy about you! You're a queen. I'll say you are. I'm only a checker, but ——"

There she would have stopped him, with her finger tips chiding his lips. She would have murmured "My prince!"

Helene went to sleep practicing the exact intonation.

Naturally after such sweet dreams the order clerk was attuned to the ecstatic auguries of Saturday morning. She came to the office a little late, having put on her green taffeta, which had a thousand hooks and but nine hundred-odd eyes. The self-painted picture of her housewifely accomplishments rather flattered Helene's mending. As she passed the checker's desk she lilted "Good morning, Mr. Woburn!"

His handsome face was radiant when he caroled in return "Oh, good morning, Miss O'Malley!"

So enraptured that she was oblivious even of the other girls' admiration of her festive costume the order clerk tripped to her table. She had imagined the prince greeting her this momentous morning to all appearances as if it were just an ordinary day instead of the to-morrow of which he, too, doubtless had dreamed all night. He would not show his heart to the world. Yet despite his self-control an extra "Oh!" of transport had escaped his parted lips at sight of her, before he responded to her gracious salutation with his usual mere "Good morning." And how ineffably he had smiled!

The second auspicious omen was the glimpse she caught of his garter. It so resembled the hose supporter pictured in the advertisement locked in her bureau drawer that her cheeks burned and she shrank modestly behind the pillar. Then like a flash, before her blush faded, another thrilling recollection occurred to Helene.

"Signs always come in threes!"

Her head popped up. She peered about for the final and conclusive augury. At that very moment a delivery automobile, brakes set, slid against the curb opposite her window. On the side of the car was the sign: Stenay—Silks. A boy carrying a shallow oblong box jumped down from the seat and ran up the office steps.

"Package for Mr. Woburn!" he bawled as he opened the door.

Helene instantly guessed what the box contained.

"My silk stockings!" she gasped, thrilled breathless by the third omen of her imminent betrothal.

Now that all three signs had been fulfilled the beginning of the climax was to be expected momentarily. Forewarned, Miss O'Malley prepared for the preliminaries of a proposal after the immemorial manner of modest maidens: She donned the transparent disguise of utter unexpectancy. Her idle fingers seized a pencil. Her eyes fixed on a customer's rush order. She began to enter it on her pad of blank forms. But she listened so keenly that her sharp ears nearly cut through the overhanging tabs of golden hair. And she wrote out a requisition to ship to the Citizens Telephone Company, Muskegon, Mich., via express, 12 pr. silk stockings, size 9; instead of the dozen splicing clamps specified in the telegram.

The delivery boy from Stenay—Silks flung his package on the checker's desk and demanded a receipt. A minute later he shuffled out. The drone of the office routine filled the big room again quickly. Helene tore from the pad the order she had entered. She picked up a customer's letter. On the opposite side of the pillar Mr. Woburn's chair creaked! The order clerk sat tense. The checker stepped round the corner of the post. He stooped close to the nearer perked ear. "Miss O'Malley!" he whispered. "Come out to the shipping room the first chance you get!"

"Oh!"

She jumped appropriately, to show how startled she was. Then she nodded.

Impatient love in the unpropitious environment of a jobbing business needs must contrive an incongruous tryst. But romance can play on any stage. The shipping room was the single safe rendezvous in the Electrical Supply Company for the order clerk and the checker. One of her official duties was to enter new requisition numbers and addresses on the shipping book. It was part of Mr. Woburn's function to compare the billing with the record of the goods sent out. Daily for months the order clerk and the checker had frustrated Old Swope's efficiency by killing time at the shipping desk. Alfred summoned Helene now to a familiar meeting place.

The rear door of the office was just closing behind him when she rose nonchalantly from her table and sauntered down the aisle. As camouflage she carried a sheaf of orders. Thus protected Miss O'Malley might have gone boldly to keep her tryst, but as she laid her hand on the knob of the shipping-room door she glanced back with timorous intuition. The president stood on the threshold of his private office, glaring straight at the order clerk. As if his pointed look had stabbed her she jumped through the rear door into the shipping room and ran to the desk where the prince stood waiting. Helene was desperately determined not to be kept in suspense about the colors of her silk stockings, though the rest of the proposal might have to wait. Her heart was in her mouth.

"Old Swope's coming!" she hissed.

(Continued on Page 30)

A Home Shampoo is the Best for you

YOUR hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it in perfect condition, and bring out all the real life and lustre, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why discriminating men and women use

WATKINS
MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL
FOR
SHAMPOOING

This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product, cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and luxurious. You can get WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL at any drug store. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months

Splendid for Children

THE R. L. WATKINS CO., Cleveland, Ohio

(Continued from Page 28)

Mr. Woburn blanched guiltily. He reached under his coat and snatched out the package from Stenay's. He thrust it into Miss O'Malley's clutch.

"Take this!" he begged, as if eager to rid himself of incriminating evidence before his employer could detect it and question him. "I bought a couple pairs of silk socks I wish you'd work my monogram on, will you? Come to lunch with me this noon and I'll show you the design I got."

Stunned dumb, the girl blinked at him dazedly two or three seconds. Then her stiff mouth opened and a broken syllable dropped out like a shriveled heart in pieces:

"S-socks!"

The door swung in. Woburn turned swiftly from Miss O'Malley. The burly shipping clerk, whom neither had noticed, stepped between them at the same moment, on his way to the desk. His square big shoulder collided with the checker's arm and jolted slight Woburn sidewise. The checker stumbled against a packing box and clawed wildly at the shipping clerk to save himself from falling.

"Stop!" the president yelled from the doorway. He darted forward like a wasp of wrath. "What are you two fighting about?" Swope wheeled to frightened, stupefied Helene. "This girl, I suppose." He reverted to the men and scathed them with his contempt. "Faugh! Woburn, go back to the office. Keep away from the shipping room after this when Miss O'Malley is out here. Blake, I'll hold you responsible if there is any more rough-house during working hours."

"We weren't fighting!" the checker shrilly protested. "The big lummox bumped into me and I almost fell over that box."

The shipping clerk glowered at his imputed rival.

"It was an accident!" the brawny bear growled. His tone and look belied his words.

"You'd better take out an accident policy," the skeptical president remarked sarcastically. "The next time I catch you fighting on company time something is going to happen to your job. Woburn, didn't you hear me tell you to go back to the office?"

The checker hastily retreated from the jab of the boss' finger. Swope turned on dazed Miss O'Malley.

"Quit gawping and go to work!" he commanded brutally; then stamped off after Woburn.

Helene jumped as if the pinch of reality wakened her from a bad dream. So swiftly had the later shocks followed the initial crash of disillusionment that the memory of the first stunning blow was dulled. For a moment what Woburn had said when he thrust into her hands the package from Stenay's seemed part of a nightmare. In a sudden frenzy of hope that she might have misunderstood him the girl frantically tore the wrappings from the box she clutched and snatched off the cover. She staggered against the shipping desk.

"Just socks!" Helene moaned as actuality struck her eyes with all its significance.

She clapped the cover back on the box to hide the hateful lavender and yellow hose from her shuddering sight. She crumpled over the ashes of her ecstasy. Regardless of her seventy-five-cent coiffure she buried her head in her arms and sobbed. Misery recks not of Elite Beauty Parlors. Miss O'Malley was oblivious of everything in the world save her bereavement. There is no loss so agonizingly unbearable as having to give up what never has been.

An awkward touch on her shoulder startled Helene. She threw up her head. She had forgotten the shipping clerk completely.

"I'm awful sorry I got you in bad with the Old Man by bumping Woburn," Blake mumbled embarrassedly.

His stalwart body trembled all over. Normally he reminded the order clerk of a grizzly; his usual voice was gruff; his manner and expression habitually were savage. His bearlike appearance was accentuated by hairy arms and the disheveled brown mop on his head. But now Blake looked more like a clumsy Saint Bernard dog. His eyes were wistfully apologetic.

Miss O'Malley all at once felt the need of someone to hold responsible for her broken heart. Her sudden fury did not flame against the prince who unwittingly had transformed her silk stockings into his silk socks. Nor did she blame herself for her fatuous dream. But here was a quavering culprit who confessed himself guilty of getting her in bad with the boss. What could be more natural than her vindictive accusation that he was responsible for all her unhappiness?

"You did it on purpose!" she spit at him with the rage of a cat. Helene flung down her sheaf of orders and the package from Stenay's. Her manicured fingers with tapering polished nails seemed to work in and out of her clutching hands like claws. She twisted away from the touch on her shoulder and brushed the taffeta as if it had been defiled. "Keep your dirty paws off me!"

Then Miss O'Malley obliterated the shipping clerk from her further notice by a sweep of her arm toward the back of the room. Blake recoiled from her gesture of contempt. She turned, reached for her orders and began drearily to enter them on the shipping book. So must one pick up the dropped threads of life's routine while yet the fresh wounds of love's bereavement are bleeding.

The order clerk worked like an automaton. Her mind was not on what she was doing with her indelible pencil. Mechanically she set down in parallel columns requisition numbers and customers' names and addresses, but her thoughts groped backward over her spoiled expectation of being engaged. Helene read again the three auguries of betrothal and found them meaningless. She realized that her colorful imagination had tinted dun commonplaces with the roseate hues of romance. As if a dark fog had erased a rainbow, all her recent bright eagerness was changed to present gray despair.

Youth, however, is resilient. Miss O'Malley's spirit, like a rubber tire, bumped the bottom of the slough of despond and rebounded. It clung desperately to a narrow crumbling ledge of forlorn hope, along which she carefully drove the automotive vehicle of her dearest desire until the firmer ground of possibility supported the wheels of new anticipations. She convinced herself finally that her plunge into woe had not wrecked her machinery of charms. The road into the prince's heart was still open to feminine fascinations skillfully handled. She would not speed recklessly again, but would drive ahead with caution.

Mr. Woburn had not presented Helene with the silk stockings she expected, but he was to give her an opportunity. In order that they might discuss a monogram for his new hosiery he had invited her to lunch, for the first time in their acquaintance. She pictured herself sitting opposite him at a snowy topped, silver decked table in the quietest corner of an elegant restaurant. Such a tête-à-tête would be in itself suggestive of courtship.

And with what art she would add the irresistible touch of domesticity by thrusting her little hand into the toe of one of the prince's socks, and blushingly pretend to be darning a hole, with a toothpick for a needle and the shimmering thread of make-believe! Miss O'Malley was so sure of herself in this rôle that she smiled as she entered the last of her orders on the record book and put it into the shipping clerk's basket. As if she walked on air again she left the packing room and returned to her table in the general office.

She did not once glance at Blake, whose eyes followed every movement of her supple body worshipfully until the door blocked his sight. He was of a lower social caste; a mere pariah who worked with his hands, and therefore was beneath the notice of a Brahman of the office. Had she been aware that the shipping clerk adored her the order clerk would have felt insulted by his presumption. He wore overalls and a black cotton shirt, and left off his necktie so it would not get in the way while he packed boxes. His shoes never were polished. His hat always was dusty. Some days he did not shave. Burly, awkward Blake was the antithesis of elegant Mr. Woburn.

Helene sat down at her table behind the pillar that hid Alfred, folded her hands, and freed her thoughts from work to let them wander in the regained land of dreams. A second time she was rudely awakened by the rasping voice of her employer. Swope was standing beside her chair before she realized he was near. She flinched and gasped as if a bucket of shaved ice had been poured down her neck.

"Mooning again!" the president snorted. "Now I understand why you make so many mistakes in your work. Here!" He thrust an order at Miss O'Malley. "The Hiram Marks Electric Company is at Detroit, not Duluth. Change that. If you've fallen in love so you can't keep your mind on what you're doing, fall out—or you'll get out of this office. I can't spend all my time correcting orders. The next break of this kind I catch will be the last you will make here."

Swope stormed back to his private office through the hush of dread in the big room that he tyrannized over.

Helene shivered first; her skin was blue-white from the clammy touch of fear that she would be discharged. Then hot indignation flamed in her cheeks. She had been shamefully humiliated in the sight and hearing of all the office. Snickers sounded from the typewriter corner. Her heart stood still. On the opposite side of the pillar someone had laughed derisively. She thought it was Mr. Woburn until the office boy stretched his neck to grin at her round the post. Helene detected the scratch of a pen. The next moment the prince's white hand flashed into view and dropped a note on her table. The order clerk snatched it up eagerly. Her instant guess was that Alfred had scribbled a message of staunch sympathy. Her eyes swept over the scrawl:

"You left my silk socks out in the shipping room. Go get them before that big cheese swipes the box. Quick. A. W."

The sparkle of expectancy in Miss O'Malley's eyes was blotted out as a cloud wipes the shimmer of sunlight from blue water and leaves it black. But the next second the lightning of resentment glared through the murk. The order clerk seized her pencil and dug words of fury into the paper beneath A. W.'s message:

"Go get your darned old socks yourself."

She jumped up, leaned round the post, and threw the rejected note back on the checker's desk.

A second after her gust of rage Helene sat stiff in the reaction of horror. Her bitter disappointment at Woburn's callousness when she had counted on his sympathy had blinded her at first, but now she saw the fatal consequences of her brief loss of temper. By a single impulsive act she had killed her chance of becoming engaged to the prince. He would hate her for calling his cherished new hose "darned old socks." Tears of misery welled in Helene's eyes. She recollected her plan to pretend to Alfred at noon that she was mending a hole in a silken toe with a toothpick and the gossamer thread of make-believe. But there would be no tête-à-tête lunch. This dream, like all her fond imaginings about being betrothed, never would come true.

The checker made no sound or move after he received the refusal of his demand that the order clerk go get his socks. The suspense was terrible to Helene. She shrank from the cold glare she anticipated he would give her; yet she could not bear his vouchsafing her no look at all. Suddenly the tension of waiting was broken, but not by Mr. Woburn or Helene. The shipping clerk came into the office with the box of silk hose from Stenay's. He brought it to the order table.

"You left this package on my desk, Miss O'Malley," said Blake as he laid it down.

Before she could reply the checker sprang from his seat at the near-by desk. He stepped between the shipping clerk and Helene.

"That's mine!" Woburn asserted, and grabbed for the box.

Blake's muscular hand gripped the checker's wrist.

"Is it, Miss O'Malley?" demanded the shipping clerk. He glowered hatred at the dandy.

"Ye-yes!" Helene stammered. "Of course."

Blake slowly released his hold on Woburn's wrist.

"All right then," he muttered as he moved away.

The order clerk lifted her eyes to the checker and winced. A sneer curled his nostrils. He stooped to retrieve the box of silk hose.

"I won't ask you to work my monogram on these," Woburn mocked. "Somebody'd get sore."

If his look and tone had indicated jealousy of the shipping clerk Helene would have exulted. But they signified only scorn. She shriveled under his contempt. When the checker returned to his desk the girl crumpled in her chair as though all the life had been scorched out of her body.

Miss O'Malley believed she had sunk to the uttermost depths of woe. She dragged through her work for the next hour on a dead level of despair. Then she was plunged suddenly into a quagmire of even deeper misery and terrorized to frenzy by the cruel hand of the vindictive owner of the silk socks she had darned in words but never would repair with the implements of Mrs. Woburn's mending basket.

The checker got up from his desk and stepped to the table on the opposite side of the pillar. He was implacably official as he laid before the order clerk the documentary evidence of a business crime she had committed.

"You didn't stamp 'Hold for Credit O.K.' on that order," he accused; "and it's been shipped. Mr. Swope told you not to pass no more orders from Zimmerman Brothers until they paid up what they owe. Here you've let them sting us for eighty-three dollars and nineteen cents. You know what the Old Man said a while ago about you making any more mistakes. Well, you're as good as canned, right now."

The order clerk stared at the indisputable proof of her carelessness. She clutched her throat and raised to the checker the agonized eyes of desperate guilt.

"Oh, what'll I do?" she quavered.

Woburn's eyes glittered with rat cunning. His lips twisted out of the corner of his mouth a malicious temptation to the frantic girl.

"Blame it on the shipping clerk." The checker glanced at his white wrist, round which Blake's crushing grip had left black and blue ridges. "Put the stamp on now. I'll say it was there when the shipping clerk brought the order to me. Blake'll deny it, of course; but I'll back you up. Swope'll probably fire him instead of you."

So eager was Woburn to be revenged on the man who that morning had barked his shins in the shipping room and bruised his wrist in the office that he reached over the order clerk's desk and picked up the "Hold for Credit O.K." stamp. He thrust it into her fingers and guided her hand to the order. Helene was dazed and scared. It was his act, not hers, when the faint impression was made. Woburn snatched the sheet.

"If you don't stick to it that you stamped this on when you made out the order Swope'll can you sure," he threatened. "It'll be two against one if Blake says it wasn't marked Hold. But he's been rushed lately, and probably he'll think he overlooked it."

Before she could have stopped him the checker whisked back to his place. He paused there only long enough to make sure no one else in the office had observed him at the order desk. Then he went to the president's sanctum.

Half a minute later enraged Swope burst the door open. Woburn, his face expressive of malicious anticipation, hurried after him. He looked across the room at Miss O'Malley, who sat paralyzed at her table. He scowled and nodded his head slightly. All the clerks' eyes followed the president. He had rushed halfway down the aisle toward the shipping room when Blake happened to come into the general office with a handful of orders. Swope charged upon him with a fierce snarl. He was incoherent in his fury:

"Eighty-three dollars and nineteen cents! Of all the damned lunkheads. What the devil were you thinking of? There's the stamp—'Hold for Credit O.K.'!"

The shipping clerk seized the order. He blinked. Then his head snapped up and he looked straight at shivering Helene. She dodged as if he had thrust at her with a bayonet. Blake gulped and dropped his eyes to the order again.

"I can't explain how I came to do it, Mr. Swope," he muttered huskily.

Miss O'Malley was clutching the arms of her chair. She was ready to shriek a hysterical denial of the shipping clerk's expected accusation. She knew he had read her confession in her white face. Yet Blake had taken the blame on himself and made no attempt to escape from full responsibility. Why? Why? The question stunned her senses. She dropped inert into her seat and stared at him incredulously. As if from a long way off the order clerk heard vaguely the harsh voice of her employer. It rasped half a minute; then after a pause for breath came the final explosion:

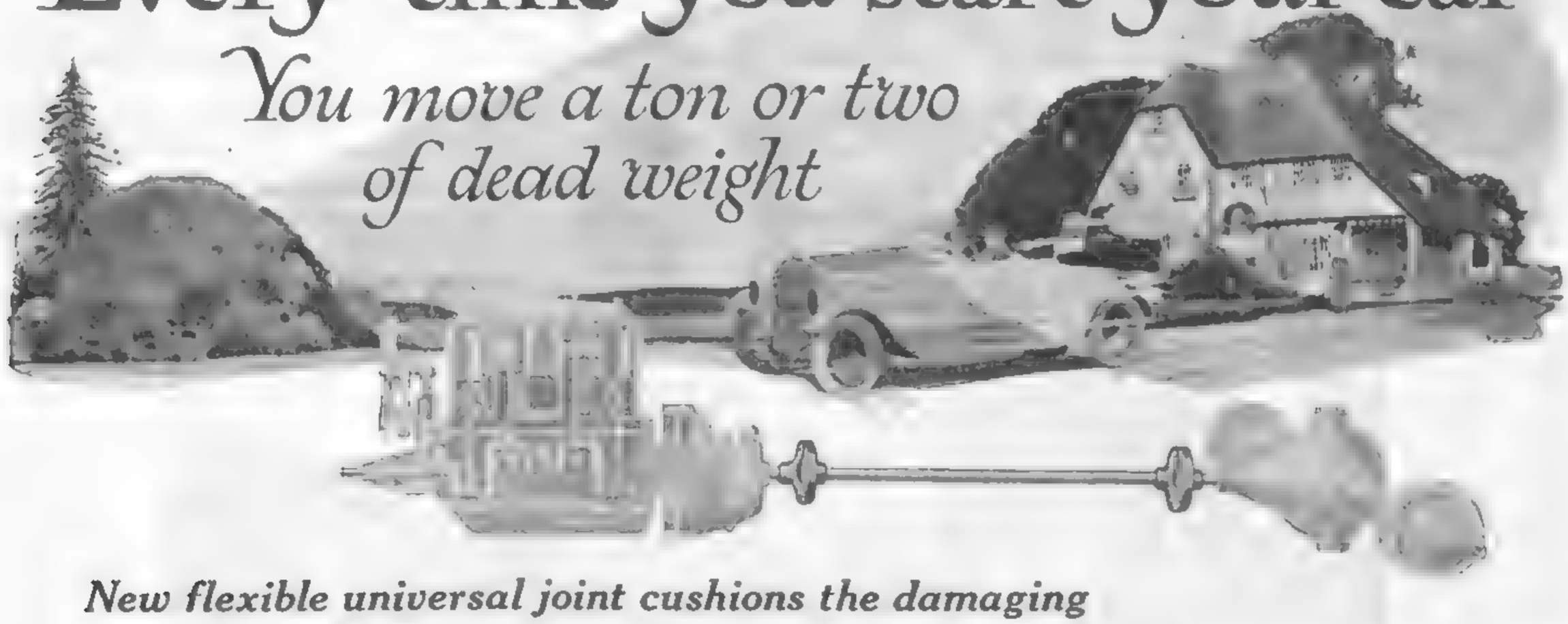
"You're discharged!"

Helene jumped. She fell back in her chair, trembling. Swope had not hurled the bolt of wrath at her, but at the innocent victim of Woburn's plot that had saved her

(Concluded on Page 33)

Every time you start your car

You move a ton or two of dead weight



New flexible universal joint cushions the damaging shocks which metal-to-metal universals intensify

YOU call upon your motor to move a dead weight of 1500 to 5000 pounds every time you start your car.

When the power of the engine is transmitted to the rear axle through the ordinary metal type of universal joint, severe tension is caused on the transmission, differential and rear axle.

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How Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joints cushion the shocks and strains

To meet these conditions the Thermoid Hardy Universal Joint has been developed. It is constructed of flexible fabric discs which act as a cushion. Even *more* flexible than the ball-and-socket type of joint, and more *enduring*, the Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joint cushions the jolts and jars of sudden starting by transmitting the impact from the motor in a smooth, even flow of power to the rear wheels.

No lubrication needed

Having no metal-to-metal wearing surfaces the Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joint requires no lubrication. It runs in absolute silence, *smoothly* and without backlash.

For over three years, on both passenger cars and heavy-duty trucks, the Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joint has stood severe tests for endurance. In many cases it has given 60,000 miles of hard service without replacement, adjustment or attention of any kind.

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When choosing your next car, ride in one equipped with Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joints. Start the car yourself, drive it slowly, speed it up—reverse. You will find a smooth and even application of power. Every vibration in the drive shaft is cushioned, even the jolts, caused by the rise and fall of the rear axle, on rough roads.

Send for our new book, "Universal Joints—Their Use and Misuse." It will give you in detail the construction of the Thermoid-Hardy Joint, records of performance, opinions of leading engineers and manufacturers who have adopted it.

Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joints carry our well-known guarantee: ***Thermoid-Hardy will make good—or WE WILL.***

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A WORLD-PROVEN MOTOR TRUCK

THE compared prices of two makes of trucks mean but little. What a truck costs is what it costs per year of service.

The truck operators who can show the lowest truck cost per year of service are those who have selected their trucks with price as a secondary consideration. It is the wisdom of all operating experience to buy trucks of the better makes.

The Clydesdale is one of the quality-built trucks of America — a truck that is built oversize, overstrong, overpowered—a plus truck in every qualification.

And the Clydesdale Truck is the only truck equipped with the Clydesdale Automatic Controller—a device which lengthens the life of the truck, adds greatly to its reliability and efficiency in operation, and effects decided economies of gas and tires.

The Clydesdale Automatic Controller

It not only fixes a maximum speed for the truck, as ordinary governors do, but of itself performs some of the most exacting operations in skillful truck handling.

It automatically decelerates the engine when the driver is shifting gears. It is impossible to strip the gears on a Clydesdale Truck.

It also makes impossible the dropping in of the clutch while the motor is racing, as any racing of the motor is prevented.

Through all conditions, uphill or down, in sand or in mud, on paved road or on dirt, the Clydesdale Automatic Controller maintains the truck speed for which the throttle is set.

In easy going the engine will idle along without exceeding this speed; in hard going the engine will, of its own "initiative," work just as much harder as is necessary to maintain this speed.

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Good Roads and Motor Trucks Will Reduce the Cost of Living

(Concluded from Page 30)

from the consequences of her carelessness. Wide-eyed, she looked at Blake.

He made no protest against Swope's injustice. Instead he turned from the president and strode to the checker's desk with his handful of orders. He dropped them into the basket. Woburn stood in front of his chair. The shipping clerk glanced at him and caught the sneering satisfied look on the handsome face. Blake seemed to guess in a flash the checker's complicity in his discharge. His fist shot out and crashed against the maliciously grinning mouth. Woburn was knocked over his swivel chair and fell on top of his desk. Blake did not give him a second look. He walked calmly back toward the shipping room.

The blow was so wholly unexpected that for several seconds all the clerks and stenographers seemed hypnotized. Then the girls screamed in chorus and the men rushed to pick up Woburn, who sprawled among the papers on his desk as if dead. Blake paid no attention to the sounds behind him. He disappeared into the shipping room.

Helene's shriek was choked by the horror that throttled her throat. The checker presented a most repulsive sight. His nose was smashed. His mouth gaped hideously. Blood streamed from his nostrils and cut lips. Miss O'Malley thought he had been killed, and the supposed corpse made her flesh creep as if a cold-footed caterpillar crawled up her spine. Probably she would have fainted if Woburn had not wabbled his head and groaned. She slumped against her table while two of the clerks, under Swope's excited orders, lifted the checker and half carried him to the washroom. The office was full of a babel of cries and talk.

The president bolted back in a minute to restart his business machine.

"He's all right! Only a bloody nose, a couple of teeth loosened, and his mouth cut some. Go to work—all of you!" Swope pounced on shrinking Helene in particular. "Miss O'Malley, bustle out to the shipping room and bring in all the orders and the shipping book before that bully destroys them!"

The luckless girl was frozen between two menaces. She dared not refuse the president's command; yet she was terribly afraid to enter the shipping room. She did not move. Swope whipped her with the lash of a threat.

"Go get those orders or go get your pay!"

Miss O'Malley swayed to her feet. She forced herself down the aisle. Outside the door to the shipping room she filled her lungs and peered fearfully into the bear's den.

Blake was washing at the sink. He turned his head and smiled.

"Come in!" he called. "You needn't be scared of me."

His friendly manner was as incomprehensible as his acceptance of the blame for the mistake he had not made. Though Helene did not understand at all why he had assumed her responsibility and acted cordial when he had cause for enmity she knew he did not hate her and that he meant her no harm. She felt a sudden impulse to thank the shipping clerk for his generosity and to ask him the reason. But first she would clear her skirts of the presumption that she had originated the wrong done to him.

"Mr. Blake, I didn't mean to blame it on you," Miss O'Malley started lamely to exculpate herself.

He stopped her with a gesture of refusal to listen.

"I knew you didn't. It was that skunk, Woburn. That's why I soaked him one." Blake grinned jovially.

Somehow Helene did not feel a bit sorry for disfigured Alfred. In fact, he all at once lost his princeliness in her eyes, when he was called a skunk. The name seemed to fit him. And, strangely, the discharged, previously despised shipping clerk, who unhesitatingly had sacrificed himself to protect her, began to look like a chivalrous knight to Helene despite his black cotton shirt.

"Mr. Blake, you're a noble man!" she quoted from a movie she had seen the week before. "To give up your job to save mine! I thank you with all my heart."

Miss O'Malley held out both her hands theatrically. The hero dumfounded her by drawing back. His cheeks flushed.

"I haven't got any right to let you thank me like that," he mumbled shame-facedly. "I was making a grand-stand play with you. I intended to quit to-night anyhow; so I wasn't giving up anything. I've got a better job, at a hundred and twenty-five dollars a month. I'm going to be assistant traffic manager for a big firm downtown. I thought maybe if I worked in an office, and you believed you owed me something for saving your position, you'd let me come and see you sometime."

The ex-shipping clerk hung his head guiltily.

Miss O'Malley was too astounded for speech. She just stared at him blankly. He looked up at her out of the corners of his eyes. Emboldened by the absence of scorn on her face he lifted his head. Hope glowed in his dark deep eyes. He turned swiftly to the shipping desk and opened a drawer to snatch out a hidden order. His face grew redder as he handed the sheet of paper to Helene.

Amazed, she read in her own writing the requisition to ship to Citizens Telephone Company, Muskegon, Mich., via express, 12 pr. silk stockings, size 9.

"I'm going to work for Stenay's Monday," Blake told her eagerly. "I can get discounts on anything silk. Let me square myself by sending you those, will you?" he begged.

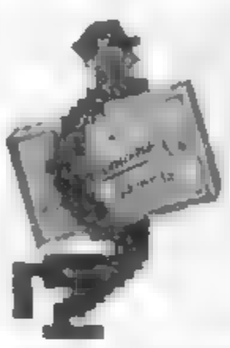
Helene closed her eyes. When she opened them a moment later they gleamed, but her voice was self-controlled.

"I'll accept the present," she consented graciously, "and thank you very much. I'd be pleased to have you call—this evening."

His face beamed. His lips parted. But just then the office door opened and Swope peeked cautiously round the edge.

"Now I want all the orders and the shipping book!" Miss O'Malley demanded sternly.

Blake meekly handed them to her.



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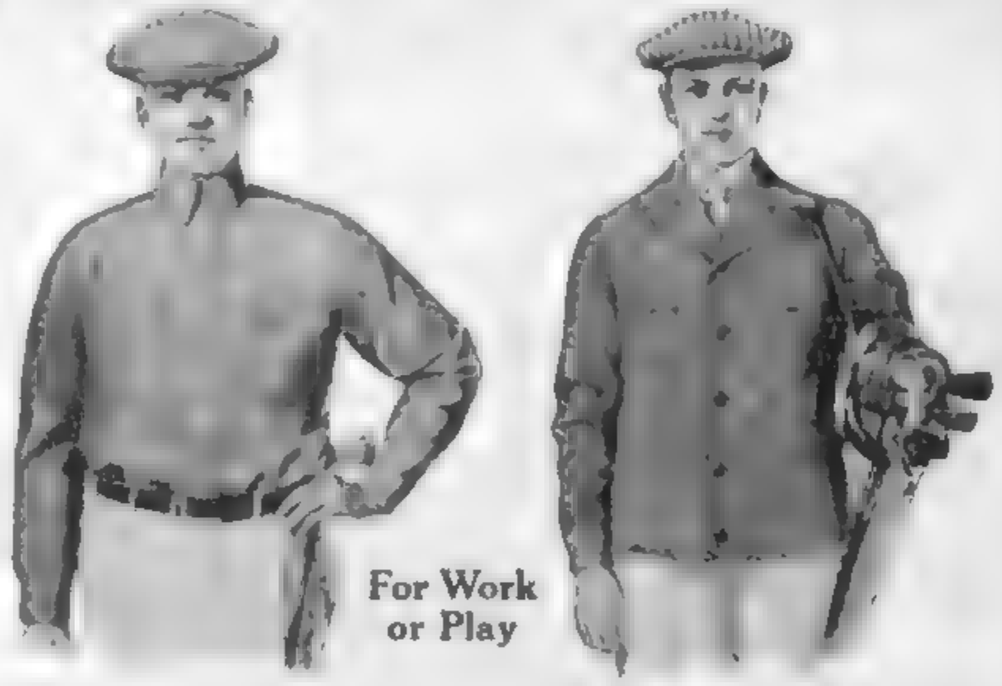

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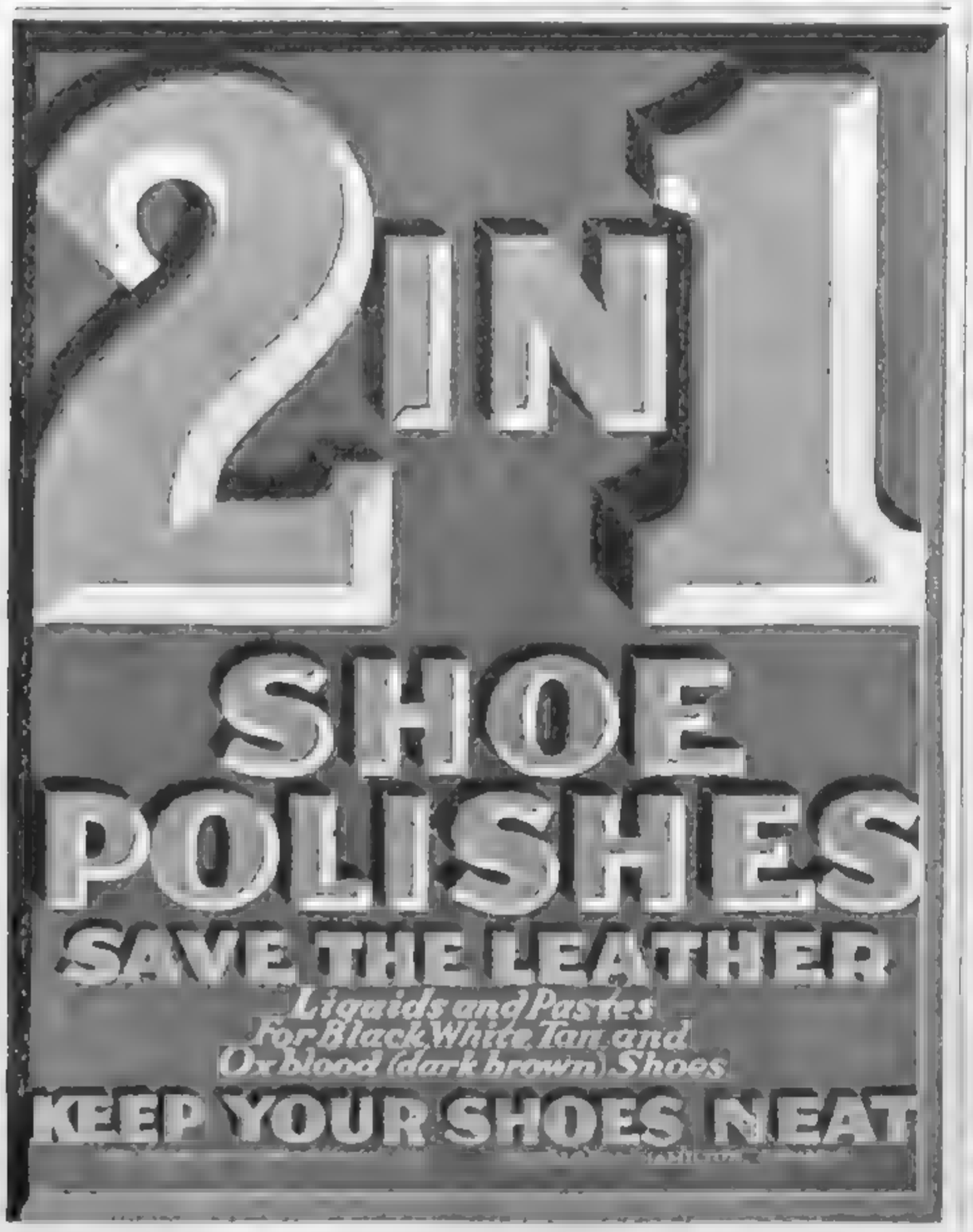

A WOMAN'S WOMAN

(Continued from Page 26)

Plummer's girl bride" or "Mrs. Rex Humberstone's sister-in-law."

To this plan her parents agreed. After the first effusive greeting Geraldine broached the subject. But Kenneth laughed at her.

"Gerry, we'd be as poor as church mice. What would you live on?"

"Oh, but you'll be an officer and have a lot of field decorations. You are bound to; your mother won't let you stay a common soldier. And I love you so much—and you may never come back."

"All the more reason we ought not marry." Kenneth was serious; he did not see she was play-acting and underneath her heartbroken, affectionate attitude was shrewd calculation, and that her tears were forced and sparse of quantity.

"But we love each other—war is such a monster! Ken, I can't be happy unless I belong to you."

Kenneth disengaged himself and paced up and down the room. He looked well in his uniform—Gerry was not the only one who admitted it. Sally and his mother had been superlative in their praises, while his father had gazed at him with proud reserve—as if the matter were something which men never mentioned, but took for granted.

"Geraldine," he said slowly, "I don't believe we understand what marriage means—or war. And when marriage and war coincide as they do in our case I think we ought to be awfully sure of ourselves. We've got to go over there and fight our blooming heads off to whip these beggars, and you people have got to stay home and save your money and do your part. You've no idea of what there is ahead and of what we want to do—and are going to do. The end is clear, but the way is not yet." Then he laughed boyishly. "I don't mean to play the terrifying ogre, dear. Don't cry—please." He came and sat beside her.

"It does frighten me—cannons and being shot at sunrise—and those pretty Red Cross nurses—English girls—they say you are bound to fall in love with them!" Which was the only honest fear Geraldine had so far expressed. "I know papa and mamma wouldn't want me to be engaged to a soldier—it's too uncertain."

"Then why marry one?"

"Oh, that's different—it is all settled then," she said in a clear and emotionless voice. She saw her opportunity, and before her real meaning could appeal to the boy she added, "Ken, are you tired of me? Oh, yes! Yes, you are—you don't want to be tied to poor little stay-at-home me!"

"Nonsense!" He gathered her roughly in his arms. "You think I don't love you, Gerry? Why, I'll do anything in the world you say—I've written you every night of my life, haven't I? I've dreamed of you ——"

"Your mother wouldn't take me with her to camp," she sulked.

"Mummy had to have so many people talk to her that she couldn't put herself in your place, she didn't realize how you felt. I'd rather have seen you, darling. And I want to protect you and do what is right. You understand—don't you? Only, everything has changed since I've been in camp. I stopped being just an atom and living an atom's existence, and I'm on the brink of helping do something big, coming face to face with reality. And no one can ever be quite the same afterward—the fellows all agree on that. You cannot go over there to fight, to offer your life for the great cause, and then come back the same old two-by-four petty person. Just because I feel I'm going to change I want to be really myself before we marry—no transitional, nerve-shattered person that is liable to disappoint you or make you unhappy. It wouldn't be fair. Suppose I'm gassed, or maimed, captured—how can you tell what difference it might make to you? That's the danger of marrying a soldier before he sees service—you never know how he is going to be afterward. But I love you—love you—love you!" he punctuated the words with kisses.

Geraldine was quietly furious. If she could not marry this soldier she would take steps to have him become the old plastic Kenneth who would do her bidding unquestioned. But she was wise enough merely to pout and look unusually pretty.

"I may change, too," she objected. "How about that? All the good-looking men won't be in France. Suppose I change?"

Kenneth only laughed. "Why, here we are fighting phantoms. And when we know we really care and will be married as soon as it is right, why do we waste precious hours of my stay in town? I won't be serious again or let you be—not another tear—we are going to have the time of our lives! Promise me!" He kissed her cheek.

Geraldine brightened. "I want you for the Fassett dance next Friday," she said cleverly. "I've said you could stay until then."

Kenneth frowned. "Don't it beat all? I'm due at camp Thursday morning; that would be two days later. I can't, darling; honestly, I can't."

"But you are not fighting battles—and what does two days' difference make? Please, Ken! You can explain it to your senior officer—your mother can write a note." She was unconscious of the grim humor of the last.

Kenneth was perplexed. "We won't fuss about the Fassett dance now; we'll crowd in all the good times we can and never mind if we miss one dance. You know a soldier's first duty is obedience, Gerry, and I cannot say I stayed over my time for a dance!"

"Get extra leave," she suggested promptly, her eyes narrowing.

If she was defeated in being a war bride she was not going to be defeated in having Kenneth as a partner for the Fassett dance. She was determined to disgrace him in some way.

"Gerry, you don't understand—if you'd been at camp you would have known. We're an Army in the making and raw as raw can be. Why, I could tell you stories of the mother-boys and homesick duds and mere flukers that would make you feel apprehensive when you thought of facing the Hun fighting machine. We have got to be whipped into shape and dig in and make good. And that's just what they are doing to us too."

But Geraldine was not stirred from her own resolve. She put her arms about his neck and whispered, "But, Ken, there's a terrible man staying at the Fassetts'; he wants to marry me. Oh, it has been very hard to avoid him and not let the Fassetts know what a persistent suitor he is. I told him my fiancé would be here and take me to the dance; he said he bet he would not, and I said I would wager everything in the world that he would. Ken, darling, please stay over—won't you? If you love me; if—you—love—me."

She kissed him with a quick, rapturous little way, all her own!

Kenneth did not answer. Finally he said, "Do you love this man?" His face was white with jealous apprehension.

"No—yet he fascinates me, he has a sort of influence over me—I cannot bear to be with him alone. I'm such a silly little creature. You must go with me and let me keep my promise. You see I told him you would come."

"Couldn't you give up the dance?"

"Oh, no! That would be an admission of defeat; and you ought to see my new dress! Why, Ken, boys stay over their time, don't they?"

"We haven't had furloughs yet—it's all so devilish new for everyone—we don't know yet what we can do and what we can't—we only know we ought to obey. I don't like to, Gerry; please don't ask it. Let me write this man and tell him we are engaged, please ——"

She shook her frizzled brainless head. "No! Either go to that dance or never speak to me again!" She drew off her engagement ring.

Kenneth stopped her. "I'll—I'll stay over," he said thickly.

She flung her arms about him. "You're a dear," she whispered, "and I adore you!"

"I wish you might have understood the situation and let me off," he pleaded. "I ought not, Gerry; really, I ought not. It may be serious."

She shook her head again and told him he had pledged his word—and what did two little days amount to—think of the food they would save! If Geraldine had had her way the most active part she would have allowed Kenneth to take in the war would be to collect used phonograph needles and send them to the Government as a steel donation.

Densie and her son had each tried to fit into the other's spare moments. Densie

(Continued on Page 37)

PACKARD PRICE INSURANCE

In fairness and justice to all purchasers of Packard transportation units, whether Packard Trucks or the famous Twin Six Passenger Cars, we wish to make plain our position regarding prices for the coming year.

THE Packard policy is nothing short of absolute insurance of your investment at present price quotations. If at any period during 1919, by reason of lower costs of material and labor, or for any other reason, this Company finds it possible to make a price reduction, this reduction will not only be made, but made retroactive; and we will refund to every previous 1919 purchaser the full amount of the difference between the price he paid and the new price.

If on the other hand, production costs should increase and a higher price become necessary, the present purchaser has the advantage of his investment, as the new price will apply only to those whose orders are received *after* the change is announced.

As we stated some weeks ago, Packard prices are carefully and accurately based on the cost of material and labor. There was no artificial inflation during the war, and costs have not decreased since we last manufactured for private consumption, consequently there is no leeway for a price reduction now.

If a reduction becomes possible every present buyer sees his investment protected and insured.

This policy, while unique in the automobile world today, is consistent with Packard policy, and seems to us the most fair and straightforward way of meeting present conditions.

Were we to make a guarantee that present prices would be maintained, it would mean a one-sided bargain in favor of the manufacturer, as it would prevent us giving the buyer a reduction, should material and labor costs justify a reduction.

The Packard Company makes a greater percentage of all the parts that enter into its car than is made by any other fine Automobile concern in America. It does this because it cannot buy and assemble parts that are up to the Packard standard of service and quality.

Skilled labor of necessity enters very largely into the production of so beautiful, so simple and so proficient a mechanism.

The net result is that the upkeep of a Packard Twin Six is less than that of compromise cars at half or two-thirds the Packard price.

To the man who can afford the first cost, a Packard delivers utility value for every dollar of his investment, greater economy, less depreciation and it does not ask him or his family to compromise in the service, the comfort, the safety of their motoring.

From present indications there will not be enough of either Packard cars or trucks to meet the demand this year.

Trucks are ready for immediate delivery. Your order for a Packard Twin Six passenger car of any model should be registered with your Packard dealer at once to insure late spring delivery.

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IT'S a mighty important suit—the one in which you will go after a bigger position than your pre-war job—in which you will meet your friends again.

So be sure to get clothes that will fit your larger stature—mental as well as physical.

Let "her" help in choosing them. She is an expert on style and value. You will find, for example, that she'll recognize instantly the smarter lines and finer tailoring which set Michaels-Stern Clothes on a higher style level.

She will appreciate Michaels-Stern *Value*, too, —the *Value* which includes every detail of cutting, tailoring, finish and fabric.

IT is not surprising that men, through the war, have learned what women always knew—the lesson of *Value*—and are turning even more than ever to Michaels-Stern VALUE-FIRST CLOTHES.

"WHAT Good Clothes Did for Me" —a success-story reprinted from the American Magazine—will be sent free on request. Address Michaels, Stern & Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Michaels-Stern

VALUE-FIRST CLOTHES

$25 to $60 at Value-First Dealers

(Continued from Page 34)

was crowded with her work, and yet she longed to be with her boy. She felt a certain jealousy when she would have to hurry off in the morning and leave him talking happily with his father. She often wondered what these two talked about; they never said. It would be too early an hour for Geraldine to be up or for Sally to have had her coffee and Rex cleared out of the way, so Kenneth and his father would walk in the park if the day was fair and talk as two newly found and cherished friends would do.

John had not told of his discharge. He felt a keen shame in confessing it to this soldier son. It would be time enough to let him know when he was on his farm and out of Densie's way. No one would miss him but Kenneth, and after the boy was married he, too, would feel it was a sensible arrangement. So he told Kenneth he was taking his vacation because he did not feel well, and the boy, too occupied with his own projects and worries, did not doubt the statement.

Again, Densie returning for luncheon would find Kenneth engaged at the telephone making violent love to Geraldine. Sometimes she would stand aside and smile at the terms of endearment that flew over the wire.

"Ken, dear, don't you think central might hear you?" she urged.

"Bother central! The more I see of Gerry the more I love her. She is the dearest girl in the world—and you're the most clever," he would add.

"Thanks, dearie. What's on the program for to-day?"

Kenneth would tell her—it was mostly Geraldine, with a faint smattering of calls or talking to his father.

"Why didn't you take Gerry to camp?" he asked again, the day before the Fassett dance.

"Oh, she really isn't my sort. I couldn't. All she knows is clothes and how to make those great baby eyes at strangers. Of course, she is a dear," she hastened to add, "but she is not all I would wish for you."

Kenneth's face was flushed. "A man doesn't marry to please his mother."

"I will make her welcome, but I feel she is not the woman you will love when you are forty."

Kenneth was silent.

"You have until Saturday morning?" Densie asked. "Rather decent!"

He looked away. "Yes, it is," he said shortly.

"You won't be back until Christmas, will you?"

"Not then, maybe."

"Look at me, Ken. What are you hiding?" Densie tried to understand the expression in the dark eyes. "You acted sheepish—ashamed. What is it?"

"You imagine it, 'mummy.'" He began fussing with some papers on the table.

"Saturday morning—I must be at the train." She made a note of it.

"Oh, do!" he said aimlessly.

After he had left for the Fassett dance Densie wondered again as to his manner. Also she halfway anticipated a foolish marriage, and she wondered if this had been the reason for his confusion. But surely her boy would not have barred her from his confidence—not Kenneth! She dismissed the matter because of other duties and went to sleep only to dream of him as a small clear-eyed boy saying "I am going to be a captain," and of a grim voice from out of nowhere answering "What a pity—what a grave pity!"

Geraldine and Kenneth were counted the most handsome couple at the Fassett dance. And to her delight Geraldine flaunted her soldier in the face of the presuming Fassett guest, while all the girls looked at her with envy and whispered that she was more lucky than she deserved.

Geraldine declined to get up early enough to see him off Saturday morning; it always gave her a dreadful headache if she did not have enough sleep, she explained. Besides, his family would be at the train and she did not think she would be missed. The strain of saying good-by in public would be entirely too much. She would say good-by in her own home after the dance—in her own way.

"I don't know my own mind yet," Geraldine told him the very last thing. "Sometimes I think it would be a mistake to marry you. I'd better marry an older man, as your sister Sally did. It is terribly romantic!"

Kenneth wondered if he heard correctly. "Is this a joke, Gerry? Don't, darling, when I have to leave you ——"

Geraldine giggled foolishly. "You don't think I'm going to bow down and adore you because you wear a uniform, do you? I won't be anyone's slave. I do like you, Ken, and you are fascinating"—this with an artful smile—"or else I would not have asked you to go to the dance and monopolize me like a cave man. You don't seem to realize that this other man is a millionaire and very clever in his own line of work. Because if I should marry him he would plan a home for me equal to any European castle. I forgot to tell you he was a wonderful architect."

Kenneth looked at her like a forlorn and suddenly deserted child.

"I say, Gerry, this is a bit thick."

Geraldine shrugged her useless pretty shoulders as if she were bored with the entire world, particularly the corner of the world occupied by Kenneth Plummer.

"I can't help it, Ken, I must be honest—you know I'm always that—and you said you wanted me to be sure of myself. You made quite a point of it. I really had to have you go to the dance, because I wanted the contrast between you and Nat; it was the only way for me to make sure which of you won. Even yet I'm undecided. Too bad, isn't it, when you have to rush away to-morrow? Well, maybe you'll have a surprise—maybe you'll see me again before you think."

"But you said—why, you wanted me to marry you." He was floundering about in a bewildered state of mind. "Gerry, what has come over you? You must be joking, but it hurts—can't you understand? It means so much, and it's war, Gerry, not a game we're playing down there ——"

She drew out a note from the bosom of her dress. "Oh, I'm joking, am I?" she asked, holding it out for him to read.

In a man's writing was the message:

"Do I win or lose? Let me know soon or I'll leave town at once. NAT."

Kenneth crumpled the note and tossed it on the floor.

"Well, he shall not have you!" he said harshly. "I'll tell you that much! You are mine. I overstayed my leave for you, and I wouldn't have done that for anyone else in this world—not even for my own mother. You said you wanted me at the dance for protection—not contrast; that this man frightened and fascinated you; you were quite clear in your own mind whom you wanted to marry when you coaxed me into overstaying my leave! Tell me the truth, Geraldine, are you just playing with me?"

Something in the set of his mouth and a glint in his tired eyes warned Geraldine she had overstayed her own power and she had better hasten to take refuge in the eternal tears and tremblings.

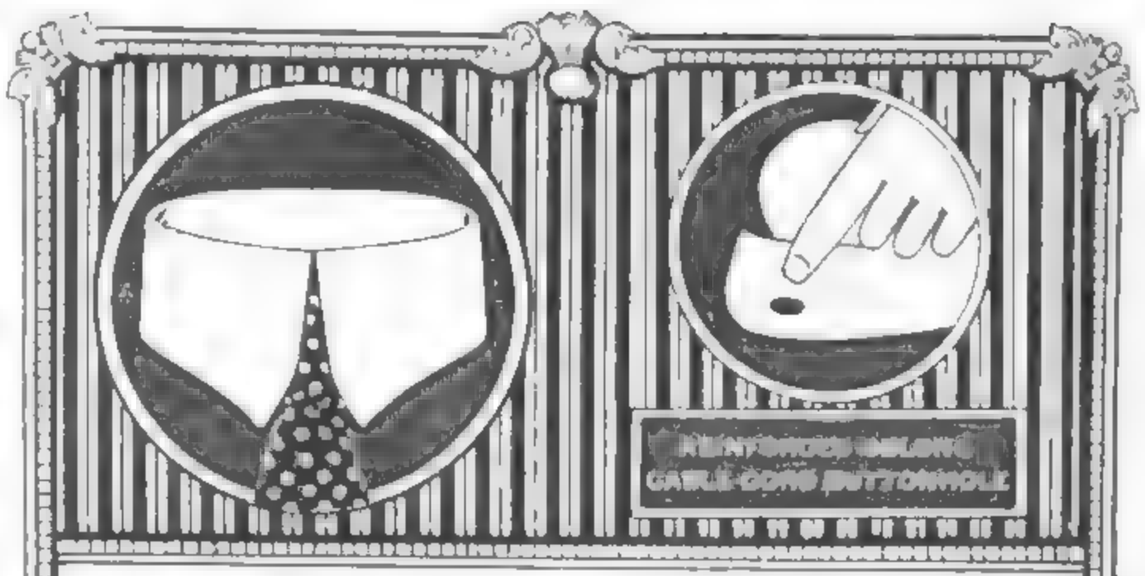
"Oh, you're cross—all cross! He was cross too. I won't love either of you!" She began to sob.

Kenneth's head was addled and he was physically exhausted. He sat dejectedly in a near-by chair.

"I'm all in," he said disconsolately. "I ought to have gone back on time. If you didn't care enough for me to see me do my duty I guess I ought not to have cared enough for you to have forgotten it! That's about all there is to it."

Geraldine peeked from a corner of her handkerchief. "Don't you want me to be sure of myself," she reiterated, "and be honest? You talked about being changed—gassed and losing your nerve and everything horrid you could say. And I just want to be alone and think it all out—I shan't sleep a wink to-night. I'll be too busy deciding whether it is to be you or Nat. Then I'll tell you—maybe I'll come down to camp and see you. Your mother did." She pouted slightly as she spoke. "I want to come to camp terribly—they say you have a wonderful time and everyone makes a lot of fuss over you—is that true?"

"Well, don't come rushing down without letting me know first and without bringing your mother. Now, remember, Gerry, that holds. You can't play off any impulsive stuff at camp. Great Scott, it's war!" Kenneth felt tense and irritable, as if he never wanted to hear this girl's thin sweet voice or see her baby-doll face with the great staring eyes as cold as pale-green water flowing under ice. "Write and tell me your decision and let it go at that—it's pretty late and I've got to pack. I shan't sleep, either. If you decide you want to wait for me and be my wife I'll try to make



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Each load amounted to three tons. A round trip including unloading time took only four hours. Trailmobiles were found equally advantageous on short hauls provided one was loaded while the truck was away. The removable side board body used makes it possible in a moment to adapt the Trailmobiles to haul coal.

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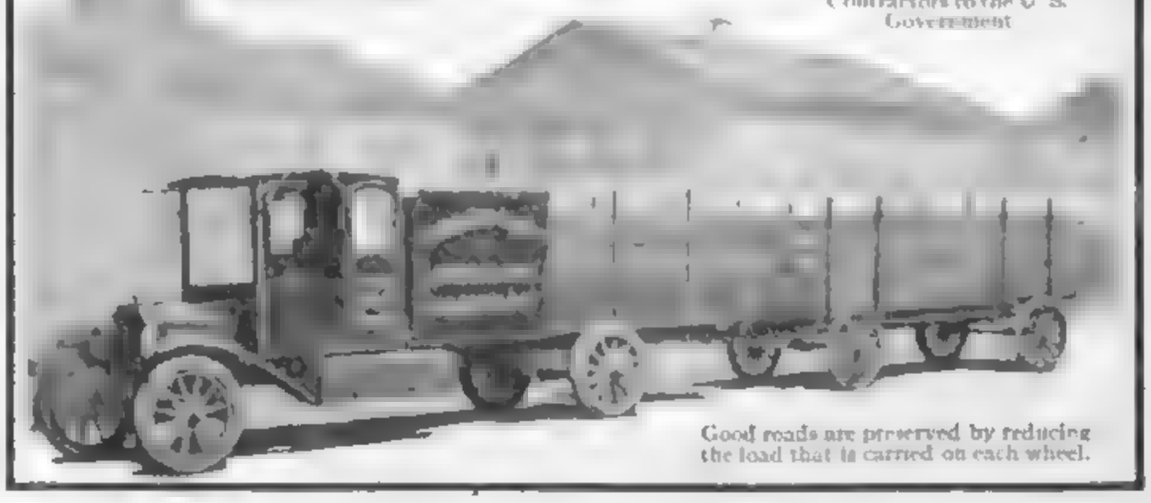

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Are You Buying Your Plumbing on the Installment Plan?

Many people buy plumbing on the installment plan and never know it. The life of inferior plumbing material is actually determined before the plumber's truck brings it to your house. Such fixtures will last just so long, and then shame of their appearance and realization of their sanitary uselessness force you to replace them. Then comes the second payment—the same price for the fixture, the same bill for plumber's services. You come to realize how much better off you would have been to have originally insisted upon

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It is most sanitary, beautiful, practical and permanent. Permanency is not denoted by a white surface, but by what material is beneath that surface. With time, inferior materials will lose their sanitary value, dirt will adhere, the appearance become uninviting—the piece lose its usefulness.

"TEPECO" Plumbing is china or porcelain, solid and substantial. Dirt does not readily cling to its glistening white surface, nor will that surface be worn away by scouring. A wise investment—beautiful one.

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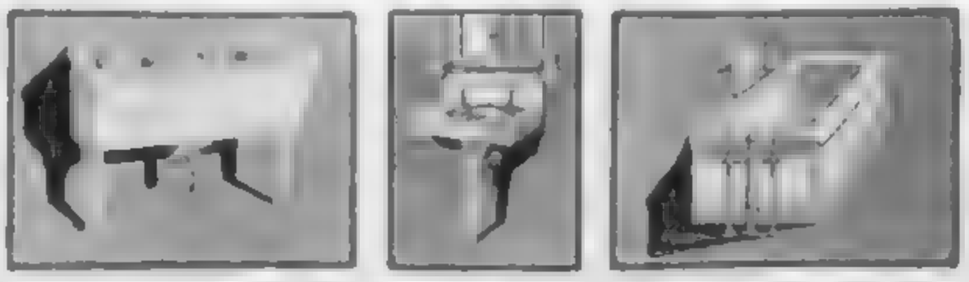

you happy, and if you want to marry this other fellow—well, I'm going to try not to be too unhappy."

And despite her protests and veiled apologies and kisses, for she saw her error too late to retract it, Kenneth left her to walk home in the early sultry morning, entirely conscience-stricken at what he had done, yet fairly sick with longing to have Gerry love him and be sure of herself! He still took her seriously!

His father and mother wondered at his white set face as he bade them good-by, and at the grouchy manner in which he answered Sally's questions. Something had gone wrong between himself and Geraldine they all knew.

"I feel as if I had said a last good-by to him," Densie told Sally as they drove home, John sitting in the front of the car busy with his own thoughts. "Did you notice how unnatural he seemed? He scarcely smiled, and his kisses were a pretense."

"Some quarrel with that girl," Sally said slowly, her lips curving in scorn. "We eat our hearts out at Ken's age over a lover's quarrel. Never mind, mummy, camp will set him right—and if it is a lasting quarrel, let us all give thanks."

"Indeed we will," Densie agreed. "Just drop me off here, Sally, that is a dear. I'll run in to headquarters to see how the world is prospering."

John tipped his hat to her as she did so. They had not spoken alone since Kenneth had been at home. Sally sank back in relief at having no one to whom she had to talk, and she said good-by to her father almost brusquely when he reached the hotel. She was afraid, since he was idle, that he would come inside to visit her. She wanted to go to her room and sob for sheer relief—her nerves had grown to demand it these days!

XI

SUNDAY Densie received a wire. She was expecting her usual day letter from the senator. So she did not open it before John, but waited until she went to her room.

A moment later John, who was figuring up the cost of farm implements and planting, heard a stifled cry.

He wondered if it was imagination; Densie never succumbed to emotion, her tears had been spirited away as had been her cabin fever. Nevertheless, he went to her door and rapped.

"John!" he heard her call as she had not called in years.

Opening the door he found her half lying, half kneeling beside her bed, the yellow paper drifting maliciously toward the carpet.

She pointed to it with a trembling inefficient hand. As he picked it up the printed words flared up at him as if imps lighted them from some magical apparatus to make each letter seem framed in fire. The message read:

"Your son Kenneth Plummer fatally wounded this morning. Was escaping guardhouse. Overstayed furlough."

John folded it methodically. Then he went to his wife and took her in his arms. Grief had released the pent-up emotion so long held in check and she clung to him helplessly.

"Dearest," he said gently, "shall we go?"

"Wire that I will come—wire we will come," she corrected. Then she sank down on the bed, her face buried in the pillows.

Shot while escaping the guardhouse—overstayed furlough—the words came and sat about her pillows; they were formed of jagged cruel letters, the words danced together sometimes in an incoherent mass and then danced back and separated into words or strung themselves out in a scraggly line or circled about in a whirl of tragic confusion.

She wondered if John would make all arrangements for them to go; she would rather remain here with these word phantoms to keep impressing on her what had happened—she would rather John went—he was the boy's father. How odd that she should suddenly think of him as being strong and capable; he had called her "dearest"—like a faint rose-scented echo of the past—and had asked her if they would go. The words were banding about her like mocking little devils; they fairly hissed their message. Her boy was dead. Murdered! She sat upright and beat her hands together senselessly. Escaping the guardhouse—her boy to escape punishment—no, worse than that—her boy to deserve punishment! There crept into her consciousness the memory of Geraldine Poole's selfish little face with the too closely set blue eyes and the heavy scarlet mouth. Overstayed his time. And he had barely said good-by to them. So that was the trouble—why the escaping? Even if he had deserved punishment, to try to evade it. There must be a mistake; surely there was some mistake.

John returned; he tiptoed clumsily as men do about a sick room.

"I have phoned for reservations—but I—I have no money."

He did not look at her.

She pointed to her purse.

"Will you go alone, John? I do not think I could bear it. I want to be here when he comes home for the last time."

Later in the afternoon she knew John set some tea beside her and asked if he should bathe her forehead with cologne, as he had done years and years ago. She said "Yes," and so he sat dabbling the handkerchief over the pitiful, quivering features and whispering to be brave—it was God's will. Poor John! That old, time-worn phrase of Aunt Sally's was all he could find in his own agony of mind and soul to offer by way of comfort—God's will!

"Have you told Sally?" she asked.

He nodded.

"And wired Harriet?"

"Yes. Lie still, dearest—unless you drink some tea."

"I wonder," she murmured, her eyes glazed and ominous, "I wonder if he suffered. Do you think he suffered, John?" She grasped his hand until it left a reddish mark

"We will soon know, my dear. Lie down and rest—lie down."

"It was that girl—that girl who killed him." She kept repeating this in a shrill tone. "She has murdered him."

Then she began to laugh and say it was all for the best, the trenches were so much worse, the letters and diaries which had come overseas told of such horrors—perhaps it was for the best. Did John understand what she was telling him? The agony of the trenches was spared their boy—but he had been murdered by a parasite—a rebel doll! She had made him overstay his time. Well, it was for the best—hadn't John told her it was God's will?—how comforting that was, after all! God's will! Was it not queer that she seemed to see her boy as a little fellow in kilts—plaid kilts and a ruffled white blouse and a black velvet cap—as he used to be when he tagged after her or tried to play with the girls and they complained of his being too much of a baby.

It was very queer that Sally did not come to her mother; did she not realize that her only brother was murdered? But he was spared the agony of the trenches! And she wanted John to write Dean Laddbarry, because Dean had always loved Kenneth, everyone was fond of him and so everyone would be glad he was spared the trenches.

He had said, so long ago, "I am going to be a captain, mummy." And now he was dead! He was standing close beside her—surely John could see—in that funny boy sweater of green and a bean button made from cigarette flags, and he was asking in his changing soprano-bass voice about a baseball game and what were the chances for a blueberry pie! Oh, yes, it was for the best—she wanted Geraldine to know, she wanted to see if she had really cared—but she would skulk like a guilty coward. And yet, her boy was spared the trenches.

After a long time she said more rationally, "If he had died a hero, had done what he longed to do—it—would not be so hard. But to be shot escaping the guardhouse—my boy. John, something tells me I must learn a great lesson from this death. That if he did not die for his country he shall not have died in vain. I shall take to myself the lesson, whatever it may be."

After John left for the night train Densie lay alone, staring into the darkness and seeing the words of the telegram dancing about in irregular confusion. She wondered why her daughter did not come to share her grief. Then she was roused by a ring of the doorbell.

She managed to answer it, thinking it was Sally. But it was a bell boy, agog with curiosity, holding out a silly little tray with a silly little note.

Densie took it mechanically. She supposed the boy must be normal, but he seemed to her to have a dozen grinning mouths and a dozen pairs of coarse black eyes peering rudely. She closed the door

(Continued on Page 41)

$1395
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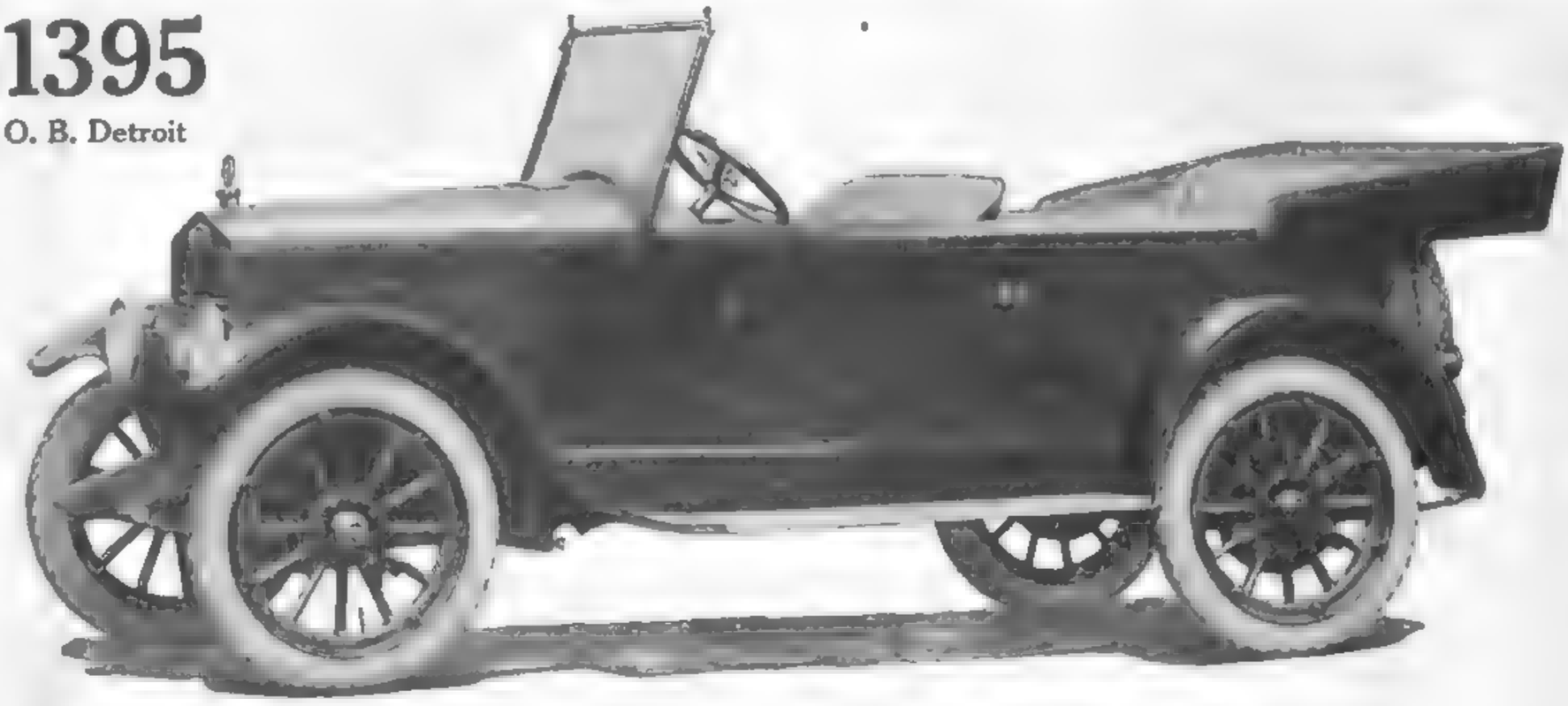

Why We Haven't Described the Essex

The New Light Weight Long Endurance Car

That Everyone Is Talking About

People ask when they see the Essex, "Why don't you publish descriptions and specifications?"

We answer, "The Essex speaks best for itself; come take a ride in it."

And thousands, tens of thousands, have accepted the invitation and are today telling their friends more enthusiastic things about the Essex than could be printed. It is so much more effective to have others do the praising.

It was our experience with dealers who came to the factory early last summer that decided us to advertise the Essex in this manner.

We didn't want to oversell them. So we just sent them out for a ride such as we knew would reveal a lot of Essex qualities. Then we let them tell us what they thought. They did the job so much better than we had been able to do it that we concluded the Essex would appeal to the public in exactly the same way.

All Motordom was Invited to Ride

And thousands have accepted. What they have said has been an almost word for word repetition of what the dealers said.

We want to be temperate in what we say for the Essex. So many extravagant claims have been made for cars that we knew our words had no chance against them. Such methods have cheapened the value of descriptive automobile advertising.

The Essex has qualities we knew would appeal and we knew it could speak for itself.

Here Is What People Are Saying

They are talking about its fine appearance and its easy riding qualities. They are comparing its performance with cars that cost twice as much. They are speaking of its comfort in seating arrangement and the pride of ownership that it inspires.

They have made it the most talked of car in years. It is the center of interest in every automobile show, in every automobile market. It is the leader in sales against any car that sells within hundreds of dollars of its price.

Thousands Wait for Delivery

Factory production is already up to a high mark for a new car, but orders now in hand exceed the output. Buyers' names are being listed so that each may get his car in his turn.

That there will undoubtedly be an Essex waiting list seems certain for months to come. The longer one delays in ordering, the longer will he have to wait for delivery.

Sales are running three to one against the supply.

ESSEX
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Artistic Roofs that are Low in Cost

For residences, bungalows, garages, fine stables and barns—in fact *any* steep-roofed building where a high-grade artistic roof is required, Barrett Everlastic Slate Surfaced Roofings are unsurpassed.

They are made of high-grade water-proofing materials covered with crushed slate in soft shades of either red or green

Their cost is low and their service very long

Made in three styles as follows:—

Everlastic Multi-Shingles

The newest thing in roofing—*four shingles in one.* Tough, elastic, durable. Surfaced with crushed slate in art-shades of red or green. When laid they look exactly like individual shingles and make a roof worthy of the finest buildings. Weather-and-fire-resisting to a high degree. Need no painting.

Everlastic Tylike Shingles

Same material and art-finish (red or green) as the Multi-Shingles, but made in individual shingles; size 8 x 12¾ inches. A finished roof of Tylike Shingles is far more beautiful than an ordinary shingle roof and, in addition, costs less per year of service.

Everlastic Slate-Surfaced Roofing

The most beautiful and enduring roll roofing made. Manufactured the same as the Everlastic Shingles, but comes in rolls. Surfaced with crushed slate in art-shades of red or green. Very durable; requires no painting. Nails and cement included in each roll.

We also manufacture a line of Everlastic "Rubber" Roofings for steep-roofed farm buildings, factories and smaller structures of all kinds. This roofing is tough, pliable, elastic and durable. The cost is very low.

For further information regarding the Everlastic line write nearest office for illustrated booklets, which will be mailed free on request.

The Barrett Company

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston Pittsburgh Detroit New Orleans Buffalo Minneapolis Kansas City Cleveland Milwaukee Peoria Seattle Bangor Washington Jacksonville Toronto Cincinnati Latrobe Bethlehem Birmingham Buffalo Baltimore

THE BARRETT COMPANY Limited
Montreal Toronto Winnipeg
Vancouver St. John, N. B.
Halifax, N. S. Sydney, N. S.

(Continued from Page 36)

and went back to her room to read the message. It was from Traynor, the hotel manager—a suave note which expressed all manner of sympathy and condolence to Mrs. Plummer, but he hoped that she understood the rules of the hotel and that she would not ask that they be broken; there were no funerals permitted.

No funerals from the hotel! Of course not, now that she thought of it. Hotels were places for transients and persons who desired no home. Her boy could not even come home for his last silent farewell. They had no home. She had, step by step, destroyed it. Was that the great lesson she must learn?

Later Densie received word from Harriet's hotel that Miss Plummer had suffered a nervous breakdown and was under a doctor's care; she could not bear the journey.

But it made little impression on Densie, though she began to realize that hotels are not for sick persons either. Only homes shelter the maimed, the young, the helpless, the failures—and welcome their own dead! And she had destroyed her home. She looked about in slow, bewildered fashion as if she were a stranger suddenly ensconced in the smart hotel rooms. She had no home. It was far better Harriet did not come. And Kenneth, her only son, must lie in some sleek chapel of an undertaker—as do the unidentified dead to whom the papers devote an obscure paragraph. No home—no home! But he was spared the agony of the trenches. Those two sentences ran a race in her tortured mind, first the home was winning, then the agony of the trenches ran beyond, threatening to win; then no home dashed up in triumph; then the other—and so on.

She tried to go to bed and rest and wonder vaguely what she would have done without John Plummer. John had no home either. Oh, they had strayed far, far from the cradle of civilization—the home. As she lay, dry-eyed and wide awake, she thought "Is the agony of the trenches worse than this?" She fancied the newspaper headlines "Densie Plummer's Son Shot—Deserting Guardhouse," the reporters crowding in on her; how she had grown to want them to crowd about and ask for interviews! What a boomerang! She could see the flowers, the senseless, overfragrant blossoms in fantastic shapes of pillows and stars and anchors and what not that would smother her boy's casket—the telegrams and telephones and messages of condolence from the world at large—they rose like more phantoms and joined the mocking words of the telegram. She would have to pay dearly for her fame! She could not grieve alone—in her own home with the common sacred friends of her common sacred life to help her through the trial. There were no common sacred friends. They, too, had left her. But she had John. No thought of the senator so much as crossed her mind.

Not until morning, which brought with it a graver, saner grief, did Densie remember the senator and wire him. She added "Do not come—wait until you hear from me." She felt it sacrilege to have this strange man of romance so much as touch her hand while her dead boy, John Plummer's son, lay above the ground—even though it be in some public chapel!

She gave a statement to the reporters in a stilted, controlled fashion. They referred to it as "Mrs. Plummer's wonderful self control already demonstrated in her battle for civic rights," and so on.

Then she sent for Geraldine Poole. She waited for her coming as a monarch does an arch traitor. She wanted to hear from the girl's lips the forced confession of her own perfidy and to call her the name she deserved. She had cast Sally from her thoughts; she seemed unimportant, as did Harriet. Only that long telltale box coming in the baggage car and Geraldine Poole's story mattered. Oh yes, John mattered; she wanted him to bathe her head with cologne and call her "dearest" again. And she could cry like a woman when John was near her. With the rest of the world she was the formal person of affairs, dry eyes and strained of expression.

John would have reached there by now, he would have heard details, be preparing to bring his son—not home, but "back"—that was the best they could say.

But only Mrs. Poole appeared to face Densie's storm of anger and reproach. She was red-eyed and tremulous, very, very afraid that her little girl had run off to camp and some unexplainable tragedy had happened. Oh, did Mrs. Plummer think that Geraldine was safe and unharmed?

Without warning Geraldine had taken a train Saturday night and left a note saying she would spend Sunday and Monday with Kenneth at camp, that she must explain something to him, something that worried her. Didn't Mrs. Plummer realize that she was only an impulsive baby thing and that she loved Kenneth better than anyone else in the world? Oh, Mr. Poole was very angry to think Kenneth had so great an influence over his only child that she would run away like a servant; he was certain Kenneth had arranged the trip and had coaxed her into agreeing. It had been a shameful thing to do, as if he just hadn't had a furlough and monopolized Geraldine entirely! At any rate Geraldine had gone to Kenneth's camp, and now she was beside herself with anxiety as to Geraldine's safety.

What a dreadful thing it was—Geraldine would never recover from the shock! She had no idea it was naughty to make him overstay his time—dear, no, Geraldine was the most patriotic little person in the world, always begging for the Red Cross and crying over the war films in the movies—she never realized that it was wrong to coax her fiancé to stay over a day or so—military life was terribly strict, wasn't it?

After which Mrs. Poole collapsed and thus extricated herself from further conversation. It was all a trick and cleverly done, because she did not dare to stand up beside this injured mother and try her feeble arguments and explanations.

"My son never asked her to visit him at camp. He would have insisted on a chaperon. If there was a misunderstanding it was of Geraldine's deliberate making; and in some fit of remorse—for Kenneth had promised her gold beads," she added with a little catch in her voice—"she simply lost her head and rushed down there. My son was pledged to serve his country first, not your daughter.

"No girl who has a man overstay his time is worthy of his attention or respect. It is feminine treason."

But Mrs. Poole was in the throes of fainting and saying very weakly "He was of age—and had a mind of his own "

To which Densie paid no attention.

"She coaxed him to overstay his time and he was put in the guardhouse. Undoubtedly he escaped to see this mad little creature, who ran down there to bring him to his death—he was infatuated and she knew it. She took advantage of his sincerity."

By this time Mrs. Poole had fainted all over, and there was nothing but a foolish contemptible little bundle to be carried out of Densie's apartment.

The truth would be told her by John; he alone knew why Kenneth had escaped the guardhouse.

The afternoon papers printed everyone's picture who was associated with the family. Geraldine's was in a wreath of ivy and entitled "Grief-Stricken Little Sweetheart Who Thoughtlessly Caused Kenneth Plummer's Death." And Densie was represented in one of her evening creations as "Well-Known and Brilliant Mother of Slain Youth."

Sally's picture was with Rex, taken on their honeymoon, and a long account of Harriet's brilliant statistical work took the place of her photograph. At the end of the story was the line, "John Plummer has gone to bring back the body."

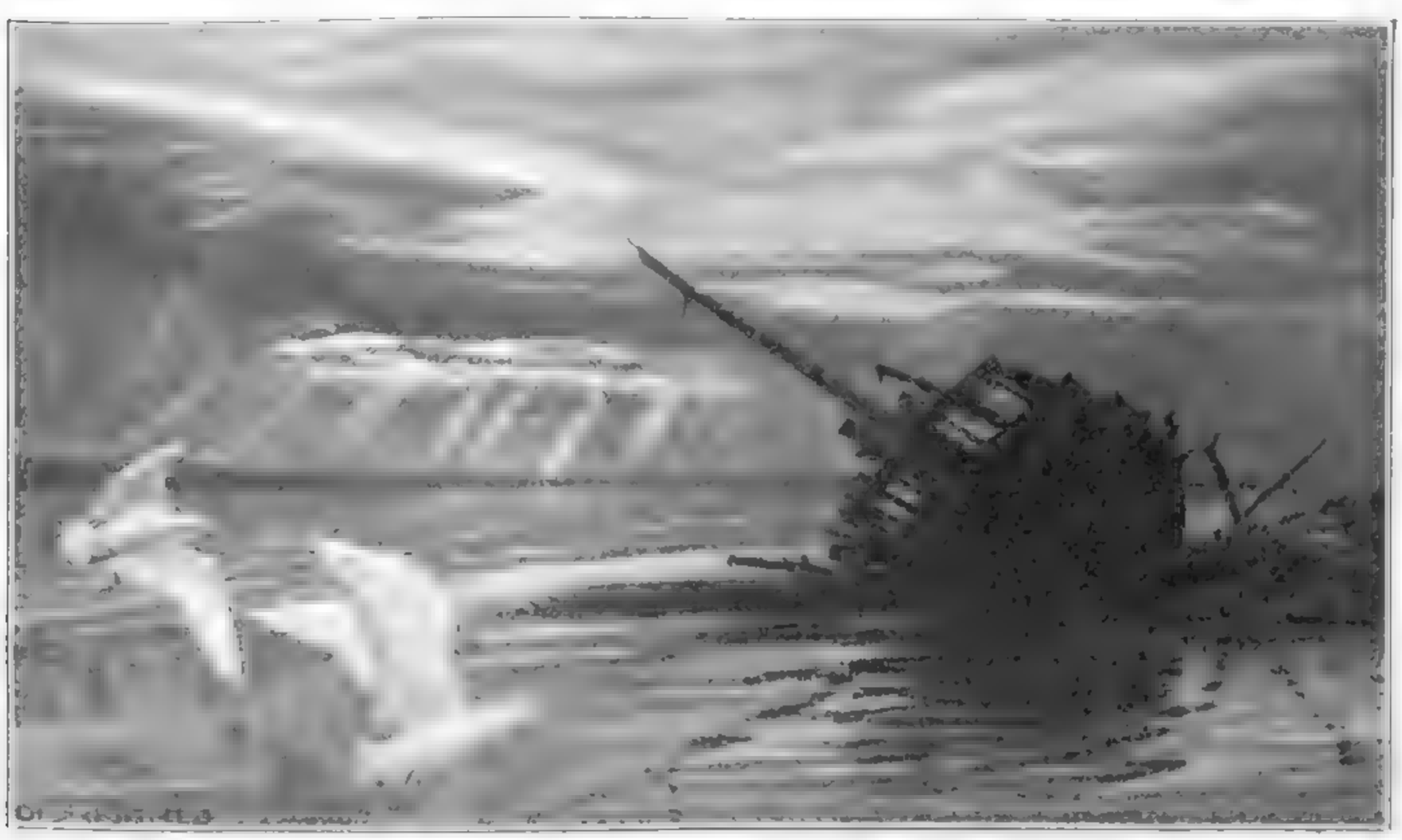
Early that evening Sally came to her mother. She carried heavily packed traveling bags.

"I could not come before," she said briefly, by way of explanation. "I had to be brave enough to come for all time. Now I have decided. Rex is away; he would have been with you at the outset with all the professional sympathy in the world." Her lips trembled with anger. "Mother—when is the funeral? And where is it? May I come home to stay?"

Densie felt as if she were being flayed.

"Oh, my little girl!" she said, holding out her arms. "Mummy will try to make a home for you all—but it will be too late for Kenneth!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



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BY FORCE OF ARMS

Continued from Page 4

half the normal—were insufficient to provide heat in the extremely cold and protracted winter.

Now Germany had been a coal-exporting country, coal had always been relatively cheap; and to have coal scarce and expensive provoked a bad reaction. The public never understood the reasons for the failure. They knew that the mines had been combed to fill the army, but they were unable to understand why an army that won victories every week had to be maintained at the expense of the coal supply. Nevertheless they accepted the explanations that the military demands for coal were enormous, that coal stood upon the same plane as shells, and that they must economize in coal just as they economized in iron and sugar, in order that munitions might be produced. Here again one marvels at the blind faith of the German people.

This was indeed a vicious circle. With progressive reduction in the supply of coal the people became more and more dependent upon clothing. With progressive thinning of garments the people became more and more dependent upon internal fuel. With increased consumption of body fat, with shivering skin in chilling rooms the restricted diet became more and more unsatisfying. Help in any one direction would have been felt in all three directions; but help came from no direction. It was the scarcity of coal and clothing that made the larger crop of 1918 smaller in the dynamic sense than the crop of 1917, because in spite of the lower body weight of the people—which in the fall of 1918 was with the industrial classes ten or even twenty per cent reduction—the heat demands, on account of the external environment, outweighed the increase in the crop. But this of course is a piece of scientific reasoning, in which the people did not participate.

Now the flat question may be stated: Was the collapse in October, 1918, a collapse of the military front or of the home front? Did the people cease to support the army because they were hungry, insufficiently clad and living in cold rooms, or did the collapse in the rear follow the collapse at the front? With fully adequate evaluation of the effects of hunger and cold and with every recognition of the efficiency of the blockade in paralyzing the industrial and economic operations of the land, the fact remains that the actual collapse at the time it occurred was military and not civilian.

Von Hertling, who has since gone to seek in another world that warmth of recognition that was not vouchsafed him in his capacity of Chancellor of the German Empire, retired the end of September. He was replaced by Prince Max of Baden, the last stalking-horse of the dynasty, but one who had at least a clear-cut policy. According to Prince Max and the group he represented Germany could have secured an honorable peace in 1916 or 1917 had she sincerely desired peace, had she been in earnest in her efforts at negotiation, had she accepted the statements of the Entente in a spirit of truth, had she been willing to offer terms that were not completely derogatory both to the self-respect and the national interests of the nations that opposed her. He felt that the nations at war believed the war would work into military deadlock, incapable of military decision but capable of diplomatic decision.

A Misleading Report

On entering office it was the policy of Prince Max to proceed to undertake negotiations for peace without annexation, in the belief that the military forces of Germany were capable of stalemate despite the enormous accretions provided by ten thousand men a day from the United States. Since the first day of the Allied offensive, July eighteenth, the German High Command had stated daily that their retreat was proceeding systematically, with the infliction of great losses upon the opposing armies, to a line where a stalemate would be accepted by the opposing armies. In an official document presented to the High Command by a naval board of survey in October, 1917, it was stated that the maximum number of troops that could be delivered from America by September 1, 1918, would be 275,000. Despite the facts that two million Americans were already in France, that they had proved themselves soldiers of capacity, officered in an amazingly competent manner and displaying in their operations with the British and French coöperation of the highest order, through the months of retreat in July, August and September the German High Command and all their technical advisers appeared fully convinced that at the proper time a deadlock would result with the present forces, just as it had occurred at the Hindenburg Line in 1917.

On the first of October Ludendorff took the ground from under the feet of Prince Max, and figuratively took his head off, with the flat and unanticipated demand that an armistice be applied for at once. His statement was that if an armistice was not secured at once the German Army would suffer a military disaster of unprecedented dimensions, a disaster in comparison with which—as one of the staff officers put it—"Sedan was a summer maneuver." This was a purely military opinion, and though it was opposed by some of the generals at the front it was accepted by Von Hindenburg and by the High Command as an expression of their faith in the judgment of Ludendorff as to the technical capacities of the opposing armies. Prince Max opposed the request for an armistice with the plea that after such a request there could be no negotiation, since an armistice meant surrender. To this the reply of Ludendorff was that the Germans had the choice between armistice and débâcle; that surrender through armistice would be less disastrous than a rout.

Ludendorff's Reversal

Upon the order of the High Command and the Emperor, the premier made the request for armistice. This request occasioned a greater sensation in Germany than in the countries of the enemies, whose peoples had been given to understand that the German military forces were being gradually beaten and could not long maintain effective opposition. To the German people the request was a stunning blow. Scarcely had the nation had time to orientate its thoughts to the new state of affairs when, a week later, Ludendorff suddenly reversed himself and stated that he had been mistaken, that the army could hold out through a defensive campaign, and desired that the request for armistice be withdrawn.

This Prince Max declined to do; it was too late. It was too late because the consciousness of the Entente and the United States in the hope of victory had been confirmed; it was too late because the home front had lost faith in the army. From this day on the armistice negotiations pursued their way. The German world is waiting for Ludendorff's explanation of his reversal. His friends excused his action as a blunder due to overwork; his enemies referred to his blunder as a streak of yellow.

No sooner had the request for armistice been announced and the German people fully realized the meaning of the situation than the nation reacted with great bitterness. To the last the people had faith in the army; the army lost faith in itself in the sense that the High Command lost faith in the soldiers. There is little to indicate that the soldiers had communicated misgivings to the civilians. It is true that there were many desertions during August and September. The reports from many army corps to Ludendorff indicated that the discipline of the army was lowered, in the sense that the men would not blindly follow orders to needless death. On the other hand the discussions since the armistice have brought out the belief of the lower commanders, the men who came in direct contact with the troops, that the power of the army to fight a defensive battle was fully maintained, though the iron discipline of the traditional German Guards had been severely shaken. Public opinion in Germany to-day does not believe that the collapse at the front was an expression of lack of faith in the army by civilians or the result of loss of morale in the rear upon the morale of the men at the front.

The first steps in the revolution originated in revolt by sailors against brutality by officers. When the army returned, after the downfall of the dynasty, it was the fashion to greet the returning soldiers as the undefeated heroes. This has since largely ceased, and recognition of defeat is

(Concluded on Page 45)

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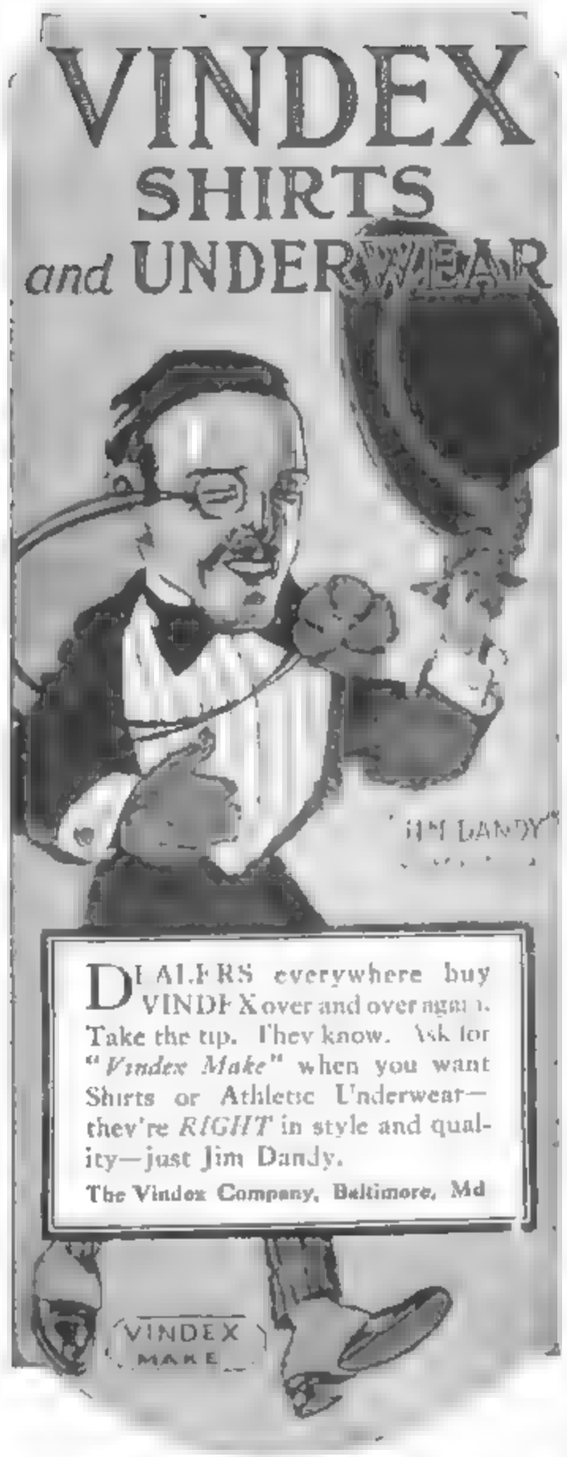
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(Concluded from Page 42)

becoming general. As an illustration may be cited the statement in one of the proclamations of the German Democratic Party that the "nation had suffered defeat by superior numbers."

So soon as the revolution was an accomplished fact the socialistic government increased the rations to the working classes. Despite this fact there arose the greatest dissatisfaction with the ration. Expressions of hunger are upon the lips of twenty million Germans, bitterness over the scarcity of clothing, violent crimination and recrimination over the failure of transportation and the shortage of coal. But the ration is better to-day than it was a year ago, and much better than during the summer.

One must not infer from the present bitterness of expression that a home collapse was communicated to the front. A nation does not collapse from hunger with a new crop in hand.

The General Staff's Publicity

In order to understand the complete change of position of the German people toward the food supply one must visualize their previous and present viewpoints toward the war. It is difficult for an American to realize the extent of the public machinery created by the German High Command for the deception of the German mind and the repression of individual judgment on the war. Every single phrase of the military communiqués, the reports from the sea, the discussions on the manufacture of munitions, the statistics of the crops, the figures for the rations, the utilization of raw materials, the securing of imports and their distribution, the blockade, the relations of different classes of the German people toward the war—every field of activity was included within the program of the propaganda of the High Command. Through the constant and minute utilization of every avenue of information and propaganda the people were kept in absolute conviction of the certainty of victory. Throughout this entire period every deprivation was considered a privilege. "*Durchhalten*" became the slogan of all Germans, and because of the absolute conviction of the certainty of victory they held out. Under these circumstances the progressive restrictions of the diet and the sufferings entailed thereby were accepted in a sacrificial spirit; they were the sacrifices of the home, and comparable to wounds, blinding, gassing and death on the front—all for the sake of ultimate victory.

The first questioning on the part of the common soldier as to the truthfulness of the official statements apparently occurred in 1918. Through the capture of supplies by the Germans in their successful advances during March and April the German soldiers became convinced that what had been told them of the success of the submarine could not be harmonized with the apparently boundless supplies possessed by the Allied armies. When therefore the counter attack of July eighteenth developed week by week into the irresistible assault that drove back the German line kilometer after kilometer, the German soldier became convinced that he had been deceived.

To what extent deceived he was not able to say; but this first shaking of his confidence was the cause of the failure in iron discipline whose absence, together with deficiency in munitions and other technical equipment, had caused Ludendorff to anticipate a catastrophic defeat.

The German Revolution

When now, after having had the retreat from July eighteenth until the thirtieth of September explained as a strategic design to lure the unsuspecting British, French and Americans to even greater destruction, the people of Germany heard that a request had been made for an armistice they also realized that they had been made the victims of an official propaganda of falsehood. In a day the nation was disillusioned as to victory and realized that nothing but defeat faced them. Under these circumstances it was not to be wondered at that a revolution occurred so promptly; that two days before the armistice was signed a new government de facto had been set up in Germany and the military dynasty, rule and prerogative had lost control.

This was largely the result of the quick-witted seizing of the governmental machinery by the Socialists in the moment of indecision that followed the complete disillusionment of victory. It is to-day the frank statement of the Socialists who organized the revolution that a very small percentage of the people of Germany was able to turn the entire nation against the emperor and the military dynasty through exploitation of the dismay, disillusionment and apathy into which the people had been suddenly plunged.

At once the ration that was acceptable and bearable as an act of sacrifice became a positive suffering. There is a fanaticism in the nature of the German, a quality of which traces have appeared throughout the history of the race and which was cultivated assiduously by the late militaristic dynasty. This fanaticism enabled the Germans to bear semistarvation, upheld by the conception of Mittel-Europa, for the sake of "Hamburg to Bagdad"; just as the southwestern Indian fasts for days in order to pay tribute to the gods of his tribe. But just as the Indian gives up his sacrifices and self-immolation as soon as he loses faith in his pagan deity, so the German, as soon as he was disillusioned of his hope of victory, found unbearable the diet that he had been able to endure with more or less complacency so long as it represented a sacrifice for the future. It was all a question of motivation: "*Durchhalten*" with the motive of world domination; instant collapse the moment that hope disappeared.

Lately books are appearing in Germany dealing with the deception of the people by their government during the war. These treatises are of two kinds: One variety is filled with sophomoric sentimentality of the Rathenau type, liberally sprinkled with crocodile tears; the other contains analyses of the deception of the German people written exactly as the biologist would describe the anatomy of the frog.

Throwing Up the Sponge

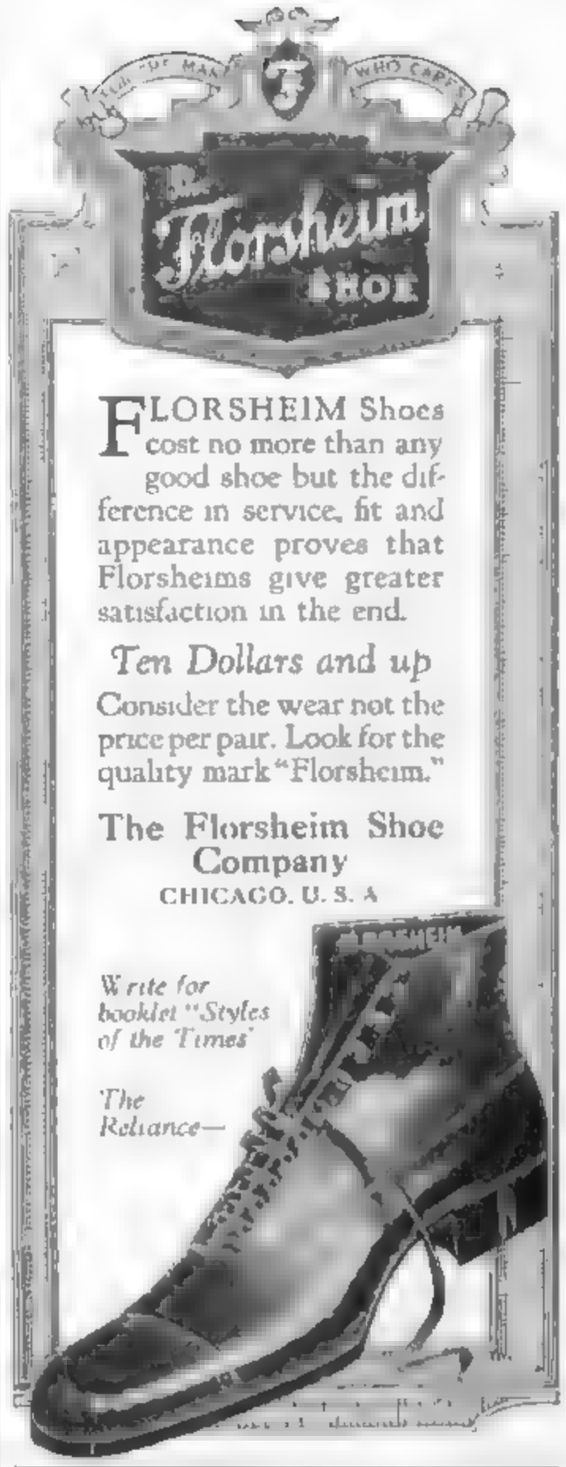
Of course in the indirect sense one can reason very plausibly that hunger alone made possible a military collapse; that if the German soldier had been better fed he would have fought better, though there is little evidence that he did not fight valiantly even to the last. One might say that if the civilian population had been fat they would not have accepted the realization of military defeat so instantly and completely as was the case in their emaciated and impoverished condition.

One could also say that if they had had warm clothing the two or three hundred calories per man per day lost through insufficient clothing, translated into terms of material equipment, might have meant a break-through to the Channel ports in May or the capture of Paris in June of last year.

Of course all the deprivations of the civilians were of influence on the civilian power of production and resistance; and indirectly upon the fighting spirit, morale and equipment of the military forces. But in the direct sense, at the time, the collapse was a military collapse; it was not hunger in the home that caused the army to behave in such a way as to lose the confidence of the High Command. The simple truth of the matter is that the Allied armies had reached a plane in equipment, man power and staff work that was superior to the equipment, man power and staff work of the German Army.

The retreat was a military defeat. Whether the German High Command elected to seek suspension of military operations before a crushing field defeat occurred, in order that the greater losses of such a field defeat might be avoided, is of no consequence in the discussion. When the seconds of a groggy prize fighter throw up the sponge to save the man from a knock-out blow, that is the equivalent of the knock-out; and there will be little time wasted on discussions as to whether the defeated man was underfed or overtrained.

The armistice sprang from the realization of military inferiority, actual and potential, present and menacing. It is the merest justice to the peoples of the Entente and the United States, who marshaled the resources and forces of their respective countries in the direction of an irresistible military program, to have it fully realized by the people upon both sides of the great war that the Germans were defeated and not starved out. Had the German Army held at the Hindenburg Line we should be fighting to-day.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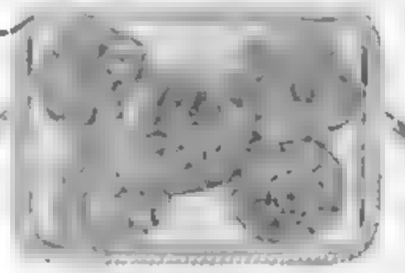

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WITH THE ARMIES ON THE RHINE

(Continued from Page 9)

Lens-Valenciennes mines. Further, it is likely that they can never be fully restored to their old productivity. In the Lens region the shafts can never be pumped out; to get at the measures the French must sink new shafts, create new workings. Now in the older and deeper mines of this region the shafts, so to speak, paid for themselves as they went down. They were sunk to the higher levels. These were worked out; a little more shaft was sunk and the next measure worked out: and so on. In many of the deeper mines it is a question whether the cost of sinking shafts to the present low levels would not be so great in proportion to the return as to be prohibitive. Germany, by every consideration of justice, should restore to France the coal she has lost through organized German official vandalism.

But many Frenchmen go farther than that. Germany, they say, held the sword over their heads for forty-five years because of her superiority in coal and iron. She could manufacture munitions of war more cheaply and abundantly than any other nation except England—which did not especially care about making munitions. To keep pace with the supply which she knew Germany was piling up, France had to strain every nerve, and even then she could never compete in quantity with Krupp's. It was German superiority in munitions more than in military tradition or in men which made her so dangerous in the early years of the war, which enabled her to hold out so long.

France has the iron back, or will have it when she takes permanent possession of Lorraine. But how can she smelt it, how can she be ready to meet Germany in another war if she remains a debtor nation in the item of coal? In this war she had England to supply that vital necessity from her full veins. But though France hopes for a permanent entente with Great Britain, she is still cynical enough to acknowledge the possibility that Britain might not stand behind her in case of another assault from Germany. They hold that the best guaranty against German aggression of the Continent is the permanent possession by France of enough coal and iron to secure her national defense.

The Boundary Line of 1814

Now the basin fringing the Saar River contains a deposit of first-class coal, which Germany worked before the war to an output of 17,000,000 tons a year, and which could be made to produce, with development, a yield even greater. Germany had so much coal that she never forced any one deposit. This field is on the northern border of Lorraine; in fact, enough of it to yield nearly 8,000,000 tons a year lies within the frontier of 1870.

Now the country lying just north of Lorraine, as Lorraine stands to-day, and including the Saar Basin, was in times of old wars, kingships and revolutions always a disputed ground between France and the Germanic states or duchies—there was no German Empire in those days. In special, the district about Saarlouis was taken over by the Grand Monarch, Louis XIV. There was a frontier of 1814 farther into German territory than the frontier of 1870. It was in the year 1814 that the Holy Alliance settled accounts with Napoleon, and took away this strip, adding it to the Palatinate, then a Germanic state, and afterward, until 1918, a duchy of the German Empire.

If France gets the frontier of 1814 from the Peace Conference she gets also most of the Saar Basin. But not all. In the days of the Grand Monarch the age of steam had not arrived nor yet the age when economic considerations governed diplomacy. The frontier that existed before 1814 was drawn straight through the coal beds. If we reconstitute that line we find another thing greatly to the detriment of France. That coal bed dips from north to south. On the German side of the 1814 line the coal lies close to the surface and is therefore more cheaply and easily worked. On the French side it lies deep. From all these considerations has arisen a modification of policy. Let us, say certain of the French, have the frontier of 1814, but rectified. Let us bulge it out to cover the whole Saar field, and give Germany, as compensation, equal areas inside of that line, but outside of the coal beds.

This policy would put under French rule more than half a million people who have lived as subjects of the Germanic Palatinate since 1814 or even earlier, and who are mostly of Germanic stock. However, there is this to be said in behalf of the French claim: The people would probably not be so antagonistic to alien rule as those farther north. Saarlouis, for example, is full of relics and memories of France, and there is a respectable infusion of old French blood. The Grand Monarch himself came from Versailles to dedicate the town hall, and presented it with a set of furniture which still serves for meetings of the town council. Ney, marshal of Napoleon, was born there. Since the French came in, some of the inhabitants have dug from hiding places copies of an old list of Napoleon's officers and soldiers who came to his forces from the town.

Historical Arguments

Stating merely the impressions of a tourist I may say that I did not find there the atmosphere of smoldering hate which was remarkable in most other districts of the south bank. The inhabitants received us if not with enthusiasm at least with courtesy and curiosity. They came in mobs to gaze at the tires on our automobiles, rubber tires having vanished from the district for nearly four years. The children followed us everywhere in a clamorous, good-natured procession.

The one sign of hate that I saw at Saarlouis deserves recording. As we moved down a narrow street toward the birthplace of Ney, the procession still bubbling at our heels, I observed a small Gretchen, with two flaxen braids down her back, standing still and facing us in the middle of the pavement. When we came near she piped up into our faces the one word "Schwein" and ran away so fast that she cast one wooden shoe.

At this moment when our President is playing the game for us with a depth of information which no mere journalist can match, the patriotic course is to advance no personal opinion on this Saar Basin claim or on the larger left-bank proposal.

The Saar Basin is to the rest of the left bank as a county to a principality. Just now certain French conservatives are putting forward the historical argument, which is best set forth in a recent work by Madelin, the eminent modern historian of the French Revolution.

Americans are inclined to be impatient of historical arguments, but they cut a little more figure in Europe, with its love for tradition and old sanctions. The claim goes back to Charlemagne, emperor of the Franks, that northern tribe which, infused with the Gallic and Roman elements, made the French nation. Aix-la-Chapelle was his capital, and this same left-bank region the heart of his empire.

Further, the stretch of river just below Alsace was frequently in French hands, as old monuments show, during the reign of the Louis.

The practical considerations that govern this policy are first, the question of national defense and second, the question of collecting the bill. An unlucky fate has placed upon the borders of France the most productive part of Germany—and war, as the experience of the past four years has shown, is become a matter less of valor and military skill than of production. The same fate has placed the capital of France, in which she is so strongly centralized, within easy striking distance of this district, whereas the present capital of Germany is tucked safely away in the remote hinterland.

Paris is all the more vulnerable now that siege guns are shooting seventy miles and bombing aircraft traveling at a hundred miles an hour. For her own protection they say the border should be shifted northward; and the Rhine, almost as mighty a river as the Hudson or the Columbia, is in itself a fortress which as a means of military defense no invention of man can equal.

(Continued on Page 48)

There are definite reasons for the difference in the way the Liberty rides and drives.

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In the scientific balance of the mechanism, in the accurate workmanship, in the perfection of its design are reasons for the warm regard in which the Liberty is held by its owners.

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Liberty Motor Car Company, Detroit

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In the Quaker Flour Mills we conduct test bakeries to which visitors are welcome.

People who do come are amazed to discover a superlative grade of white bread. And the baker gladly tells how he gets it.

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They adopted a formula which requires the discarding of 50 per cent of the wheat kernel. They use just the choicest part.

The Flour is made in model mills, with up-to-date equipment. Chemists analyze it, bakers are there to test it. So hour by hour the Flour is watched in a scientific way.

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The Quaker Oats Company

Quaker Flour Mills

Akron, Ohio — Cedar Rapids, Iowa — (3047)

Peterborough, Ontario — Sudbury, Ontario — Saskatoon, Saskatchewan

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In the matter of the bill: Omitting the question of making Germany pay out-and-out war expenses to the Entente Allies, it has become a question in many minds whether she can even pay for the damages, direct and remote, which she has inflicted on the world by her burst for empire. If she cannot pay in money, say Frenchmen of this school of thought, she can at least pay in territory.

These people have not exactly drawn their northwestern line, but the most extreme among them, I believe, have included in their claims the territory clear up to the Holland border and near to the river mouth, which would comprise the great city of Cologne. It is all, in fact, a little hazy just now, at least in the popular mind. There is nothing hazy, however, in any of the mental processes of the positive M. Clemenceau. He doubtless has his own program and will put it forth at the proper time—perhaps before this is printed.

A more moderate left-bank party demands simply the neutralization of that territory—forbid Germany to fortify the district or to maintain in it any garrisons. Along with this goes a demand for German coal on such terms as shall supply first the deficiency caused by the destruction of the Lens-Valenciennes mines, and secondly shall enable her to create a reserve against a new war forced by Germany. When it comes to reparations and indemnities, if Germany pays in the regular and sanctioned way the Rhine region, and especially the left bank, will do most of the paying anyway. It is *par excellence* the productive part of the empire. Prussia, of the sand dunes and scattered pines, grew rich and proud not so much by her own resources as by drawing on the wealth of this district.

Finally, in this moderate program comes the question of the Rhine itself, that greatest developed waterway of the world. Flowing in most of its course through Germany the lords of Prussia have seen to it that not even a non-German rowboat should navigate it without special permission. We, with the mighty Mississippi in our midst, have a coastwise shipping law which prevents vessels of foreign register from trading between port and port. A foreign vessel, however, is free to sail from its home port to any port on the Mississippi, there to discharge cargo. The Germans made not even that legal concession. Moreover, we hold the banks of the Mississippi from source to mouth. Switzerland lies along the upper reaches of the Rhine, which is navigable clear up to Basel.

A Stake of Empire

And now, when France takes permanent possession of Alsace, she herself will have a strip of the left bank. The Rhine, the French say, must be—probably it will be—internationalized. By that policy, curiously, neutral Switzerland will profit more, much more, than any of the victors in this war. Forced for her cheap water transportation to pay any discriminating carrier rates that Germany might wish to impose, she was held in commercial slavery to her gigantic neighbor. With a free Rhine a Swiss merchant marine becomes possible.

More, indeed, may follow. It is quite feasible to run across Switzerland a canal connecting the Rhine with the Rhone, which traverses France and empties into the Mediterranean at Marseilles. With this waterway completed there would be direct inland water communication via Switzerland between the North Sea and the Mediterranean.

Finally, there is another proposition; this one may not be entirely at variance with the wishes of the millions who inhabit the left bank of the Rhine—I shall discuss their feelings later—it is to make of this district a neutral state or a series of neutral states, the neutrality guaranteed by the Powers, as was that of Belgium. This state would be forbidden to arm or to fortify; and it might be held under some kind of tutelage until the German debt was paid.

And what a stake of empire it is, that river Rhine! I have in my mind's eye two pictures of it. The first I caught when, having crossed out of the Saar country, we traversed the hills and saw rolling before us the stretch of its valley from Ludwigshafen to Worms. I could think of nothing to express it better than the stock adjective of the land boomer—"imperial." It spread away to the hills in gentle undulations, giving the impression of an earth made to bear crops, as a coolie is made to bear burdens. In the sunshine of that clear winter day its banks were fringed as far as the eye could reach with factories, wharves and warehouses, wharves, warehouses and factories. In a forty-mile run along its banks we seemed never out of sight of great stone smokestacks.

Again, when General Mangin went down the river from Mayence to dedicate the new pontoon bridge at St. Goar we were allowed to join his party and to follow him in a little American-built submarine chaser. Descriptions of that classical trip down the castled Rhine are old stories of travel. Besides, a snowless January is a poor time to see a picturesque country. Therefore I shall spare the scenery. Indeed, through most of the trip a winter mist hung over the hills where the castles are.

In one sense I was rather glad of that. It blotted out the distractions, and watching the nearer banks one got an impression of its richness and its industrial uses. Here again the improvements seemed almost continuous. Along this river, indeed, Germany has installed harbors that compare favorably in docking space, warehouses and all facilities with her great sea-coast harbors. And as General Mangin, a born Lorrainer, pointed out, she has done it all since she stole Lorraine—and mostly from the indirect profits of her theft.

Some Military Personages

The dedication of that bridge is worth a digression. St. Goar lies, split in two by the river, at the foot of cliffs. The stream is perhaps six hundred yards wide at this point, and the current is very swift. Here during the war the Germans tried to build a pontoon bridge, and gave it up as an impossible job. From the beginning of the war the French engineers had prepared a pontoon to bridge the Rhine—when they should arrive there. They took especial pride in stretching it at this point.

As we approached, the bugles of an infantry regiment signaled our coming by a fanfare. Then we saw the three central spans suddenly detach themselves and glide upstream, rowed by French engineers who sat in the pontoons and worked long sweeps like the oars of galley slaves. Through the gap our three chasers slipped, being much saluted. Besides the regiment of infantry and a detachment of cavalry, no less than four generals were waiting for Mangin, whose Tenth Army holds this district. Conspicuous among them for looks and rank stood old Fayolle, commanding the whole group of armies which holds the Rhineland for the French.

America, I suppose, knows less of Fayolle than he merits. Just as Foch did before his elevation, he has played a thinking part on the French General Staff—a chessmaster of war. He is a tall, pale old man with a round, intellectual head, a powerful mouth which finishes in a swollen lower lip, and a pair of large, deep-set, thoughtful eyes. He stoops a little; were it not for the power in his face one would pick him for a scholar rather than a soldier. Marchand, he of the Fashoda incident, is of another type—the straight, clean-cut, handsome soldier of a young maid's imagination.

But Mangin's was the face you lingered on in that crowd. He is little, lean, dark. He wears his iron-gray hair like Hindenburg's, pompadoured and cut horizontally across the top. His jaw and chin are square; one would say that after the sculptor molded his face in clay he hit it above and below with a board. His eyes are dark hazel, and they burn in his head like two coals—and snap like coals when he smiles, which is often. On both sides of his aquiline nose run deep wrinkles, dug by the sun and by thought rather than by age; and there are more wrinkles in his lean cheeks. His iron-gray mustache droops over a gash of a mouth, and when he laughs you see the short stubby teeth that go with a fighting man. On his right arm he wears five stripes for the wounds he has taken in this war—he will try to get himself killed, his staff says.

He is the leader of those colonial and colored shock troops who have been in the first wave of all French advance in this war—Notre-Dame de Lorette, the Somme, the Champagne, Verdun, the Battle of Liberation. His white, brown and black devils, with our own Americans, were waiting in the passes of Lorraine to give the *coup de grâce* to Germany in case the armistice negotiations failed. If you asked him

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he would probably say that it was a mistake letting the boche off so easily as that. For the rest he dresses in a uniform as simple as regulations allow, walks with a brisk, light little step, and has perfectly positive views on everything.

By the time the military band had rendered the Sambre et Meuse and the Marseillaise, by the time the staffs, naval and military, had exchanged formal French greetings—the rowers had drifted the two open spans downstream, and had given a pretty exhibition of anchoring in place against a strong current. A bugle blew from the opposite bank; cavalry and infantry, who had been resting in place devouring with their eyes this galaxy of military stars, whipped their pieces to salute; and the official party, in order of rank, marched across the bridge.

Then occurred a pretty maneuver. A modern pontoon bridge, as unmilitary readers may not know, rests on a series of heavy bargelike boats, anchored. The bows and sterns of these boats protrude from both sides of the runway which crowns it. In each bow and stern sat two oarsmen, in newly painted French helmets and freshly issued uniforms. As Fayolle, senior officer present, started forward the bugle blew another command. And suddenly all the oarsmen "tossed" their heavy twelve-foot oars—brought them to perpendicular, and stood at attention beside them.

The Cringers and the Haters

On the German side the town clings to a shelf between the river and a cliff. Beside the cliff waited a group of fifteen or sixteen village dignitaries, waiting for General Mangin; it seems that the French were only now taking possession of that part of the town.

Much as I dislike to say anything against a thoroughly beaten enemy I am forced to repeat that the modern German at home is not pretty. Any group of French or Italian small-town dignitaries will show several faces of distinction, whether they have it or no. The countenances here were of two types—the weasel face and the fat face. Probably it was a mere coincidence, but all the weasel-face men removed their hats as soon as Mangin hove into sight and during the subsequent interview held them most painfully a few inches above their slightly bowed heads, while all the fat-face men kept their hats on and glared.

The burgomaster answering Mangin's courteous but businesslike questions about living conditions and food supplies for the inhabitants looked as though he expected momentarily to have some dreadful thing happen to him. On the extreme end of the line stood a gentleman so fascinating that I found myself craning backward to look at him as we turned away. He had a large barrel of a body, clad in a long frock coat. From its cut and from the manner in which its buttons strained at the buttonholes I judge that he got it in his slender youth. Across his abdomen he had folded a pair of large hands. From below the skirts of the coat emerged two bow legs with sprung knees. His head and face, built on the pattern of a pear, were crowned by a little round hat. He wore spectacles with very thick lenses, and behind them his steady eyes looked a steady stream of hate at the conqueror. Just as he stood, he would have made a Punch cartoon.

I found those two types everywhere—the cringers and the haters. Also, to make the record complete and truthful, I must say that I found also a class of people who fulfilled their duties toward us simply and with considerable dignity, in view of the situation. Occasionally, too, I met courtesy which had nothing cringing about it; simply the natural attitude of a well-bred person toward another human being.

Attending a symphony concert in Wiesbaden, that pleasure city of the old régime, I tried to identify the selection on the program. The German next to me saw my perplexity, leaned over, set me right in French—and made no further attempts to carry on a conversation. In Mayence—that was the birthplace of printing—is the Gutenberg collection. The custodian, just recently out of the army, received me with rather cool courtesy until he saw that I was genuinely interested in the means Gutenberg used to cast the first type. Then he warmed up and talked with enthusiasm on his hobby—art printing. However, these were the exceptions.

The hate seemed spotted, according to the communities, I felt. In one place the inhabitants, even to the children, would pass by our loathed uniforms without seeming to see us at all; though women of the people occasionally muttered "Swine!" Once a woman scurrying round a corner came upon us suddenly. She clapped her handkerchief to her eyes in order to shut out the sight. I have seen a whole boys' school, just streaming out for recess, spit on the ground almost in unison as the cars went by.

Again we would come into a town where they seemed to look at us with a frank and not unfriendly curiosity, and would crowd the cars and make advances toward acquaintance. There seemed no rime or reason about it; I encountered both hostile towns and friendly towns in the French, the American and the British zones of occupation.

At times they managed to make one rather uncomfortable. An incident of the kind, so subtle that it is hard to convey the full impression, happened at Mayence. The town supports a very good stock opera company which tackles anything from Lohengrin to Viennese musical comedy. One night we all attended the Adam musical version of If I Were King. Most of us were in uniform—French, British or American. There was a mix-up about seats; during the first act I stood in a side aisle near the front of the house. Just before the curtain rose for the second act, and while the audience were scurrying toward their seats, one of the party halfway across the house noticed a vacant place beside him and called to me. As gaining that seat meant crawling over about sixteen people already seated I gestured a refusal. He did not understand, and called again. Now at the same moment, the audience being in the flutter which precedes settling down, half a dozen other people were doing the same.

But I suppose that the sound of the most-hated English tongue to those German ears pierced the clamor of the audience as the first violin pierces an orchestra. For suddenly every other voice stopped, and his last word or two became perfectly audible. He noted the silence, turned round to see what was the matter, and found every eye fixed on him. Even the conductor of the orchestra had turned round and was pretending that he was holding the overture until that person settled himself. My friend dropped as though shot, blushing. The house whispered behind its hand, and the conductor, his manner seeming to say "We have order at last!" waved his baton for the opening strains. Deliberately, and as though the audience had rehearsed it all beforehand, we had been made to look horribly conspicuous.

A Comedian on Guard

The French on their side are doing the job in their zone with an air of cold, detached justice tempered with mercy. For the greater part the French poilu has the same manner as the inhabitants—he goes about his business without seeming to see them. "We do not want to be here," says the manner of the French. "We come to do an act of justice. We do not like you, but we will show you that a conquered country can be held without cruelty or theft!"

However, the Frenchman is above all things an individualist; and here and there in the cafés of the French zone, where one gets much good music and a little very bad beer, you would see a horizon-blue uniform in the midst of a family group.

There is, however, one affinity stronger than national hatred or memory of old wrongs; it is that which exists between the soldiers of any nation and the children of any nation. The German child and the French poilu fraternize often in a manner most shameless. One evening I passed a certain French town major's office at an hour when, I take it, the officers had all gone to dinner, else these unmilitary and undignified events would not have happened. Two or three privates stood about the steps, and a lone sentry was walking his beat before the building. That man was a natural comedian, and he was plying his art, while guarding the property of France, for the delight of a crowd of children which grew until he must have drawn in the end a house of at least three hundred.

First he did a burlesque march, bowing his legs, stamping his feet and looking terribly fierce. Then he held his unoccupied left hand over his head—all the time patrolling his beat at quick-step—and pretended that he held something between his thumb and finger.

"*Chokolat,*" he said. "*Chokolat, chokolat!*" clamored the children, who knew just as well as he did that it was only a pretend.

"Now catch it!" he said, and pretended to throw it into his audience. A wild scramble followed; when it untangled itself nearly every little Heinie in the crowd was pretending that he was the winner, and was eating imaginary chocolate. Then, the children having crowded up too close for the proper performance of his duties as a sentry, he pretended that he was an ogre and made a fierce play of driving them back with his bayonet. One little girl refused to run away. Very deftly, considering that he could use only one hand, he hoisted her onto his shoulder, and gave her a ride through two turns of his beat. When I moved away he performed a dramatic start, put down the little girl, and played I was a general, doing a most elaborate salute and ending with the goose step, to the unbounded joy of his audience.

French Martial Law

General Foch laid down at the very beginning of the armistice the rules and regulations for the conduct of the civilian population and for the government of political and economic affairs. Those rules, I suppose, had long been drawn up by the French staff in anticipation of this event; and the machine was in operation in the French, American, British and Belgian zones within a week after the armies took possession.

The work of military government is in the hands of a department of the General Staff, with representatives in all of the administrative "circles" into which the occupied territory has been divided. So far as is consistent with good order and the safeguard of our interests the actual work of government is left to the German authorities.

Here the Allies struck a quandary at the very beginning. In the month before they entered, the German revolution had occurred. In many towns, though not in all, the councils of workingmen and soldiers had seized the power. The French, who want above all things in this crisis to deal with a stable government, decided not to recognize these councils, as being too uncertain of tenure. They do business only with the authorities which existed before the revolution—the appointees of the old central government and the burgomasters and town councils elected by the people.

Incidentally all the French officers with whom I talked gave the same opinion of these two powers. They find the imperial authorities very hard to deal with. Brought up on the old German idea, they seem to act not for the good of the people but vaguely for the good of that old Berlin government which probably does not exist any longer. Further, they have earned the reputation of being tricky in their dealings. The burgomasters and town councilors on the other hand are usually inclined to act for the good of their people, and have won much more respect from the French.

The minor activities of local government are allowed to proceed much as before the armistice; the civil and criminal courts are German, and so are the police forces.

When it came to the matter of regulations for the conduct of the inhabitants the legislators of Foch's staff took into account German character. If the régime were made too soft, the Germans, brought up to respect only force, would have contempt for their conquerors. So the rules were drawn rather strictly. No one might be out-of-doors without special permit after nine in the evening. No one might travel from community to community without special permit. No public assemblies might be held without military license, and so on. Then, as circumstances showed that this or that rule was working hardship, it could be relaxed by special order without violating the principle. For example: Though the nine o'clock rule still held in many communities, in others the authorities were permitting the inhabitants to be about until ten or half past. Again, where many workmen live in one community while their work lies in another the authorities make a general exception to the no-travel rule.

Economic control is, of course, vastly more difficult, especially considering the wealth and productiveness of this district.

(Concluded on Page 53)

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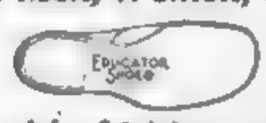

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WHEN he discards his army togs and his good old wide-toed army shoes, give him a pair of Educators.

Because Educators will keep on giving him that splendid comfort, and at the same time will satisfy his desire for a good-looking shoe.

For Educators are built to let the feet grow as they should—the same as the army shoe. And they also have good-looking shapeliness.

Get the whole family into Educators. In buying, look on the sole for Educator. There is no protection stronger than this trademark. It means that behind every part of the shoe stands a responsible manufacturer.

A Book for Foot Sufferers

Send for this free book of surprising facts "Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet." Write a postcard for it today.

RICE & HUTCHINS, Inc.
14 High Street Boston, Mass.

Makers of the famous All-America Shoe for Men—"The Shoe that's Standardized"

RICE & HUTCHINS
EDUCATOR SHOE

CARLISLE

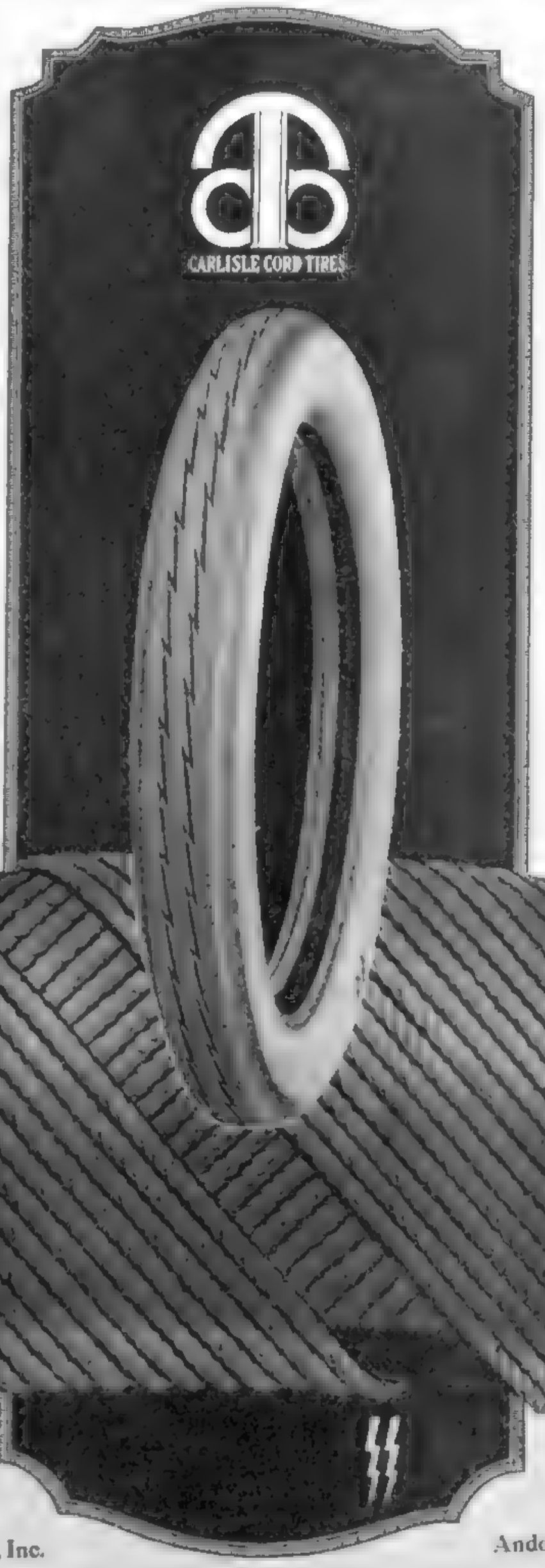
A Tire Built of Unbroken Strands of Sturdy Rope—Tensile Strength 235 Pounds—(Ordinary Tire Machines Could No More Build this Tire than a Sewing Machine Could Weave Silk)

SOMETHING astonishing in tires has come. It came 18 months ago and it made good.

Its name is Carlisle, and it is made, not of fabric or of the ordinary cord, but of sturdy rope. A single strand withstands 235 pound test for breaking resistance.

This rope is insulated, and by means of special machines (exclusive property of the Carlisle Cord Tire Company) formed into a tire carcass. Every strand is separated from its neighbors and is under perfectly uniform tension.

Needless to say, no other maker can create this tire. There is only one Carlisle Tire.



One of the amazing features of the Carlisle Tire is its friction strength. A pull of 100 pounds is required to separate the layers of rope (against 18 to 30 pounds in the ordinary tire).

Carcass heat is abolished. Carlisle Tires are cool at 60 miles an hour.

Blowouts, tread separation, weak carcass, and such tire troubles are practically unknown.

Gasoline mileage is increased about 25 per cent owing to the great resilience of Carlisle Tires.

Retreading is advocated, never discouraged.

The Lightning Tread is a real nonskid and it rides just like a smooth tire.

ATLANTA, GA.
New South Rubber Co.

HARTFORD, CONN.
The Post & Lester Co.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
Milwaukee Tire & Supply Co.

MUSKOGEE, OKLA.
Muskogee Tire Repair Co.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.
Post & Lester Co.

RENO, NEVADA

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

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NEW YORK

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PORTLAND, ORE.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Factories: J. B. CRICKETT CO., Inc., New York

CARLISLE CORD TIRE COMPANY, Inc. Andover, Mass.

(Concluded from Page 51)

It was provided in the armistice agreement that Germany should feed herself. The armies of occupation were to give no food to the inhabitants, but were on their part to commandeer no food. This provisioning and other necessities of existence made it imperative that some imports should be allowed from interior Germany to the occupied district. To regulate this importation a special commission sits at the headquarters of each zone of occupation, examining all applications for a license to import, and reporting on them to the governing commission, which sits at the General Headquarters of the Allied and American Armies. The general consideration which governs the action of this body is the ultimate interests of our group of nations.

Up to the time of writing—January—no exports from the occupied district to interior Germany had as yet been allowed. We must, the authorities maintain, for our own protection, keep up the blockade on Germany until peace. Since this is a manufacturing district, and since manufactures need markets, this would seem on first consideration to be a hardship, and against our own final interests—for German industry must pay the bill. However, it has in operation worked but little hardship so far. During the war the German Government drew on this Rhine district more than on any other for munitions. Factories by the thousand were remade for this purpose; and the first peacetime task of the new Germany is to put back their peace equipment.

That work has been proceeding ever since the armistice. It has absorbed a good deal of the surplus labor. Considering that this is a manufacturing district of raw material and without the right of export there is very little unemployment—not nearly so much as in Germany's chief victim, Belgium. The end of the readjustment period is approaching, however; and the authorities at General Headquarters are considering a relaxation of the no-export rule. Probably before this article is in print they will be issuing licenses to export into unoccupied Germany certain goods which can in no way help Germany to set up a new military resistance.

In the period of my visit the German elections for the constitutional assembly were approaching. Except in one thing the Entente authorities have made no attempt to interfere in German politics. They permitted no public expression of Bolshevism, holding that doctrine subversive of the order they were trying to maintain; otherwise they licensed political meetings with the utmost freedom. All Cologne, when I entered, was plastered with announcements of a lecture by a monseigneur of the cathedral, under the auspices of the Centrist Party, on the subject, What is Socialism?

Bolshevism Discouraged

I have described the system of jury government, enforced during this curious period in the war, as the French practice it. However, the rules are the same for all the occupying armies, and with slight modifications this summary would describe conditions in the American, British and Belgian zones.

Nevertheless, as you travel from army to army the atmosphere changes if the conditions do not. The French are sitting on the lid with an air of cool, detached justice. The American, you can see at first glance, is taking it all in the off-hand spirit of our race. "To the French," someone has said, "this war is glory; to the British, duty; to the Americans, a job to be done."

By now the first curiosity had worn itself off, and the doughboy in general, to say nothing of his officer, was frankly bored. The American private was inclined to be overtolerant of Germans during the first stage of occupation. The more farseeing and subtly intentioned of the Germans began at once to take advantage of that state of mind and started what looked like an organized propaganda. The average American boy, with his immense good nature and his native friendliness, did not perceive that certain favors done for him were not being done because of his blue eyes! So regulations were laid down, providing that Germans as a class were not to be talked to except on business.

As for the British, who hold the great city of Cologne and its environs, they are living and governing in the land of their enemies with the incurious, matter-of-fact air of a people who have been doing this sort of thing for a long, long time.

It would be foolish for one who has merely skated through an empire like this on a ten-day trip to write with any certainty concerning the people and their state of mind. I should leave that subject untouched were it not that I have talked at length with many men of the three great victorious powers who have lived in Southern Germany ever since the occupation, and who have made it their business to try to sound public opinion. It must be remembered that this district was divided, before Germany swept up her monarchs, into half a dozen kingdoms and principalities, all really tributary to Prussia, all miseducated on the modern German plan, and yet often as diverse in characteristics and ways as are the various districts of the United States. Even allowing for that, one gets a strange diversity in views. It seems as though the public mind were still bewildered with the rapidity of events during the past three months; that opinion has not wholly crystallized on anything.

One can draw only a few generalizations. In the first place: The Social-Democratic Party had made less headway here before the war than in the north; the workingman of this district expressed himself through the Centrist Party. It is doubtful, therefore, if Bolshevism would have made a great deal of headway here, even without the invasion. As it is, Bolshevism is impossible just now. The Allied Armies are suppressing all its manifestations, giving as a reason that though they have no right to interfere in Germany's internal politics they have a duty to preserve order, and Bolshevism is disruptive of order. So far, the elections have given a Centrist majority, with the Social Democrats a good second and the renamed National Liberal Party—the business faction which stood with the Junkers in starting the war and in claiming the world for Germany—a rather poor third.

A Lecture or a Hiding?

Unless the Germans of the Rhine are talking merely to please their captors they are finished with kings. Everyone favors a republic. All my informants agree in this. Myself, I talked with everyone who would talk to me, from burgomasters to bootblacks; and the only open supporter of the late Kaiser whom I found was a loyal chambermaid. Finally, no one can find any spirit of repentance, either for their own acts in the war or for those of the government. After all this would probably be too much to expect of humanity; one makes excuses always for his own. Again, the modern German has been reared in a false, artificial school of ethics; and people do not change in a day. Mostly they admit now that the old crowd in Berlin started the war. The people seem sorry that it happened—sorry, however, not because the act was hideously wicked but because it failed of its purpose. They will express red-faced anger at the Kaiser and at the unpopular Ludendorf; but only, apparently, because they did not succeed, and so put Germany in the present fix.

Aside from these few points one gets no unanimity of opinion on anything. The proposal for a separate South German Republic, neutralized, finds many supporters; just as many want to be part of a great German Republic. Those who talk of separatism seem to have their eye on the necessary mark and the nimble pfennig. They seem to have a dim feeling that somehow by separating themselves from Prussia and all that Prussia rules they may get off more lightly in the matter of damages and indemnities. Perhaps the same consideration governs the thought of those who are talking nationalism. They believe that a new united Germany would be able to rally, to get back into her industrial swing and to pay off the debt, whatever it may be, sooner than a series of disunited republics.

Visible even to the eye is that besetting worry which sits on the pillow of Germany—the bul of damages. People look moody and yet unquiet. Their eyes brood. They are wondering what will happen to them—how great the bill will be, whether they can pull through.

When as a small boy I misbehaved at school teacher used to send me up to the principal's office. I still vividly remember those anxious moments when I waited for him, uncertain whether I was going to get a lecture or a hiding. That is, this moment, the composite German state of mind.

Try this Test
Cut two strips of "Monkey Grip" patch, remove the protecting cloth covering, and press the ends of the strips together without using cement. You will find that you are unable to pull the two apart. The patch is of rubber and will stretch, but will not give at the joining. One more reason why a "Monkey Grip" patch will neither creep nor loosen

Of Pure Rubber "MONKEY GRIP" Will Stretch with the Tube: But The Patch will Never Loosen

THE superiority of "Monkey Grip" Cold Tire Patch lies in the fact that it is built scientifically. The patch is pure rubber of the same thickness and tensile strength as the tube. When the tube expands, the patch does also—the strain is not at any one place, but is evenly distributed. All Cold Tire patches should stand 120 degrees of heat because that is the temperature your tire will reach under friction of road travel. "Monkey Grip" is built to stand 200 degrees of heat, which is one reason a "Monkey Grip" patch will neither creep nor loosen.

MONKEY GRIP

"The World's Best Tire Patch"

It takes but three minutes to make a tube repair with "Monkey Grip." There is little trouble—just work the edge of the hole with the buffer—apply the cement—press the patch on and let the wear and heat of the road vulcanize it. Simple, quick and economical. There is sufficient material in a dollar package to repair 100 ordinary punctures.

Your Dealer Should Have It—If Not Send for the "100 Puncture Package"

If your dealer does not handle "Monkey Grip" send us the coupon below and one dollar. We will send you the "100 Puncture Package" postpaid. If you are not satisfied that it is the best cold tire patch you have ever used, return the unused portion and we will return your dollar.

At Drug and Hardware Stores, Filling Stations, Garages and Auto Supply Dealers in the United States, Canada, Alaska, Hawaiian Islands, British West Indies, Australia, and New Zealand, $1.75, $1.00, cycle size 60c. Used by the U. S. Army in this country and overseas.

Moco Laboratories
Moco Buildings
Oklahoma City, Okla.
Mt. Vernon, Ill.

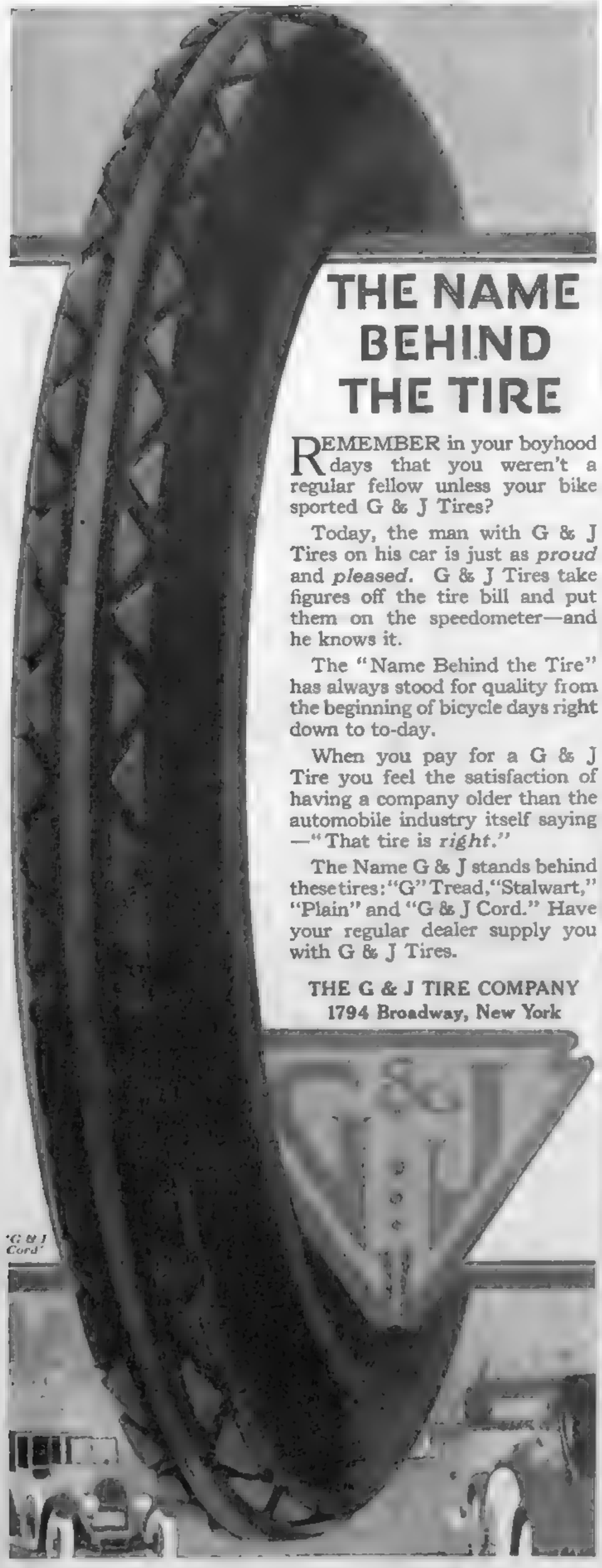
Moco Laboratories, Moco Buildings
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Enclosed is $1.00 for a medium size package of "Monkey Grip"—enough for 100 ordinary punctures. It is understood that if I do not find it satisfactory, my money will be returned

My Dealer's Name is _____ Name _____

_____ Address _____

Address _____ City _____ State _____



THE NAME BEHIND THE TIRE

REMEMBER in your boyhood days that you weren't a regular fellow unless your bike sported G & J Tires?

Today, the man with G & J Tires on his car is just as *proud* and *pleased*. G & J Tires take figures off the tire bill and put them on the speedometer—and he knows it.

The "Name Behind the Tire" has always stood for quality from the beginning of bicycle days right down to to-day.

When you pay for a G & J Tire you feel the satisfaction of having a company older than the automobile industry itself saying —"That tire is *right*."

The Name G & J stands behind these tires: "G" Tread, "Stalwart," "Plain" and "G & J Cord." Have your regular dealer supply you with G & J Tires.

THE G & J TIRE COMPANY
1794 Broadway, New York

The Poets' Corner

Serenade

I MADE a little song for you
That rippled like a rill,
And sent it swift upon its way
To reach your window sill.

O'er purple distances and downs
It sped in search of you;
Nor ever serenade so blithe
Went winging through the blue.

And far and wide it sought for you,
Through many a casement peeping.
It whispered to the fairies of
The tryst it would be keeping.

At last on weary pinions flew
My little song until
Not finding you it fluttered to
Another's window sill!

—Blanche Goodman.

Vicarious Palship

I NEVER thought Joe Briggs was such a much;
He sorto' seemed to me a reg'lar dub.
I never thought worth while to keep in touch
With him or with his gawky half-grown cub.
But lately Joe and me has been inclined
To pal when we connect up anywhere.
He's quite a decent animal, I find—
His boy and mine was bunkies over there.

I used to sidestep Joe at every chance.
He never pulled a thing I cared to hear.
He throwed my talking powers in a trance
Whenever I discovered he was near.
But recently I've flocked with him a lot.
He's gettin' brighter every day, I swear!
Ain't nothing like the nutty thing I thought—
His boy was my boy's buddy over there.

I s'pose if there had never been no war
Acrost the ocean, I'd have never known
That Joe was not the dub I took him for—
Why, he's got notions nearly like my own!
We understand each other right along;
'Most anything we've got we gladly share.
So far as I can see there's nothing wrong
With Joe—our boys was buddies over there.

—Strickland Gillilan.

Blue Water

THERE'S a wind along the seaway,
Aye, a new wind, a clean wind,
A wind that treads like sea rain with the thresh of homing ships
Beating back across the world—
A proud wind, a keen wind,
That stirs the laggard heartbeat like a kiss upon the lips!

Home across the sea rim—
Tack and veer and tack—
Troopship, warship, merchantman and smack,
Home from all the ends of Earth
The winds have brought them back—
Back across the Seven Seas from Blue Water!

They've plowed the green trade shallows
With wakes of curdled malachite,
They've folded-back their bow waves like silver pheasant wings,
They've known the siren croon of surf
Where beaches beckon white,
They've filled their sails with spice winds, and their holds with pleasant things;

Amber, jade and ivory,
Tortoise shell and wine,
Pelts above the Forty-fifth and pearls below the Line,
Camphor, teak and camagon,
Sandalwood and pine—
But they never have gone down before to Blue Water!

Oh, proud they come and humble,
From the deep ways, the new ways,
Keel to keel with our fathers' ships and the four good winds of Earth—
Worn and gray and glad they come
Home again from the blue ways,
Our young ships, our clean ships, from the shores of death and dearth.

Home again from their christening—
And when so red the wine—
Troopship, warship, armored ship-o'-the-line,
Beating back like curlews
Across the windy brine—
Our ships that have gone down at last to Blue Water!

—Dorothy Paul.

My Garden

WHEN Spring comes smiling through the wood
I love to take my trusty hoe
And in a mild, Arcadian mood
Go out and make my garden grow.
No finer outdoor sport I know,
Nor one that offers greater wealth.
A calm content it does bestow,
And that rare fruit of perfect health.

A partnership with the Divine
I feel in all I plant or sow.
The care and delving must be mine
And God will make the flowers grow
And fruits to ripen in the row.
But more than Nature's kind increase
From out my happy labors flow;
More than all that, heart-ease and peace.

Too oft in barter and in trade
Our gain another's loss must show.
But what is in my garden made
Is never through my brother's woe.
I feel the kind and easy glow
Of one whose time is wisely spent;
Like busy bees the hours go
To bring the honey of content.

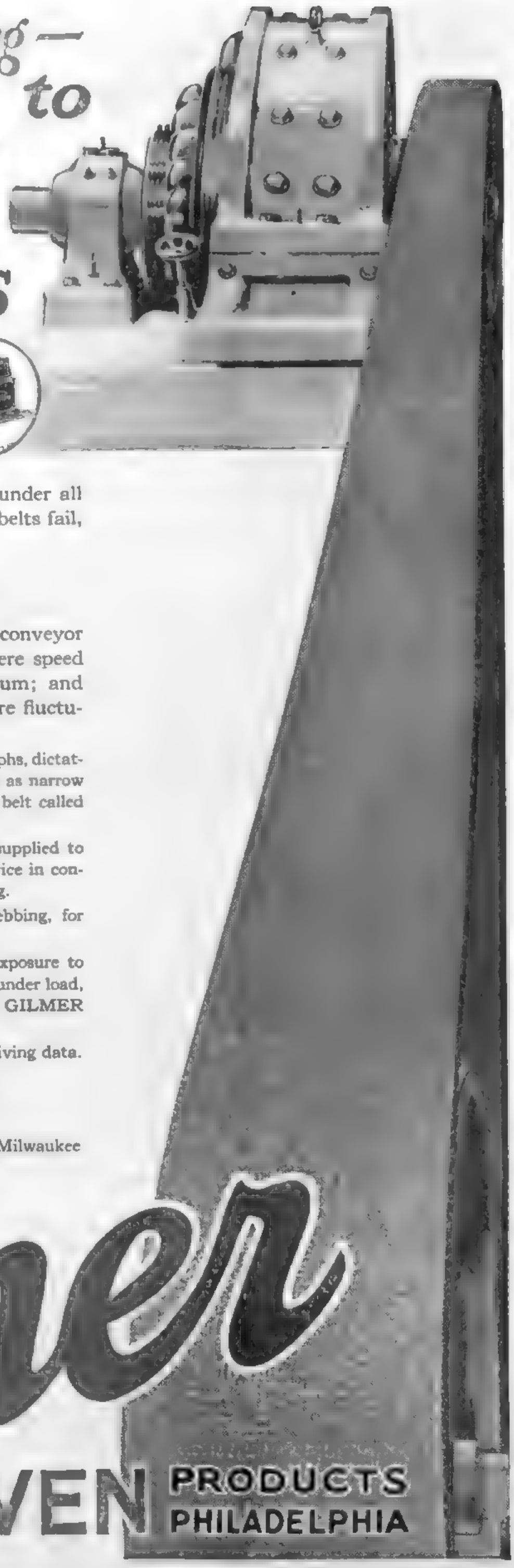
L'envoi

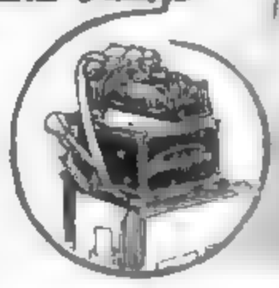
My garden, unto you I owe
My spirit's wider range and scope
That causes in my heart to grow
A higher faith, a nobler hope.

Thomas Lomax Hunter.

Endless Belts and Belting —

DYNAMOS to DICTATING MACHINES





FROM the mightiest transmission to the lightest drive, and for any and all inclusive sizes and uses, we are prepared to provide a type of the GILMER Solid Woven Belt that will give unusually efficient and economical service under all conditions—but most unusual under operating conditions where other belts fail, either completely or in some degree.

Gilmer Solid Woven Belts

are solving the "brute strength" and durability problems of heavy conveyor service and great power drives. Equally so, in light transmission, where speed is terrific, accuracy essential and vibration must be reduced to a minimum; and on individual motor drives, involving small pulley diameters and severe fluctuations of load.

And so on, down to tiny belts for operating delicate mechanism, such as phonographs, dictating machines, and scientific instruments where precision is the first essential. Belts as narrow as three-sixteenths inch as carefully designed to meet a special requirement as the belt called upon to transmit the power of a thousand horses!

More than two and a half million GILMER Woven Endless Fan Belts were supplied to automobile and tractor manufacturers last year. These are giving dependable service in continuous exposure to grease and grit, and alternate subjection to wetting and baking.

GILMER Woven products embrace Special Belts and Belting, Tape and Webbing, for unusual uses in any width, size or weight.

BELT USERS:—If you have belts causing expense or trouble, by reason of exposure to moisture, heat, steam, acid fumes, grit, oil; because of stretching, warping, slipping under load, or inability to resist hard wear, we will undertake to correct that trouble with a GILMER Woven Belt—backed by GILMER Engineering Service and Responsibility.

We welcome inquiries presenting unusual power transmission problems. Write, giving data.

DISTRIBUTORS: Some domestic territory is open to Mill Supply and Belt Specialty Houses; also representation in certain export fields.

L. H. GILMER CO., Philadelphia Chicago Detroit Milwaukee

Gilmer WOVEN PRODUCTS PHILADELPHIA

©THE FISK RUBBER CO 1919

To make delivery quick and sure the Post Office Department is advocating the general use of motor trucks on rural mail routes

UNINTERRUPTED MOTOR SERVICE speeds up action in business and has also an important and direct relation to individual and community interest.

FISK CORD TRUCK TIRES quicken service and economize cost when a truck is needed for long hauls and quick runs.

THEY REDUCE BILLS for repairs and fuel—protect mechanical parts from road shock and make for much greater speed. These are items which turn loss to profit.

A HEAVILY LOADED TRUCK on a slippery highway, without real traction tires, is a menace to the public, to itself and to its cargo. More than any other vehicle it should be shod for safety. The Fisk Cord Pneumatic is one of the few tires which meets the safety requirements.

FISK TRUCK TIRES

Comment of the Week

The Future of Big Fortunes

THE man who aspires to take more than a hundred thousand dollars a year out of American industry must step lively in the future. Of a net income of two hundred thousand dollars the Government now takes slightly more than half. Of a net income of one million dollars it takes seventy per cent. In order to enjoy an income of one million dollars, after paying income tax, the enjoyer must receive an income of more than four million dollars. For every dollar above a hundred thousand that a man takes out of industry or business to spend, or even to invest outside of his business, he must have paid the Government on an increasing scale all the way from one to three dollars. That is a formidable handicap on the big spender or the big outside investor.

The above are the rates to be paid this year under a law which is designed to yield six billion dollars of revenue. The same law provides for next year, when only four billions are to be raised; but the four-billion-dollar schedule makes no change whatever in these income surtaxes. The reductions in taxation fall elsewhere, so that next year the income of two hundred thousand dollars and upward will be in substantially the same position as this year, though the total amount of revenue to be raised is less by two billion dollars. In 1921 government revenue may be reduced to three billions or so, but it is doubtful that these surtaxes on big incomes will be very much reduced. The big income has no friends, politically speaking, and offers so easy a way of getting revenue that it may as well consider itself permanently lashed to the mast.

A man may let his profits accumulate in the business from which he derives his income. "The fact that gains and profits are permitted to accumulate and become surplus shall not be construed as evidence of a purpose to escape the tax unless the Commissioner of Internal Revenue certifies that in his opinion such accumulation is unreasonable for the purpose of the business." In other words, the business may grow indefinitely; but the moment a man takes anything out of it—or lets profits accumulate beyond the needs of the business—the income tax falls upon him with long teeth; while at his demise inheritance taxes take a large bite out of any large fortune.

One effect will be to lower the scale of lavish expenditure by many notches. The ostentatious competition of upper Fifth Avenue, for example, will be set to a lower key. A family of four will find that it can get just as much distinction out of two domiciles and a dozen servants as out of four domiciles and two dozen servants. It is all a matter of comparison. A man with only a million where nobody else has more than nine hundred thousand is in every essential way just as rich as a man with a hundred millions where others have as much.

Another effect, we believe, will be really to widen opportunity. Under this terrific handicap upon what they can take for their personal enjoyment the gentlemen on the top floor will probably be more inclined to take in the persons on the next floor. The handicap will tend to decrease the relative number of million-dollar incomes and the number of huge fortunes.

The Wounded Old Tiger

DESPITE the stubborn fight that Premier Clemenceau has made at the Quai d'Orsay against the acceptance of certain fundamental principles which Mr. Wilson has laid down, Americans in Paris have found much to admire in the Old Tiger's character and personality. There is no doubt about the sincerity of their condolences on the occasion of the recent attempt on his life by an assassin. The fighting qualities of the old premier are to be seen in his dark, flashing eyes and in every line of his powerful figure, his heavy, sagging jowls and his Gibraltar jaw. In figure he is short, thickset, big-boned; and he has the frame of what must once have been a very powerful man. The fringe of hair above his ears is silver white and the crown of his great head is so nearly bald that in the privacy of his study he is apt to wear a tweed golf cap to keep off drafts.

Before the old premier became a member of the Government he was the bogy man of many a weak ministry and of some strong ones. He was never at rest. He was forever attacking, defending, excoriating, denouncing, exposing, criticizing or demolishing individuals or cabinets.

Sword, pen and pistol were all one to him. If he flayed a political opponent alive in a series of red-hot editorials and tacked his victim's hide to the door of the Senate Chamber, the victim could always have satisfaction—such as it was—by the simple expedient of asking for it. Challenges to fight were always welcome, whether the action was to consist of debate, newspaper diatribe or the old-fashioned ordeal by pistols and coffee at sunrise.

Georges Clemenceau by no means lacks a sense of humor. Until the time he joined the government he published a little hornets'-nest paper from an office in a small side street north of the great boulevards. When things went well he called his sheet The Freeman. After the government had shut up his shop and suppressed a few issues he would rename his paper The Man in Chains and use that title until things took a turn for the better.

The old statesman has a curious aversion to women stenographers. He always prefers a male secretary who is not disconcerted by his peculiar methods of dictation. The men who serve him say he is exceedingly easy to take, for his sentences are fully and precisely thought out before they begin to fall from his lips. He rarely hesitates, rarely corrects, and never asks to have the notes read to him.

When he is composing a stinging editorial or a state paper he is very apt to walk up and down the length of his office, dictating in the declamatory style of an orator, very much as if he were denouncing some enemy of France on the floor of the Senate. He shakes his fist, bangs his desk, and extends both hands to high heaven. A green secretary is very apt to feel that he personally is the object of denunciation—a shrinking Catiline cowering before an accusing Cicero.

M. Clemenceau is not a rich man. Money beyond the necessities of life has but little interest for him. Politics or a fight—best of all, a political fight—is the breath of his nostrils. He is as ascetic as an anchorite. He works all hours of the day and night. He drinks a little—a very little—watered wine, and eats as sparingly as if every day were a fast day. "You can't eat hard and work hard," the old premier likes to say.

Tea and Things

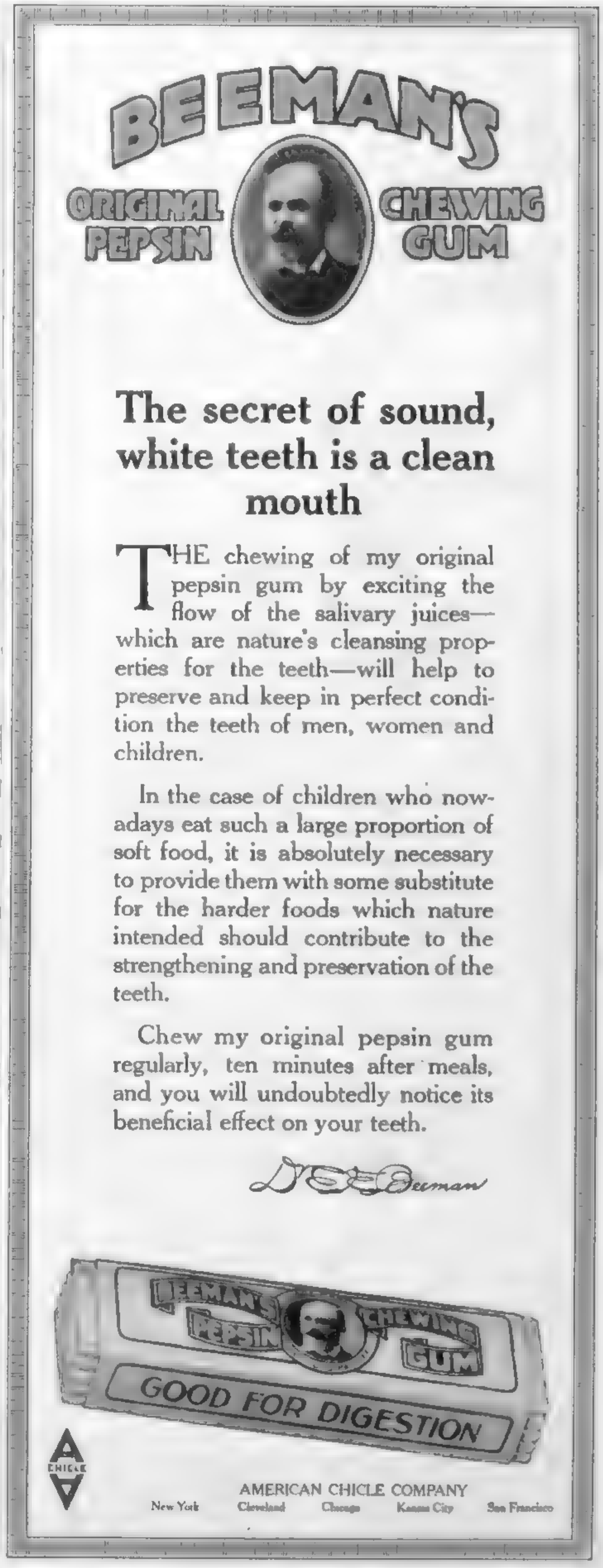
ABOUT this time of year a favorite indoor sport among those who care for that sort of thing is to run over the pages of the newly issued statistical almanacs in search of the latest figures covering a thousand fields of activity. Of course the war has played ducks and drakes with a vast body of statistics; but here are plenty of other figures not closely linked up with European battle fields that have undergone startling changes.

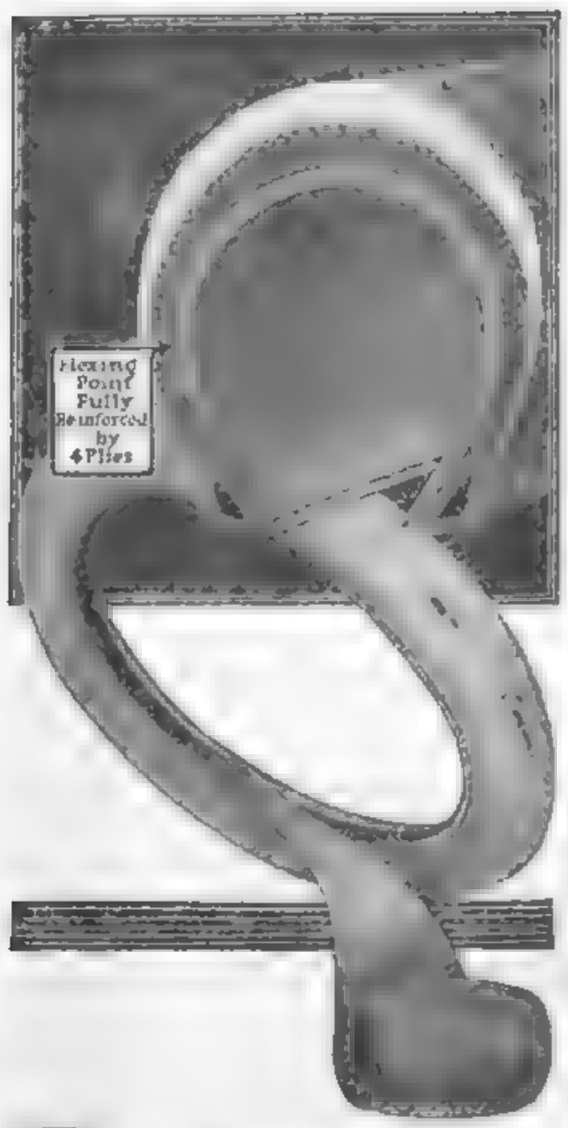
Take, for example, our American consumption of tea. For a good many years previously to 1918 our net imports amounted to about one hundred million pounds per annum, with a cash value of, say, twenty million dollars. During certain dry years the imports dropped a few million pounds below normal, and occasionally they ran two or three million pounds above the average.

During 1918, however, our net tea imports made a sudden jump up to one hundred and fifty-one million pounds, valued at well over thirty million dollars. Such a wide discrepancy calls for explanation. The most obvious, perhaps the most correct, way to account for this notable increase in tea drinking is to attribute it to the rapidly increasing number of states that have recently gone dry. Human nature is like the apothecary, and when it is deprived of what it craves inevitably seeks to find something else that is just as good. As a matter of fact tea is an infinitely better and more wholesome drink than nine-tenths of the cheap and corrosive beverages commonly sold, whether fermented or distilled.

It is doubtful if tea will ever supersede coffee as our national breakfast drink; but for between-meal use when a gentle stimulant suffices and sociability is more to be desired than punch, an increasing number of Americans are turning to it.

In the days before national prohibition had become inevitable a multimillionaire


BEEMAN'S
ORIGINAL PEPSIN
CHEWING GUM
The secret of sound, white teeth is a clean mouth
THE chewing of my original pepsin gum by exciting the flow of the salivary juices—which are nature's cleansing properties for the teeth—will help to preserve and keep in perfect condition the teeth of men, women and children.
In the case of children who nowadays eat such a large proportion of soft food, it is absolutely necessary to provide them with some substitute for the harder foods which nature intended should contribute to the strengthening and preservation of the teeth.
Chew my original pepsin gum regularly, ten minutes after meals, and you will undoubtedly notice its beneficial effect on your teeth.
D. E. Beeman
BEEMAN'S PEPSIN CHEWING GUM
GOOD FOR DIGESTION
CHICLE
AMERICAN CHICLE COMPANY
New York Cleveland Chicago Kansas City San Francisco



RACINE
SUPREME
TIRE RELINER

Wide, Bracing Plies

Any casing worth a reliner is worth the best reliner there is. Which is another way of saying: If a casing is worth saving, put in a Racine Supreme Reliner.

For Their Greater Strength

Note this important fact: The Racine Supreme Reliner is built of multiple plies of tough, rubberized fabric, and is full width—wide enough to cover inside of tire from bead to bead. This means that the Racine Supreme Reliner is extra strong at the flexing point.

For Your Peace of Mind

The Racine Supreme Tire Reliner adds surprising mileage to casings you'd otherwise throw away.

Get acquainted with the whole line of Racine Supreme Tire Sundries and Repair Materials. Every article—Reliner, Inside Blowout Patch, Hook-on Boot, Lace-on Boot, Tube Patches, etc., is *extra tested*. The same care that gives extra wear to Racine Country Road and Racine Multi-Mile Cord Tires, gives greater utility to Racine Supreme Tire Sundries.

The good dealers in your locality sell Racine Supreme Tire Sundries.

RACINE RUBBER CO.
RACINE, WISCONSIN

philanthropist who wished to wage war on alcohol might have done far worse than to finance a well-organized propaganda in favor of tea drinking. Such a project might have been undertaken with very fair hopes of success, for everyone knows that a large proportion of the alcohol consumed in the country is taken by those who are tired or played out or hungry rather than merely thirsty. In the past the efficient merchandising of alcohol has made it much simpler and quicker to order, consume and pay for a cocktail or a bottle of beer than to get a like amount of stimulant or nourishment in solid form.

Tea has been but a feeble competitor of alcohol as a between-meal drink only because its preparation, sale and service have not been simplified and standardized as they have in England and in many of the Continental cities. It has not been possible, as it is in England, to enter a little shop on almost any corner, order "tea and things" like the immortal Bunker Bean, and be instantly and neatly served with your pot of tea, toast and jam and a little cake or two, all for the modest price of fifteen or twenty-five cents.

Until very recently, when we have wanted "tea and things" we have had to go to a large hotel, check our hats and coats, wait twenty minutes, send the waiter back for the lemon and pay eighty-five cents and tips.

All that is changing, and there is every prospect that national prohibition will speed the change.

Another effect of the disappearance of alcohol is the greatly increased demand for candy, eating chocolate and all sorts of package sweets. There was a time, perhaps two years ago, when the candy manufacturers were in a blue funk. They felt that their prices had been so standardized by custom that it would be impossible to raise them sufficiently to meet increased war costs without a ruinous loss of trade. Things went from bad to worse until a certain genius of the candy trade made a startling discovery and announced to a horrified convention of candy men that there is no money in selling goods at a loss.

This manufacturer declared that he would price his goods in such a way as to leave him a profit. If his goods did not sell he would at least have the candy, which would be much better than an out-of-pocket loss. Once imbued with this idea he went at it in earnest. First he raised the price of his five-cent chocolate bars to seven cents. This move had such small effect in cutting down his sales that he made his chocolate bars just half the old size, retaining, however, the new price. For a week he lay awake nights wondering what would happen. To his surprise not much of anything happened except that after a few wavering weeks his sales began to increase. Other men in the same business who predicted that he would never get away with it soon followed suit, and again sales increased.

Meantime, the chocolate man noticed that his tin-foil bills were assuming alarming proportions, and he began to cast about to find a substitute in which to wrap his chocolate bars. Waterproof silver paper looked as if it would answer the purpose, but the candy trade told him that the public would never accept. He tried it out and the public did accept it without a murmur.

The candy men are very happy. They know that before midsummer caramels will be taking the place of cocktails and that sweet wares will be in evidence where formerly highballs rolled on the ground. They know that in the months to come sugar prices will soften, chocolate will become cheaper and candy prices will recede very slowly.

These are some of the smallest and most insignificant changes that are resulting from the spread of prohibition.

Justice for Doughboys

CRITICS of our army court-martial system have made some telling points in their representations to the Senate Committee on Military Affairs.

Two charges made by the witnesses who testified before this committee appear to have been rather firmly established.

First, that there has been a marked tendency upon the part of military courts to impose sentences whose severity is quite out of proportion to the crime of the accused.

Second, that in a great many instances the machinery of justice is operated by men quite unskilled in the law.

The whole court-martial system appears to be colored and dominated by men who know a great deal about discipline and very little about human nature. No one doubts but that these officers are entirely honest according to their lights. But extremists have to be watched and curbed. Foreign historians observe that from our earliest days we have been a people extraordinarily jealous of our own rights and particularly of those affecting our persons and personal liberties.

This observation is just as true now as it ever was, and the marked severity of many court-martial sentences imposed by inexperienced trial officers is not supported by the sympathies of the people at large.

The body of law to whose protection every American citizen is entitled is an organism far too complicated to function well in untrained hands. The scales of justice will not weigh truly when held by bungling amateurs. Every accused man ought to have the protection of a court skilled in the law; for no court is true to its trust unless it safeguards the rights of the defendant as ably as it protects the peace and dignity of the state.

This is a matter which should appeal to us with peculiar force, for since our earliest Colonial days Americans have been a law-loving and law-reading people.

Years before the first shot of the Revolution was fired American legal acumen had become a profound source of irritation to George the Third and his subservient ministers. We are told that as many copies of the early editions of Blackstone's Commentaries were sold in America as in England itself. This and other legal works were studied to such good effect that Americans knew their rights and were able to defend them with such clarity, precision and cogency that many a raw attempt at Hanoverian persecution was nipped in the bud.

It would be a mistake to do away with our whole system of courts-martial; but it would be an equally great error to gloss over the charges made against it without fullest investigation made by experts. This work should be largely intrusted to lawyers of experience, sound common sense and broad sympathy. The aim of these investigators should be to correct military legal procedure in such a manner that the fact that the accused is a soldier shall not impair the fairness of his trial. Soldier though he be, no defendant should suffer because the circumstances of his case and the haste of his trial make it impossible for him to bring favorable witnesses into court. Nor should his rights be prejudiced by his inability to have the benefit of a legal adviser who will work skillfully and doggedly to present his case in the best possible light and to take prompt advantage of every point of law which is in his favor.

If it can be shown that gross injustice has been wrought by narrow and overzealous officers of military law it is by no means beneath Uncle Sam's dignity to look into well-authenticated cases and right the wrongs that have been done in his name.

Questions on Public Ownership

A CORRESPONDENT asks: "If public ownership is incorrect, why not turn over to private ownership and manipulation city streets, country roads, public schools, and everything else worth while?"

There is no practicable way of measuring an individual's use of a city street—charging one man a penny to walk across it and another a quarter of a dollar to drive a mile on it. Formerly many country roads in the East were privately owned and charged tolls. Meantime the public was building roads. Experience showed it was better to put all roads under one control and throw them open indiscriminately to all users without charge. But city streets and country roads are passive. They furnish no active service.

There is a sure and easy way of measuring every individual's use of a railroad—so many cents a mile to ride on it; so many cents a ton to haul goods. Railroads are active instruments. They furnish not merely a highway but a very complicated active service, the successful management of which requires a high degree of technical skill and experience. Private ownership furnishes better operating management at less cost.

The public regards education as so important that it compels people to take it whether they want to or not. Nebraska, where our correspondent writes, has its compulsory school law. For the same reason the schools are thrown open to all users without cost. If the public ever takes such a view of railroad service that it compels people to use it whether they want to or not, or that it throws the railroads open to all users without charge, we shall be in favor of public ownership.

"Why," says our correspondent, "must the country's chief means of transportation remain in the hands of a few for continual exploitation, financial juggling and speculation, world without end? How many times has the Rock Island Road been almost ruined by speculators?"

Rock Island was wrecked by speculators just once and then through gross neglect on the part of the public, which, in spite of experience and warnings, still, at that time, permitted a scandalous overissue of securities, or watered stock. Since then many states have forbidden issues of railroad securities, except by permission of a public body which sees that there is a dollar for dollar of actual value behind them. Proper restriction of security issues would have prevented disastrous manipulation of the New Haven and the St. Louis and San Francisco

The Federal Government should long ago have taken strict supervision of the issue of railroad securities Unquestionably it will do so in the coming settlement. Financial jugging is no more a necessary feature of private ownership of railroads than a boil is a necessary feature of an arm. Adequate means of preventing it are ready at hand.

Our correspondent talks about ownership by the whole people. But the whole people cannot manage railroads. Their Congress or their President must pick out the managers—in an atmosphere that, by and large, is bound to be influenced by political motives and intrigues Private management gives the public better service at less cost.

Government ownership advocates used to say the Government could save many millions because it could command capital at a much lower rate There were then less than a billion dollars' worth of government bonds outstanding, mostly two per cents, which carried a valuable circulation privilege for national banks. Because the Government could borrow a billion at three per cent or even less by giving bondholders a special circulation privilege—it was cheerfully assumed that it could borrow fifteen or twenty billions to buy railroads, telephones, and so on, at the same rate.

It has since issued some sixteen billions of bonds, and those bearing four and a quarter per cent are selling under ninety-four cents on the dollar, yielding the purchaser almost five per cent, or the barest trifle above the best railroad bonds, though the government bonds are free of local taxes and normal income tax while the railroad bonds are not.

This is the familiar old law of supply and demand—a result of multiplying the supply of a commodity by sixteen. If the Government should now issue fifteen or twenty billions more bonds to buy the railroads it would find that it could command capital on hardly any better terms than the strongest private borrowers.

Features that contribute to making

The AEOLIAN-VOCALION

THE PHONOGRAPH SUPREME

THE one great, fundamental consideration in a musical instrument is its *tone*. On its tone-quality alone it can rise to pre-eminence, or remain on the level of mediocrity.

The phonograph is not one musical instrument, it is a *thousand*. The myriad different instruments and voices it is asked to reproduce call for a tone quality and versatility infinitely beyond the requirements of other instruments.

* * * *

THE Aeolian-Vocalion has risen to its position of world-supremacy on the strength of its marvelous tone. No other features of interest or convenience have

Universal Tone-Arm

been required to make it great. Its reproduction—particularly when playing the new and revolutionary Vocalion Record—of soprano or bass, tenor or contralto, strings, wood-winds or horns, possesses a richness, depth, purity, and beauty that have brought the music world to a new appreciation of the value and meaning of the phonograph.

The Graduola

BUT the Aeolian-Vocalion has additional features that add their weight to its supremacy. It is the only phonograph made with a completely developed *tone-control*—the Graduola—which makes of every listener who desires, a performer also. Which gives the privilege of personal participation in the music to all who wish it. And which makes the Aeolian-Vocalion a genuine instrument of artistic *musical expression*.

It provides the means in its extraordinary Universal Tone-Arm, by which all different makes of phonograph records may be played with equally good effect. Thus *all* great artists, *all* instrumentalists, *all* bands, orchestras and entertainers, have sung and played for the pleasure and entertainment of the owner of an Aeolian-Vocalion.

It exhibits a perfection of mechanical features that reflects the skill, the unparalleled experience of its makers. But one example—the Aeolian Automatic Stop—operating with positive precision—simple, sure and uncomplicated—illustrates the perfection of all its mechanism.

And lastly, it embodies a beauty, grace and perfect taste in its appearance, that is evidence of a new and successful effort to conform the phonograph to the high standards of modern furnishing and decoration.

Automatic Stop

VOCALION PRICES—Conventional models, equipped with Graduola, are priced from $115 upwards; without Graduola, from $50. Many beautiful Period models, priced from $240. All prices subject to change.

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Ask your dealer; if he cannot supply you send 40c for a half pint trial size and color card.
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Makes your floor brilliant without hard rubbing. Costs less than paste wax, never gets gummy and will not collect dust or dirt. Fine for automobiles, linoleum, furniture, etc. Easily removes the cloudy film from pianos, Victrolas, etc. ½ pint trial size 45c. Send for a complete list of Carpenter-Morton Economy Products to keep your home really homelike and for small cost.
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CARMOTE LIQUID WAX

MARJORIE'S HANDS

(Concluded from Page 11)

body, alas, lay helpless, poisoned with fatigue, like a foul, a rotting corpse.

Alas, alas, to awake in the morning early, to think with delight of the good day's work before him, and then to drown in waves of fatigue. Alas, alas! He would sink back with an oath. Hour after hour in his stale bed he would toss and mourn.

Imagination, of course.

He understood it all now. His trouble was due to a mixture of laziness and hypocrisy. His trouble in other words was due to a laziness which he had been ashamed of and denied, even to himself.

Before him success had lain, but success had demanded the hardest work. To shirk that work and at the same time to escape all censure he had faked his fatigue waves. To be sure he had done this faking unconsciously. Therefore, perhaps, he deserved no more blame for it than for something done in a dream. But the unconscious faking was the fruit of laziness as certainly as figs are the fruit of fig trees, and for letting laziness master him he knew that he was blameworthy indeed.

How lazy, lazy, lazy he had been! It wasn't only his work that he had shirked. He had shirked everything, shifted everything from his own shoulders to his wife's. Marjorie bought the railroad tickets. Marjorie paid the hotel bills and tipped the hotel servants. Marjorie accepted all the unpleasant duties that really belonged to him, visiting the coal man to complain about the slate and dust in his last load of coal, dropping in at the butcher's to demand a reduction on account of the poor quality of his meat.

Marjorie, like the general run of pretty, well-bred girls, was open-handed, too open-handed. It mortified her cruelly to distribute their small tips, and she would have preferred to let butcher and coal man cheat her out of her eyeteeth rather than seem mean or exacting in their eyes. Poor Marjorie! To imagine her at tasks like these was like imagining a butterfly or a song bird set to hard labor.

And his fatigue—he saw now how he had, as the phrase goes, asked for it. Every morning on awaking he ought to have leaped up cheerily, but instead he lay and wondered if he was fit for work. And as he lay there and went over himself, studied himself, tested himself, in due course the fatigue came. It came because he asked for it. It was his excuse for another idle day.

A year passed, the fatigue grew steadily worse, and he consulted Doctor Pratt, of Croydon Four Corners. Doctor Pratt diagnosed brain fag and prescribed exercise. The prescription was a good one, and Rand took to spending days and weeks in the open air. He skated, swam, climbed, fished. He recovered the buoyant health of childhood. But as soon as he went back to his easel the old fatigue returned again.

Two more years. The fatigue, now chronic, kept him idle at least half the time. And naturally it reduced his income. Marjorie dismissed their two skillful servants, engaged a cheap and worthless country girl, and did the cooking and a good deal of the housework herself.

Yet as his paintings still sold—sold, if anything, better than ever, only he produced so few paintings now—yet, for all, the future glittered. They still dreamed of Spain and old-blue tapestries. They were convinced that some day, some day soon, he would be cured.

Once Marjorie, without his knowledge, wrote to the renowned Professor Page, describing all his symptoms. Page replied at considerable length. He admired, it would appear, Rand's work; and Marjorie's letter, he was sorry to say, convinced him that the young man was taking drugs on the sly.

The Page dictum arrived by the noon mail, and when he read it Rand was so enraged that he leaped from bed, dressed and rushed out, swearing that he was done with doctors forevermore.

Marjorie thereafter doctored him herself. Treatment after treatment was essayed. Now she decided that red meat was his trouble; red meat caused sleeplessness, and she put him on white meat, principally veal. Now his trouble was stomachic, and she dosed him with pills and salts. Now they both agreed that he was poisoned with stimulants and narcotics and he gave up at one fell swoop tea, coffee, alcohol and tobacco.

All Marjorie's remedies seemed to do him good at first, then they lost their power and were abandoned.

And he sank deeper and deeper into invalidism. He only worked one day out of three. Yet Marjorie never lost heart. How gay she was on his good days! She sang in her fresh young voice as she went to and fro about her sordid tasks. Visiting the studio every few hours she warmly praised the canvas on his easel. Who could paint like him? And once more their future glittered. If he could but get cured—and surely he could get cured somehow—they would yet see their dreams come true. Thus Marjorie on his good days, and singing gayly she would hurry back to her sordid tasks again.

On his bad days, when it was impossible for him to do aught but vainly try to sleep, she was subdued. She realized then that her gay confidence had been misplaced. Subdued but still courageous she moved about the house very softly on tiptoe. If the worthless servant made a clatter of dishes she rushed with a low stern "Sh!" to the kitchen. If the baker's man or the grocer's man spoke too loudly Marjorie, despite her shyness, would speed downstairs—"Sh! Sh!"—to still the noise. Lying in his darkened room he heard her soft rushes and that stern anxious "Sh!" of hers all day.

How she tried to help him! She devoted her life to helping him. It was wicked to accept such devotion. Such devotion should not have been allowed.

He thought of her young work-roughened hands. Her hands lying in her lap looked gnarled and stiff, like an old laborer's. The forefinger was crisscrossed with fine cracks; these cracks were black at the edges, and the black would not come off. As they sat before the evening fire, lost up there in the snow-choked village, Marjorie would contemplate her hands with the merriest laughter. She was still nothing but a pretty girl, and she had all a pretty girl's thoughtless gayety.

Here, with a cry of pain, Rand sprang to his feet. He could not bear that picture of Marjorie, lovely in the firelight, holding up her disfigured hands to him with gay and thoughtless laughter.

"She sacrificed her youth to me as if it had no value," he said. "I stood it at the time because there was still hope. But I'm blind now. There's no hope left."

He made a sudden violent gesture, his fists whirled above his head, then he rang the bell. "She's better off with her rich dad, dancing and motoring again," he said; "and after I'm gone she'll make a decent marriage."

Did he really believe that he was now on the point of committing suicide? No. And yet he planned his suicide calmly. He planned a leap from Outlook Cliff. It wouldn't be difficult, he was sure, to get Miss Eliot to walk there. Perhaps she would even suggest that they walk there herself.

Miss Eliot found him standing pensively by the window in overcoat and cap. He had changed his mind, he said, about going out.

"It's rather late," said she. "Still ——"

"Which way shall we go?" he asked as they crossed the garden.

"The cliff?"

"All right."

So far, so good. And he went on with his calm plans: "The road begins to descend a few yards in front of the cliff edge. When I feel it descending I'll drop Miss Eliot's arm and run. Down the slope I'll run. I'll strike the flimsy barrier. I'll plunge forward into the gorge. Finis"

Thus he planned his suicide, yet all the while another part of him kept repeating: "Oh, this is a nightmare. Rupert Rand, with his splendid hopes, to end like this! And Marjorie, after her faith in me—what would Marjorie say?"

He advanced resolutely, but he believed that at the last instant he would postpone his suicide through fear.

"How still it is!" he said. "Is the sun setting?"

"No, but the sun is low in the west."

"Are the shadows growing longer?"

"The shadows grow longer and longer every moment."

"Then the light will soon turn golden. Just before the draft caught me I painted a picture of a winter afternoon like this—the stillness, the golden light, the long shadows and the beauty. I tried to give the idea of a beauty so intense that it was sad. The picture, I thought, failed, but my wife liked it."

"Is your wife pretty, Captain Rand?"

"Yes, very pretty. She's still only a girl. A pretty girl, a loyal friend. Too loyal, too loyal."

His voice cracked oddly, then he went on:

"If you could see her hands, roughened and stained with work—work for me. Well, I'm not worth it, you know."

His voice cracked again, and Miss Eliot said: "Now we're passing your little grove of oaks. The gnarled boughs are divine against the sky."

"Her hands ——" But he halted suddenly. The road was beginning to descend. He drew a long, deep, tremulous breath. The time had come

"How warm it is!" he panted, and dropping Miss Eliot's arm he turned and pretended to unbutton his coat.

The time had come. He was about to set off on his run to death. Yet still he did not believe in his suicide. Still he expected at the last instant to shirk the fatal plunge.

"Captain, let me help ——"

Then Miss Eliot gave a horrified cry, for the young man had leaped back from her outstretched hand, and now he was galloping awkwardly down the steep path to the precipice. She sank in a soft heap, covering her eyes with her arm. She could not bear to see him go over the edge. Why hadn't she better kept in mind the suicidal tendency of the neurasthenic?

Rand, meanwhile, ran with all his might. But it is hard to run when one is blind. He stumbled. He staggered. The descent was much longer than he had thought.

"How long it is—endless," he said.

He was still conscious of two selves—an outer self, serenely resolved on suicide, and an inner self which believed that his courage would fail at the last moment; but now those two selves suddenly melted into one, and he could think of nothing but Marjorie's hands, her young, work-roughened hands.

Oh, to see again—to make good, after all—to justify and repay Marjorie! Too late.

Yet hadn't Custis said that there was hope even for him? He stumbled. Too late. He pitched forward. This was the end.

"A mistake," he thought, falling. "Why didn't I postpone it as I intended?"

And whirling down through the air in his last irremediable mistake he suffered or dreamed he suffered such sorrow, such unavailing regret that like a heartbroken child he turned to Marjorie.

"Marjorie!" he cried.

And straightway a miracle happened. Marjorie's hands came out of the void, they touched his poor blind eyes, and—oh, blessed miracle!—his sight was restored to him. He saw the sunset. His blindness, and with it all his distress, vanished like a foul nightmare. How happy he was! He could see! A glittering golden light was all about him. Ah, this golden happiness! This shining beauty!

Thus his fall ended.

IV

HE LAY amid the yellow flowers of a great clump of gorse.

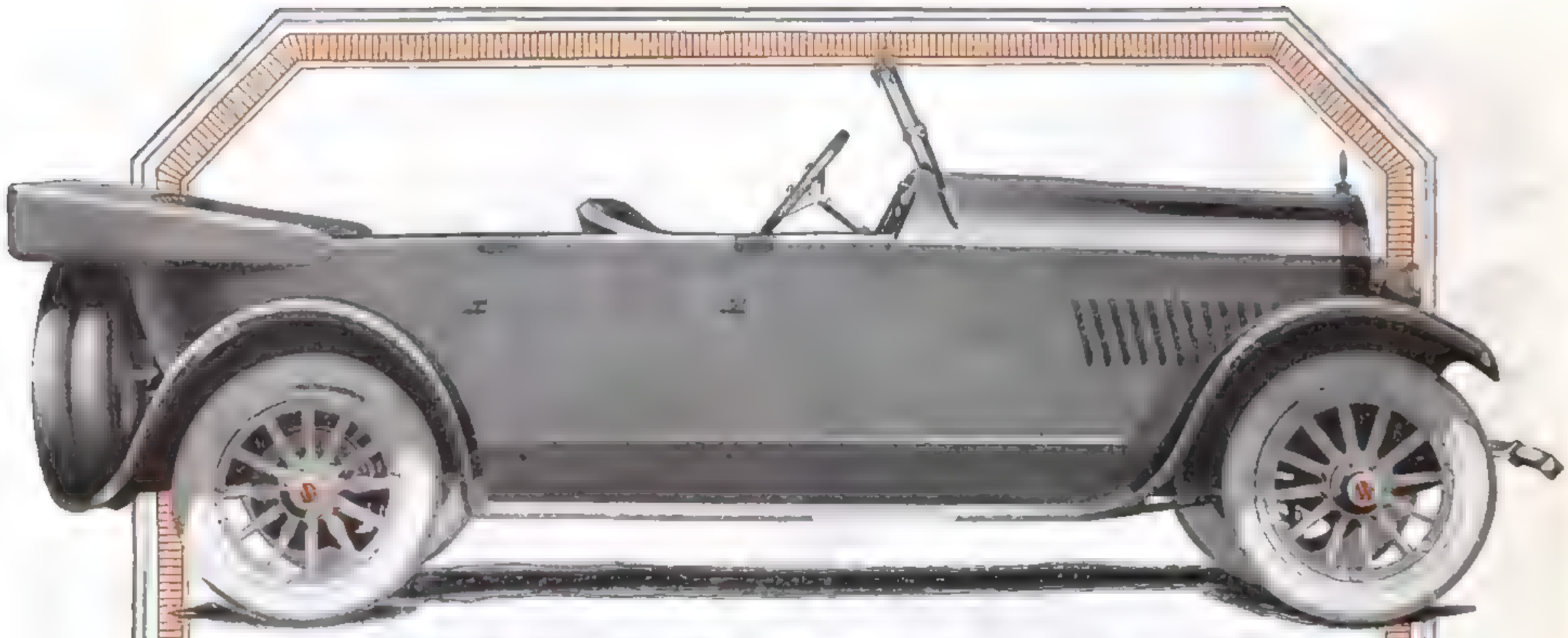
"I can see!" he said. "I'm alive!"

And he scrambled hurriedly up to the road again. An easy scramble. The road was but a little way above his head. And he had thought that he was falling—falling hundreds of yards!

When he regained the road he smiled. How mistaken had been his topography, to be sure! That run downhill, instead of the few feet he had pictured it, was eighty or ninety feet at least. Of course on such a long run he had lost his bearings, swerved and plunged—not over the precipice, thank God, but into the deep gully at the roadside. The gorse had broken his fall.

"I've got another chance," he said. His voice was awed. He felt very happy, very resolute, very, very humble. "I'll pack to-night and rejoin my regiment to-morrow. A miracle's been worked."

And he set off with a slight limp after Miss Eliot's receding figure. Perhaps it was the fear of death that had worked his miracle for him, but he liked best to think that it was Marjorie's hands.



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In designing a motor car, a thousand separate decisions have to be made. Shall this material be used, or that one? Shall this accessory be selected, or another? Shall we include this or that feature, or leave it out?

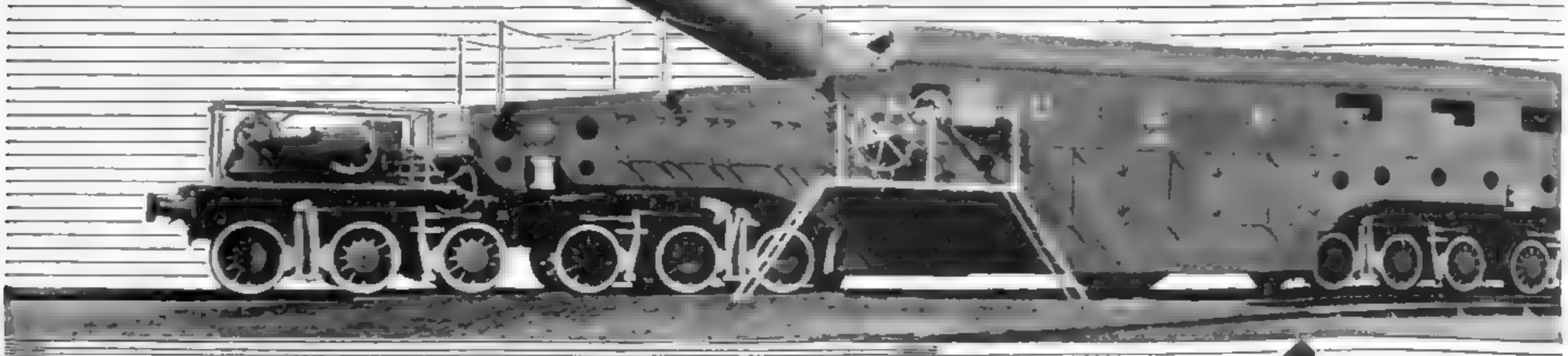
Westcott engineering is guided by a single principle. The engineer has but one question to answer: "Will this part, this material or this method make the owner's satisfaction with the car *last longer?*"

When you understand the principle of selection, everything about the car explains itself. You know then why the engine heat is thermostatically controlled; why the equipment includes motometer, plate glass window lights, self-acting top, extra long gear-control levers, exceptionally easy-riding springs, cord tires and the like.

Everything that goes into the Westcott car must either (1) make the car go more miles without wearing out, or (2) give the owner more comfort *during every one of those miles.*

THE WESTCOTT MOTOR CAR COMPANY
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, U. S. A.

SIMONDS
SAW STEEL PRODUCTS



At The Front In Every Way

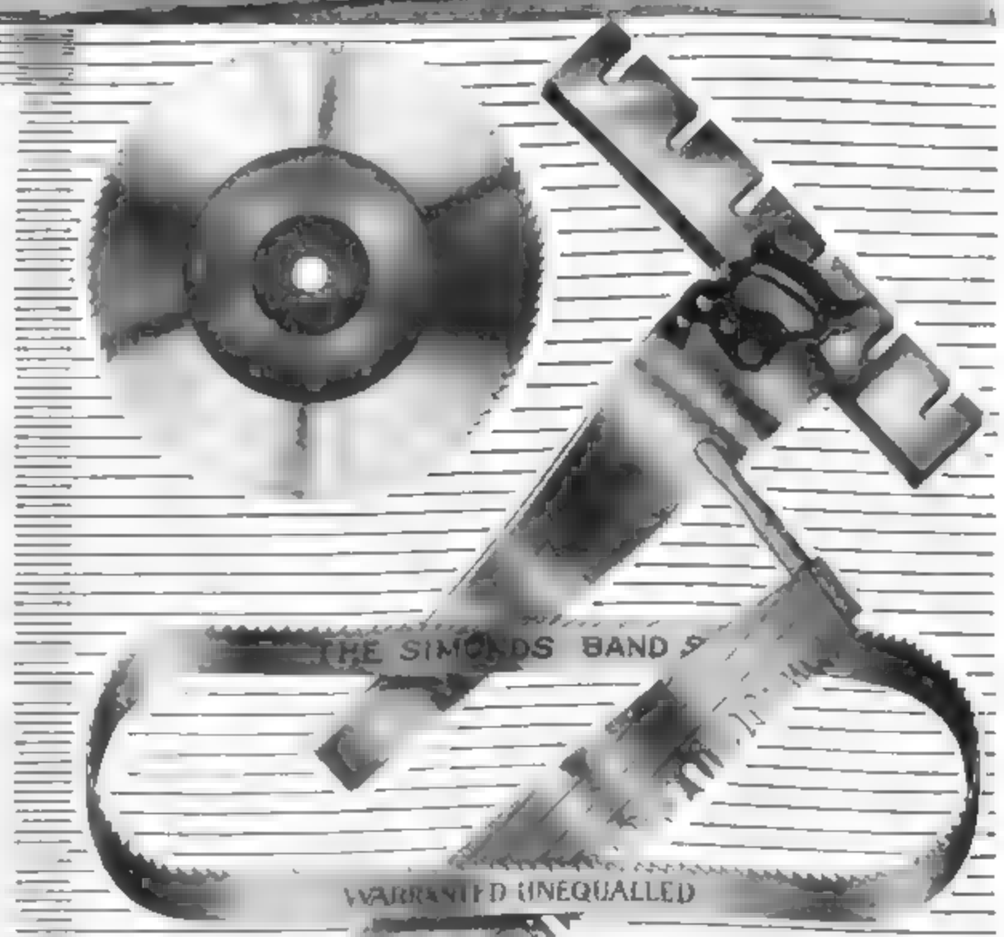
The wall of Simonds Steel armor that protected the 14-inch Naval gun mounts on the battle fronts of France was but a quarter of an inch thick—yet built to stand the test of concentrated rifle and machine gun fire.

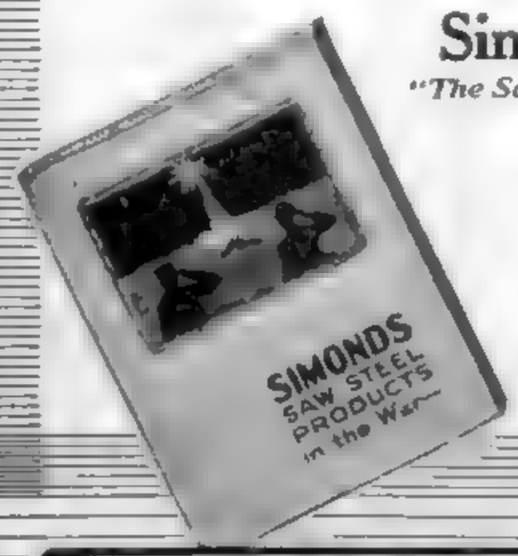
Simonds Steel gave to gun and crew the same measure of physical protection that it gives to you in the form of insurance against undue wear and depreciation.

Simonds Saws, knives and all other products endure like Simonds armor plate. The same skill and facilities produce them.

Simonds Flat Steel Plates, now available to manufacturers in any quantity, protect reputations founded on reliable products. Inquiries are invited.

Write for the Simonds War Book, telling how and why Simonds Quality met the test of war





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New Orleans, La.	Vancouver, B. C.
London, England	St. John, N. B.

Simonds

LOOKING BACKWARD

(Concluded from Page 15)

I give it as the opinion of a long life of experience and observation that the newspaper press, whatever its delinquencies, actual or accused, is not a common liar, but the most habitual of truth tellers.

There are liars and liars, lying and lying. It is, with a single exception, the most universal and venial of human offenses. We have at least three kinds of lying and species, or types, of liars—first, the common, ordinary, everyday liar, who lies without rime or reason, rule or compass, aim, intent or interest, in whose mind the partition between truth and falsehood has fallen down; then the sensational, imaginative liar, who has a tale to tell; and, finally, the mean, malicious liar, who would injure his neighbor.

This last is, indeed, but rare. Human nature is at its base amicable, because it wants to please. All of us are in a way its unconscious victims.

Competition is not alone the life of trade; it is the life of life; for each of us is more or less competitive. There is but one disinterested person in the world, the mother, who, whether of the human or animal kingdom, will fight and die for her young. Yet, after all, hers is a kind of selfishness.

The woman is becoming more or less a professional female. It is of importance that we begin seriously to consider her, having enjoyed her beauty long enough. Is the world on the way to organic revolution? If I were a young man I should not care to be the lover of a professional female. As an old man I have affectionate relations with a number of professional suffragettes, as they dare not deny; that is to say, I long ago accepted woman suffrage as inevitable, whether for good or evil, depending upon whether the woman's movement is going to stop with suffrage or run into feminism, changing the character of woman and her relations to man and with man.

I have been fighting woman's battles in one way and another all my life. I am not opposed to Votes for Women. But I would discriminate and educate, and even at that rate I would limit the franchise to actual taxpayers, and, outside of these, confine it to charities, corrections and schools, keeping woman away from the dirt of politics. For I cannot help thinking that in seeking unlimited and precipitate suffrage the women who favor it are a bit off their reckoning—though somehow, when the hikers started from New York to Albany, and afterward from New York to Washington, the thought of Bertha von Hillern came back to me.

I am sure the reader never heard of her. As it is a rather pretty story let me tell it. Many years ago—don't ask me how many—there was a young woman, Bertha von Hillern by name, a poor art student seeking money enough to take her abroad, who engaged with the management of a public hall in Louisville to walk one hundred miles around a fixed track in twenty-four consecutive hours. She did it. Her share of the gate money amounted to three thousand dollars.

I shall never forget the closing scenes of that wondrous test of courage and endurance. She was a pretty, fair-haired thing, a trifle undersized, but shapely and compact. The vast crowd that without much diminution, though with intermittent changes, had watched her from start to finish began to grow tense with the approach to the end, and the last hour the enthusiasm was overwhelming. Wave upon wave of cheering followed every footstep of the plucky girl, rising to a storm of exultation as the final lap was reached.

More dead than alive, but game to the core, the little heroine was carried off the field, a winner, every heart throbbing with human sympathy, every eye wet with proud and happy tears.

It is not possible adequately to describe all that happened. One must have been there and seen it fully to comprehend the glory of it.

Touching the recent Albany and Washington hikes and hikers let me say at once that I cannot approve the cause of Votes for Women as I had approved her cause. Where she showed heroic, most of the suffragettes appear to me absurd. Where her aim was rational, their aim has been visionary. To me they seem as children who need to be spanked and kissed. There has been indeed about the whole Suffrage business something pitiful and grotesque.

Often I have felt like swearing "You idiots!" and then like crying "Poor dears!" But I have kept on with them, and had I been in Albany or Washington, I would have caught Rosalie Jones in my arms, and before she could say "Jack Robinson" have given her a buss right on the top of her topknot, exclaiming: "You ridiculous child, go and get a bath and put on some pretty clothes and come and join us at dinner in the State Banquet Hall, duly made and provided for you and the rest of you delightful sillies."

It is nearly twice the distance between New York and Washington as between New York and Albany; but they covered it. They did what they said they would do. Whoever thinks it easy let him try it. I wonder if Bertha von Hillern be living yet?

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of Colonel Watterson's reminiscences. The sixth will appear in an early issue

Broker size
13c
2 for 25c
Other sizes
10c and up

SMOKE *after* meals, and not before meals; smoke moderately, and smoke *Girards*. Then you won't need worry about any ill-effects of smoking. The Girard is full of ripe and mellow flavor and aroma, but there's not a hint of harm in it, and not a tincture of regret.

Ask for Girard
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Antonio Roig & Langsdorf
Established 48 years Philadelphia

GIRARD
Never gets on your nerves

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Heat Insulations, High Temperature Cements, Asbestos Roofings, Packings, Brake Linings, Fire Prevention Products

A Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofing at a Popular Price

"GIVE us a Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofing that will be within the price range of other ready-to-lay roofings." This has been the demand of the roofing dealer and the wish of thousands of roofing users, who believe in the superiority of an Asbestos Roofing.

Here is the answer to the demand, a popular-priced Asbestos Roofing in ready-to-lay form—Asbestone.

It is not a cheap roofing in the sense that its quality or its composition have been slighted. It is an inexpensive roofing, only because its manufacture has been planned on a big scale and its cost therefore is down to the minimum.

What Asbestone Is

Like all other Johns-Manville Asbestos roofings, ASBESTONE is a mineral fabric, composed of Asbestos fibre, cemented together with natural asphalts. Gray mottled Asbestic finish on one side, smooth black surface on the other. May be laid either side to the weather. Rolls contain all necessary fasteners for laying. Can be applied by anyone.

Asbestone defies time and repels fire. The varying degrees of heat and cold leave it unchanged, because being *all-mineral*, there is nothing in it to disintegrate, dry out or rot. It never requires painting, and it will give years of service without the need or cost of repairs.

Ask Your Dealer to Show You Asbestone

Examine this roofing at your dealer's store. Let him tell you why it is the cheapest per year roofing.

By all means defer your roofing purchase until you know all about Asbestone. Write for booklet.

To the Trade: Our sales policy provides for the marketing of this material through recognized distributors and dealers. Address nearest branch for particulars.

The Same Institution Behind All Johns-Manville Roofing—Vouches for Asbestone

Whether you buy Asbestone, or any one of the other Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofings, you can register your roof with us, which puts it on our records as Johns-Manville Roofing in Service. We then obligate ourselves to see that this roofing bears out all claims we make for it. It is our responsibility to see that it gives you the service promised.

Send for Booklet "Rock or Rags"

Other Johns-Manville Roofings

Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofings are made in great variety for all roofing needs. Johns-Manville Asbestos and Colorblende Shingles for homes. Johns Manville Brooks and Flextone Ready Asbestos Roofing for sloping roofs or large permanent buildings. Johns Manville Built-Up Roofing for all flat surfaces, and Johns Manville Corrugated Asbestos Roofings for skeleton frame buildings.

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.
New York City
10 Factories—Branches in 63 Large Cities

SECONDHAND GHOSTS

(Continued from Page 13

"Some men," he mused, "are like gas motors—they run best when hot. Maybe psychology is like carbon—maybe it'll burn out."

But if Bruin could have heard the discussion that disturbed the calmness of a certain Hollywood bungalow that evening he might have changed his metaphor.

"I know, dear," insisted the brown-eyed, curly-haired Cub; "but surely you can reason out some way to convince daddy. Anyway, I don't think he really intends to discharge you."

"Oh, yes, he does," argued Toodles, still much impressed by J. D.'s tone of the afternoon. "He blames me for the secondhand car mess at the Western Branch."

"And can't Mr. Conn help you sell those cars, dear?"

"Conn?" sputtered Toodles. "That fellow's a false alarm. Yesterday he preached to me for an hour on how to handle J. D. Look what it got me! I tried out his scheme and nearly got my head chewed off."

"Possibly you didn't understand him," soothed the bewitching Cub. "Didn't you tell me the position you gave Mr. Conn as psychological investigator was his one big chance to prove his theories?"

"Y-e-s," reluctantly admitted Toodles; "but they won't work on secondhand cars. Nothing will work on secondhand cars. The public is afraid of anything secondhand. Why ——"

"Oh, goodness, Toodles!" objected Dorothy. "Why don't you use some other word than secondhand? It doesn't appeal to the imagination. It suggests something old, worn-out and dirty." Then her eyes fell on the well-thumbed volume of Business Psychology that for the past several months had occupied the honor place on the library table. "It's—it's a destructive word, isn't it, dear?"

"We never use it in our sales talk to a customer," admitted Toodles.

"But you say used car. Isn't that just as bad? Why, even old-clothes dealers don't advertise their goods that way. They call them misfits, don't they?"

"Great Scott!" grinned Toodles, despite his woes. "Imagine reading For Sale—One Misfit Darco! . . . Wouldn't that get a laugh?"

Nevertheless Toodles became abstracted, and during the balance of the evening conversation lagged. The Cub, watching speculatively from the corner of her eye, sensed her victory.

She was right. Gradually Toodles' mind broke adrift from the age-worn mooring of habit and was carried out on the uncharted sea of imagination. Why was it, he wondered, that they never had any trouble selling their demonstrating cars at the end of each season? They were secondhand; had run even farther than many of the cars they accepted in trade. But they were advertised as demonstrators. Just a simple matter of word psychology.

"By golly, hon!" he exclaimed, joyfully slapping his knee. "Did they teach you that kind of psychology at Stanford?"

The Cub smiled indulgently.

"Do you really think, dear," she chided, "that anyone could teach a woman psychology?" and for once her affable husband was trapped.

The fifteenth of the month passed and J. D.'s drastic used-car regulations went into effect. There was a noticeable drop in the sale of new cars; but the Bear had anticipated that. The shift from the high gear of reckless trading to the slow speed of a more conservative secondhand-car policy could not be made without a certain loss of power. But the absence of any visible eruption in the sales force did worry Old J. D. Only two men—Arnold and Jackson—had quit; the others had accepted the new rule with foreboding calmness. And Toodles—the serene, optimistic Toodles of old—hustled with his usual untiring pepper; which may, or may not, have been caused by the unexplained disappearance of Conn, the mysterious psychological investigator.

Never before had the Western Branch seemed to run with such well-oiled smoothness. Too smooth, thought Old Bruin, whose bearish intuition warned him that the scenery for a new act was being quietly set in place behind the mask of the old while the play went on. But, plot and question as he might, not even one little peek could he get back of the stage.

"Something tells me those pirates are planning to give my fur a good dusting," he growled to himself. "I'll step carefully."

The noisy arrival of a blue-capped messenger boy several hours later erased the self-imposed warning. Hurriedly J. D. ripped open the yellow envelope. And from the lines of the telegram his secondhand ghosts again rattled forth on parade. The message read:

"Denver, Chicago and New Orleans branches canceled shipments of November allotment of cars. Unable to make trades on new rule. Entire sales force Boston Branch resigned. Situation demands personal attention. THOMPSON."

Wearily Old Bruin settled back in his chair. He had played his last card in the secondhand-car game and apparently he had lost. The revolt in the Boston Branch was serious; but the cancellations of the November shipments deepened the lines in J. D.'s face. Those shipments were the lifeblood of the Darco Motor Company. If they stopped ——

The thought brought him stiffly upright, reaching for a time-table and a telegraph blank.

"I'll be damned if I'll let those temperamental salesmen put me down!" he growled menacingly.

He wired Thompson to meet him in Chicago. The Western Branch was forgotten.

On the gloomy events of the Bear's seven weeks' tour of the rebellious branches let silence mercifully rest. Old Bruin stormed; and—strange to say—he pleaded. But he was fighting with his back against the wall. He hired new salesmen—fired them—coaxed the old men back; and then, when they again stubbornly refused to abide by his used-car orders, he refired them. However, after a fashion, he restored a condition of smoldering peace. True, the sales reports displayed an alarmingly downward trend; but the profits, however small, were going to the company—not into unsalable secondhand stock.

Worried and wandering restlessly through the Detroit factory, J. D. found himself late in one afternoon of the eighth week on the loading platform—the huge dock from which all Darco machines, snugly blocked in their respective freight cars, flowed out to the world. For the past several weeks this usual beehive of activity had closely resembled a tank station on a two-train-a-week railroad.

Now the Bear stopped and stared, unable to credit his eyes. A large force of workmen was hurriedly loading fifteen new shiny Darcos into five huge freight cars.

"Looks like old times, Jenkins!" hailed Bruin. "Where are they going?"

"Los Angeles!" grinned the shipping clerk. "Rush order! Believe me, there's one agency that ——"

He broke off; Old J. D. was charging back through the factory on his way to Thompson's office.

"And Toodles had sixteen new cars on hand when I left," J. D. growled to himself. "Thirty-one with this shipment. Damnation! I'll bet that kid's making trades!"

The sanctuary of the Detroit manager was vacant. Bruin stamped on into the general offices.

"Secondhand-car report from the Western Branch!" he demanded of a flustered clerk.

"We—we haven't received one for two months," stammered the employee, thoroughly frightened by his employer's ferocious countenance.

"What's that?" stormed J. D. "Show me their correspondence file!" He yanked out the steel drawer and violently dumped it bottom side up on the floor. "Too doggone much system!" he snorted, diving into the pile with both huge paws. "Never can find anything round this ding-blasted place!"

The yellow glint of a telegram held his gaze. He snatched it up. It was addressed to Thompson. It read:

"Scheme working out. Hold Papa Bear as long as possible. Wire immediately if he starts West. Our lives in your hands!
TOODLES."

The Bear's face flamed. The clerks scattered. They knew the storm signals. They were not disappointed.

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Straight and True Into the Wind
It's a 'Nobby'. Start it straight—It goes straight.
'Nobby' Golf Ball
Perfect roundness and a fixed center of gravity maintain a true balance and keep the ball going on a direct line.
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Floaters and sinkers. $1.00 each, $12.00 a dozen. At your club or dealer's.
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THE new Cheney Tubulars are distinguished at once by a richness of design and a depth of glowing color tones—ever varying with each changing view of them. They are in great demand among well dressed men who prefer the comfort of a narrow tie.

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You can refinish your car yourself with Chi-Namel with full confidence that it will be a good job. You don't require special skill nor need to dread "making a muss of it"

Chi Namel is self leveling even if rebrushed 5 minutes after applying. Leaves no laps or brush marks, drying smoothly with a tough surface resisting water, weather, dust and hard knocks

THE CHI-NAMEL STORE IN YOUR LOCALITY

has Chi Namel finishes for every part of the car—for body top, metal work, woodwork Like Chi-Namel it is always a high-class store noted for courteous service. If not readily located write

THE OHIO VARNISH COMPANY
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Allen's Foot-Ease For the Feet

Sprinkle one or two Allen's Foot-Ease powders in the Foot Bath and soak and rub the feet. It takes the sting out of Corns and Bunions and smarting, aching feet. Then for lasting comfort, shake Allen's Foot-Ease into your shoes. It takes the friction from the shoe, rests the feet and makes walking a delight. Always use it for dancing parties and to break in new shoes. All dealers sell it

"Wait until I catch that Thompson!" bellowed Old J. D. with a violence that caused a nervous stenographer to scream piercingly.

But Bruin didn't wait. The General Manager was in New York. Anyway, that settlement could come later—after Los Angeles. All the way West Old Bruin chuckled in a wrathful bearish way over what should happen at the Western Branch when he descended upon it suddenly and unannounced. At Needles, Arizona, the porter came through the car with a yellow envelope in his ebony hand.

The sight of that message awoke the Bear. Suppose Thompson had returned to the factory in time to flash a warning to Toodles!

"Those pirates might be desperate enough to kidnap me," he muttered.

For several miles he sat stiffly upright, studying the flying landscape. Presently his fierce old eyes twinkled.

"I'll fool 'em!" he grunted.

At San Bernardino, sixty miles from Los Angeles, he left the train, sat grimly down in the depot, and waited half an hour; then he marched up the street to the local subagency for the Darco cars.

"Howdy, Hillman?" Bruin greeted the automobile agent. "Just passing through on my way to Los Angeles and dropped off to see a man on some business. Can you haul me the rest of the way?"

Lloyd Hillman glanced searchingly at J. D. What business could the Darco owner have in San Bernardino?

"Sure thing, Mr. Ward!" he agreed. "I'll drive you in myself—was going anyway. Demonstrator's out in front." He followed the Bear to the street.

"Having much trouble with secondhand trades?" pleasantly inquired J. D. as Hillman filled the gas tank from a pump at the curb.

"Trouble?" returned Hillman. "Say, that's a mild word for the mess I've been in! But this is the last week, thank heaven! The San Bernardino Motor Dealers' Exchange will open for business next Monday, and ——"

"Dealers' Exchange?"

"Sure thing!" explained the agent. "A vest-pocket edition of the scheme you big fellows put over in Los Angeles. Didn't think you were going to keep a good thing like that all to yourselves, did you?"

"Scheme?" Old J. D.'s voice rose instantly. "What scheme? What in thunder are you talking about?"

"Don't you know about it, Mr. Ward?" Hillman's voice was incredulous. "Now that's funny! I heard the Darco Company originated the idea."

"Some mistake," grunted the Bear impatiently. "What's the big stunt?"

"Why, it's a sort of clearing house," explained the puzzled agent, "incorporated by the recognized motor-car agencies. All secondhand cars taken in trade are turned over to the exchange and the members' accounts are credited with their value. Then the machines are reassigned to the agency handling that particular make. If it's a Kodick it goes to the Kodick dealer and is charged to him. Every sixty days the books are balanced. Great plan—eh?"

"Great nothing!" flared Old J. D. "Every agency will be bidding up trade-in prices, trying to stick the other fellow. Damnation! I'll bet Toodles ——"

"Not a chance!" put in Hillman. "The prices are fixed. If a customer has a secondhand car to trade in it's sent to the exchange and inspected by an expert; and a price, less ten per cent selling cost, is quoted. If any dealer raises that figure he loses his membership. You see, this stops the boosting of trade-in prices; establishes a certain market value for all used cars, and places all agencies on an equal salesmanship basis. . . . By the way—speaking of your manager, Toodles Walden—I hear that he durned near wrecked the exchange the first week—had about twenty-five trades all lined up and shot 'em over the first two days the place was open. Pretty smooth ——"

"I knew it!" yelled old J. D. "I knew it! Another one of that kid's newfangled schemes! First it was a psychological investigator; now it's a dealers' exchange! Next lap it'll be a bankruptcy referee." He settled belligerently back against the upholstered seat. "Come on!" he growled. "Let's go! I've got an appointment in Los Angeles"

The agent fumbled with the gas-tank cap. His face took on a half-frightened, half-bewildered expression. Suddenly he seemed to reach a decision.

"Just a minute, Mr. Ward!" he said. "My salesman had a prospect he was to see this afternoon. I'd better stir him up."

He darted into the building. Inside, he muttered to a mechanic.

"Watch that car, Jim! If that fellow gets out, you whistle! Understand?"

He grabbed the telephone and called long distance. After a nerve-racking wait he got his number.

"Hello! Hello!" he called in a low tense voice. "Put Walden on. . . . What? . . . Out! Get Darby; and hurry up! . . . Well, then who is there? . . . Who's speaking? . . . Who? . . . Oh, Conn! . . . Sure; I remember you. Say, listen! Old J. D. blew in a few minutes ago. . . . What's that? . . . Well, don't you suppose I know him? . . . Yes, wants me to drive him in. . . . Yes; I talked like a boob. . . . No! Not much! . . . Yep; I'm listening. Talk fast!" For two minutes the receiver chattered frantically. "All right!" Hillman agreed. "I get you. . . . Sure between Puente and El Monte. . . . Good luck!"

He banged up the instrument, rushed into the garage, stopped behind a car, inspected the gas gauge, made a hurried mental calculation, grinned, and drove the car round to the front door.

"Change cars, Mr. Ward," he requested. "Boy's got a demonstration."

Old J. D. obliged without even a grunt. The car slipped quietly out of town. At

(Continued on Page 69)

WILLIAM T. SUTTER

Want an Extra $100.00 next month?

You're going to need extra cash in April. The Victory Liberty Loan is about to be launched, Spring clothing must be purchased—and you'll want a little fun besides. Let *us* provide the money.

Mr. William T. Sutter in his first month's work as our representative earned more than $100

Spare Time Profit

And at that time he was a very busy man, being able to devote only a small part of his time to Curtis work.

What other men can do, you can do too. So if $100.00 or any other amount would help, just put your name on the coupon, send it along and we'll tell you how.

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928 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gentlemen:—Please tell me how I can make One Hundred Dollars a month in my spare time.

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Shades *will* be mistreated at times

Be sure your shades have the quality you buy them for—durability!

YOU try to have the shades treated well, but occasional accidents will happen. This soon causes ordinary shades to wrinkle and sag. They get cracks and pinholes. They are ugly.

You can guard against this annoyance, this expense. For Brenlin—the long-wearing shade material—is made to resist severe strains. Brenlin shades wear two or three times as long as ordinary shades.

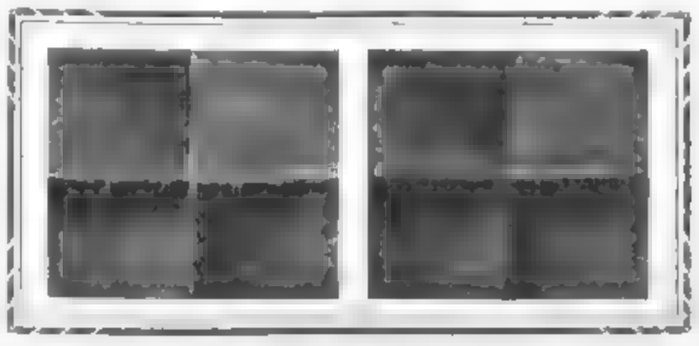
Why Brenlin resists strain

The ordinary shade gets full of streaks and pinholes, because its loosely woven fabric is "filled" with chalk and clay to make the shade look smooth and firm. The knocking of the wind, the pulls and whacks that all shades get, soon make this "filling" loosen—it falls out, leaving ugly little holes.

Brenlin is made of extra fine firm cloth—it has absolutely no "filling" in it. It wears and wears. It hangs smooth and straight. No cracks, no pinholes! You are amazed at the length of time it wears—and still looks well. It is especially treated so it will not wrinkle or sag. An extra quality color makes it proof against rain or sun. Buy this economical shade material—that wears two to three times as long as an ordinary shade.

Get Brenlin at your dealer's

Go to the Brenlin dealer in your town—see the many rich, mellow colorings he has, in this wonderful wearing material. He can also show you Brenlin Duplex, one color on one side, another color on the other.



Make two tight folds in ordinary shade material. Hold it to the light. See the cracks and countless pinholes

Fold Brenlin, the long-wearing shade material. It remains unbroken, no cracks, no pinholes

Make sure you are getting genuine Brenlin—try the famous Brenlin test in your dealer's shop. Look for the word "Brenlin" perforated on the edge—when you buy, and when your shades are hung.

If you do not know where to find Brenlin, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

For windows of little importance Camargo or Empire shades give you the greatest value obtainable in filled shades.

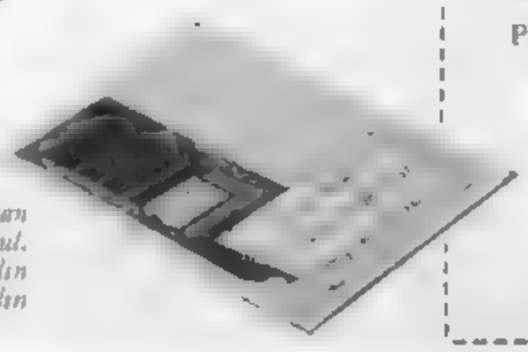
Chas. W. Breneman & Co., 2035 Reading Road, Cincinnati, Ohio—"The oldest window shade house in America." Factories: Cincinnati, Ohio, and Brooklyn, N. Y. Branches: New York City and Oakland, Cal. Owners of the good will and trade-marks of the Jay C. Wemple Company.

Brenlin

the long-wearing window shade material

Free book on how to shade your windows

Send for this attractive book today. It tells how you can make your windows and your whole home more beautiful. It suggests delightful ways to use the many charming Brenlin colors. With it we will send actual samples of Brenlin shade material in all colors



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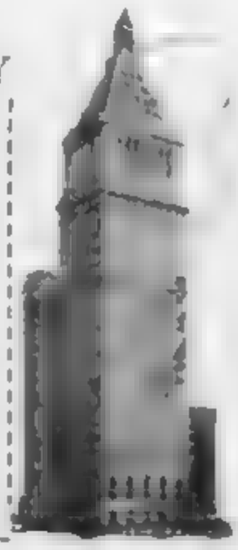

"At the opening of the Union Central Life Insurance Company's Building, Cincinnati, we selected Brenlin Window Shades for our building. They have given us perfect satisfaction, and we are pleased to recommend [illegible]

WILL YOUR MOTOR TRUCK BE AN ORPHAN ?

THERE are thousands of truck orphans left on the hands of their owners. Their makers have gone out of business. It is reported that, of 555 companies organized since 1909, 331 no longer exist. Half of the remaining are less than two years old. 228 lasted but a year.

Making motor trucks is a large scale operation. Only the resourceful succeed. Some makers lack the capital. Some lack the output for economical manufacture.

Motor trucks are an investment. Rightly used, they should earn dividends large enough and long enough to write themselves off the books and *then* make a clear profit. The investor in a bond is as keenly interested in the soundness and stability of the issuer as he is in the terms of the bond. So the purchaser of a truck should be interested in the permanence and stability of the maker.

Any mechanism designed to last is a doubtful value if the maker can not be counted on to remain in business and back up his product. The purchaser invests *also* in the maker's experience, in his reputation and in his service facilities. Of what use is a truck if parts are no longer available? What resale value does it have without a maker? Who will furnish service to the owner?

A purchaser can judge these things by: Years in business, Financial statements, Performance records, Number of trucks in service, Size and growth of output, Reputation of the product, Service facilities *already* established.

The Purchaser of a White Truck Backs His Investment in It with the Strength of The White Company, with Its Years of Successful Experience, with Its Thousands of Trained Employes, with Its Tens of Thousands of Trucks in Active Service, with Its Millions of Capital, and a Service Organization, Nation-Wide, which Has No Parallel in the Industry.

(Continued from Page 66)

Cucamonga Hillman turned sharply to the left and dropped down to the Valley Boulevard. He glanced at his watch and slowed to thirty miles an hour.

"Let's go!" protested the Bear. "I'm in a hurry!"

"Motor cops watch this road pretty close," returned Hillman, and held to the sedate thirty.

Slowly the miles unwound behind the Darco. Old Bruin rode in silence. Perhaps in the peaceful orange groves slipping past he saw a grim contrast to another scene he was visualizing—a scene that had for its setting the Western Branch, in Los Angeles.

At last Pomona loomed ahead: and, despite J. D.'s growls of protest, Hillman crept through at the lawful rate of twenty miles an hour. Past the city limits, Bruin muttered:

"Now—gol-durn it—let's move!"

Hillman answered by advancing the speedometer numerals to 30. Old J. D. slid down in his seat, savagely set his teeth into his cigar, and pulled his cap low over his wrathful eyes.

That was why he failed to notice that his driver, with an anxious tightening of the facial muscles, was tensely watching each curve ahead. Miles rolled slowly rearward; Puente was dropped behind, and the agent's worried eyes took on a half-panicky expression. Once the motor sputtered strangely, and he glanced nervously at the Bear's huddled figure; but Bruin's mind and ears were miles ahead of the plodding Darco.

Suddenly from beyond a well-rounded turn just ahead there came a thundering roar, and a flying monster leaped straight for the Darco. Then, with a flash of brilliant green paint, a rush of air and a swirl of dust, it had passed.

"Wow!" Old Bruin awoke with a startled bellow. "Doing 'bout sixty! What was it?"

"Search me!" parried Hillman with a relieved laugh. "Did he go over or round us?"

J. D. ignored the pleasantry.

"Boy! But I'd like to ride with that fellow!" he growled, trying to prod his driver beyond the irritating thirty.

A mile beyond he ardently repeated his wish. The Darco sputtered queerly, coughed hoarsely, back-fired, ran jerkily for two hundred yards, and then, with a hissing sigh, rolled to a stop.

Hillman leaped out and inspected the gas tank.

"Now what do you know about that?" he questioned sheepishly. "We're—we're out of gas!"

"Great Christmas!" snorted J. D. "Out of gas? Why didn't you stop in Puente and ——" He broke off abruptly. From behind them came the bark of an exhaust. "Flag that car!" he roared. "Stop him!"

Hillman leaped for the center of the road. Round the turn flashed a car, the unmistakable lines of a familiar radiator taking shape.

"Good!" yelled J. D. "It's a Darco!"

Then he grunted a startled, half bewildered exclamation. With screeching brakes, a strange foreign-looking machine had skidded past. The Bear's unbelieving eyes followed it with an incredulous stare. The wind shield, jutting up from the Irish-green cowl, was tilted sharply rearward to meet a rakish leather top. The front and rear mud guards, over cream-colored wire wheels, ended in graceful curves. In place of the usual linoleum-covered running board were two small nickel-plated steps.

White and gasping, Old J. D. turned to Hillman like a man who had seen a ghost.

"Gad!" he breathed. "I'd swear that's a 1914-model Darco; but ——" His eyes caught the rear license plate—the registered number of the Western Branch. "It is a Darco!" he muttered.

"But who's that driving? Never saw that fellow before!"

The agent, his admiring and slightly wondering gaze appraising the slowly backing car, seemed suddenly to brace himself.

"Say, J. D.," he whispered hoarsely, "there're things going on you ought to know. Here's your chance! New salesman; never met you. I'll introduce you as ——"

The reincarnated secondhand ghost was alongside the stranded Darco.

"Hello, Hillman!" greeted the driver. "Stuck?"

"Gas tank dry," returned the San Bernardino agent ruefully. "Hard luck too! I was driving Mr. Gray into Los Angeles." He turned to the Bear. "Shake hands with Mr. Roddy, Mr. Gray. . . . Mr. Gray is a prospective Darco owner," he added affably.

Vaguely Old J. D. sensed the outstretched hand and grasped it. Dimly he heard the man's greeting:

"Glad I happened along. Climb right in, Mr. Gray."

Half puzzled, the Bear obeyed. The gears thudded softly beneath his feet and the glorified old secondhand Darco purred sweetly away.

Back on the road, Hillman, with a broad satisfied grin, watched the car disappear. Then he turned a little lever on the gas tank to the word Reserve, kicked the starting pedal, and patiently resumed his thirty-miles-an-hour jog toward Los Angeles.

For five miles Old J. D., a stranger in his own car and a prospective customer in the eyes of his own employee, rode in thoughtful silence. Was there no end to Toodles' fancy schemes? he wondered. Would a few coats of paint set aside the merciless verdict of motordom's heartless jury, Style? Would it blot out the public's prejudice against everything secondhand? No! Others had tried. The Hendry agency had gone broke painting their old cars. In the eyes of the motoring public a secondhand car was still just a secondhand car, even though you smeared its age with a hundred coats of paint.

Vividly he recalled his own disastrous demonstration to a certain Mr. Myers. "And Toodles boasted he would sell him a car!" J. D. mused wrathfully. "Well, I'd like to be present." Myers' stinging sarcasm—"No more gasoline antiques for mine!"—still smarted.

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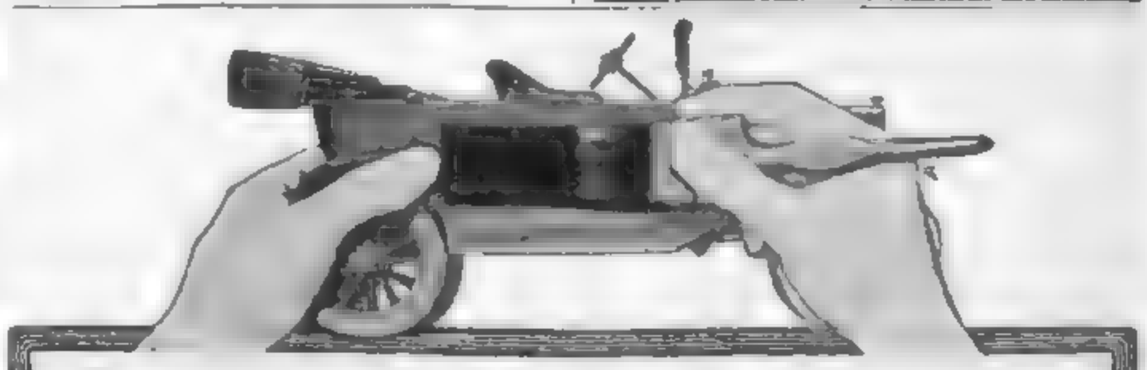

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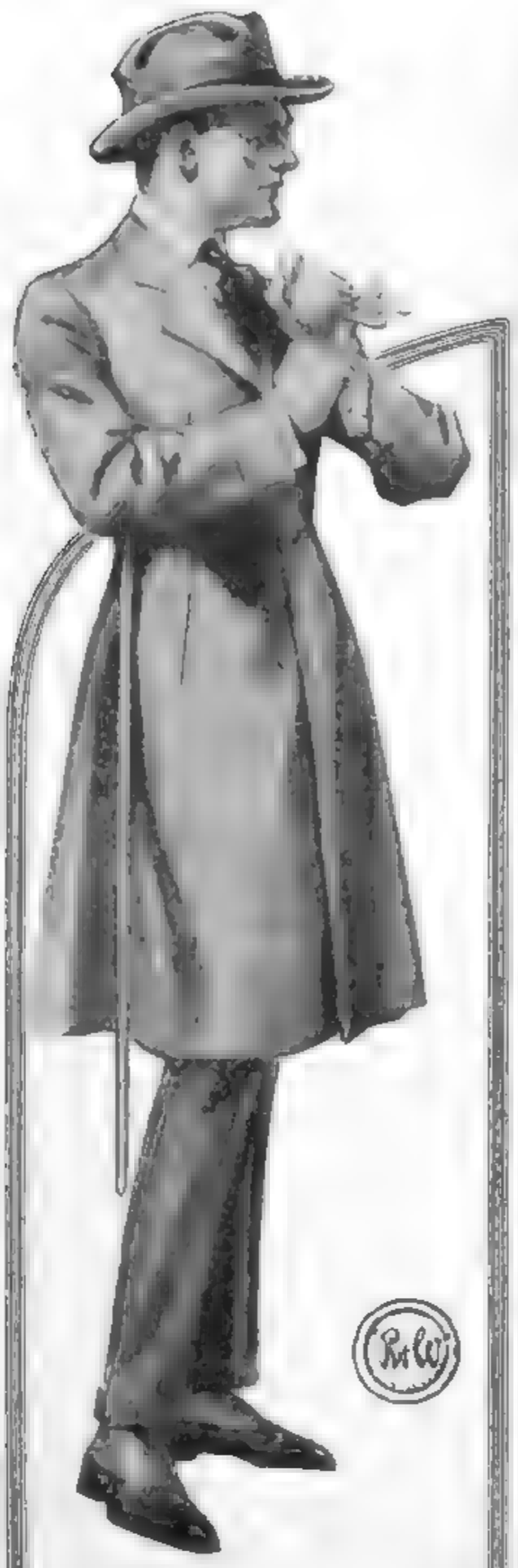

The young fellows who have come back from the war have set a new style in Spring overcoats.

The "R & W" Highland Heather coat has the broad shoulders, full chest and slender waist they require.

It's a smart new waistline model made of the famous rainproof Highland Heather overcoat fabrics in all the new colors and designs.

Ask your Dealer and look for the "R & W" label—it's your protection.

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Clothing Specialties

CHICAGO

Gradually the Bear became conscious of the smooth, powerful road song of the old Darco motor beneath the brilliant green hood. It made his paws itch with an almost uncontrollable desire to grasp the steering wheel.

"Let me get behind that wheel, young man!" he growled.

The salesman consented with a smile that said plainer than words:

"Just what I was expecting."

"Looks pretty good for a secondhand wagon," remarked Old J. D., partially surrendering after several fast miles.

"Oh, this isn't a secondhand car," gently corrected the other. "No, indeed, Mr. Gray. This machine is a rebuilt Darco!"

"Huh!" grunted the Bear. "Fancy name?"

"Not a name, sir," smiled the salesman; "but a straight fact. This car has been completely overhauled and rebuilt in our own shops. The body remodeling, painting, upholstering and top work were all done in Darco shops and by Darco experts. Now ——"

"What's that?" bristled J. D. "In our—in your own shops?"

"Yes, sir! Best-equipped remodeling plant in the West. This eliminates the middleman's profit and makes the sixteen hundred dollars we are asking for this car a very reasonable price."

The Bear's paws closed savagely on the steering wheel

"For the holy love of Mike!" he began in a great voice.

Then he remembered his rôle of customer.

"You—you mean to say that you're rebuilding every secondhand car you take in trade?" he finished weakly.

"Certainly, sir! Under the plan of the Dealers' Exchange we're handling only Darcos. Therefore, we not only rebuild but we guarantee every car."

"Guarantee?" burst Bruin. "Guarantee secondhand ——"

"Rebuilt—not secondhand," soothed the salesman

"Damn the name!" roared the Bear, his diplomacy a complete wreck. "How many secondhand machines have you guaranteed? Tell me that, young man!"

The salesman's voice did not lose one iota of its unruffled smoothness. Apparently he overlooked his customer's unusual gruffness

"Oh, this is the first car through our shops," he explained easily. "Now, sir—regarding the name—kindly let me explain the psychology of the word." And he launched into a detailed lecture.

The Bear, trapped behind the wheel of the fast-moving car, listened in sullen, dangerous silence. He stamped heroically upon an impulse to end the scene violently—throw this Chautauqua-tongued orator overboard and plunge ahead at top speed to a settlement with the Master Schemer, Toodles Walden.

Miles slipped by and, little by little, Old J. D. discovered he was really getting interested. The salesman's ready smile was growing contagious, his calm voice soothing; and he stated facts in such a convincing way that argument seemed useless.

"Oh, by the way, Mr. Gray," he added suddenly, as the car neared a branch road just outside the little town of Savannah, "if you have time I should like to go in by way of Pasadena; just a little errand at the Huntington."

J. D. grunted assent and swung the Darco into the right-hand road. Twenty minutes later the Darco turned into the palm-lined driveway of the Huntington. The salesman leaped out, tossed his overcoat into the rear seat, and strode into the hotel.

The Bear settled back and glanced at his watch. Ten minutes past five o'clock. Well, if the fellow hurried, they should still be in time to catch Toodles before he left the Western Branch. Old Bruin grinned his old bear grin. That interview, he promised himself, was going to be interesting!

The noisy arrival of a street car on Oak Knoll Avenue drew the Bear's attention to an overcoated figure striding up the drive As the man approached closer J. D. grunted identification.

"Myers!" he muttered. "And still riding on the street cars! Guess I've got a good one on Toodles."

"How do you do, Mr. Ward?" greeted the former prospect. "Just been over to your Los Angeles place to see the new cars they are advertising. Nothing doing, though. Only one they've finished was out somewhere. . . . Say, is that it?" His eyes swept over the revived ghost.

"Right you are!" beamed Bruin. "This is it!"

"Not so bad for a secondhand car," complimented Myers.

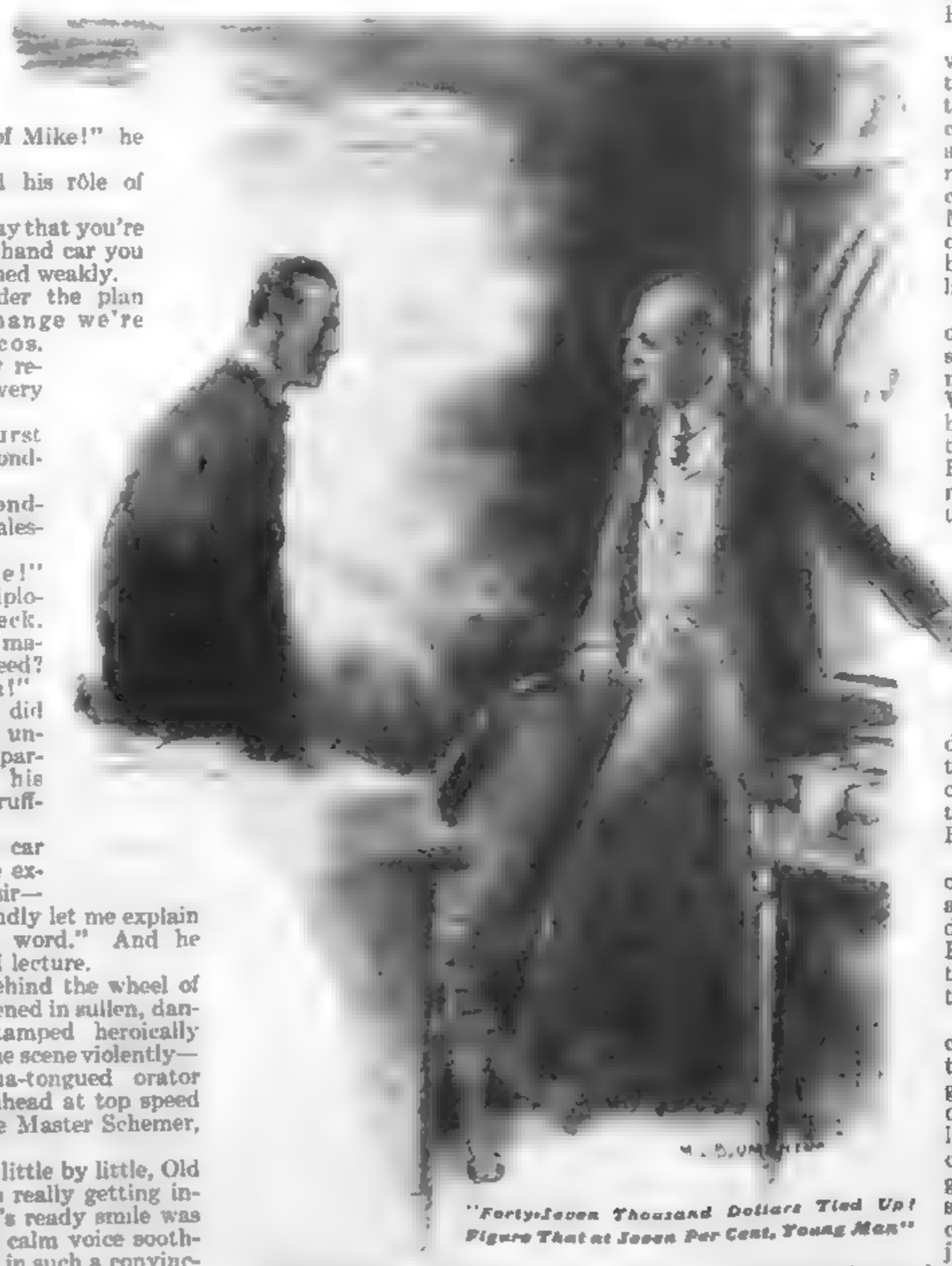
"Secondhand car? Not much! This is a rebuilt Darco!" Old J. D. stiffened.

"Have your own way about the name."

"See here!" blustered the Bear. "The Darco Company doesn't sell names. I said rebuilt!

"This car has been completely overhauled and rebuilt in our own shops. Every lick of work was done by Darco experts. No outside profits. Therefore the price is only sixteen hundred."

"Well, well!" said Myers. "Own shops, eh? Dolling up all your old wrecks, Mr. Ward?"



"Forty-Seven Thousand Dollars Tied Up! Figure That at Seven Per Cent, Young Man"

"We're out of the pawnshop business," emphatically rumbled Old J. D. "Nothing but Darcos now. That's why we can guarantee our sec—our rebuilt cars."

"Oh, guaranteed, is it?" The prospect's eyes brightened. "Transmission guaranteed, too, I suppose? . . . No offense, sir. Just a little joke." He walked slowly round the Irish-green body. "Rebuilt? Sixteen hundred?"

Then, to the utter amazement of Old J. D., he drew a leather-bound check book and a fountain pen from his pocket, balanced the book on one of the gracefully curved mud guards and scribbled industriously.

"Wife wanted a brand-new Fargot car," grinned Myers; "but this job will take her eye. Fifteen hundred dollars saved is—well it's fifteen hundred! . . . Here's a deposit. Send the bill of sale and the car over to-morrow morning at ten o'clock." He turned to enter the hotel.

"Say, look here!" bellowed Bruin "Let's take a ride round the block. This motor is ——"

"Haven't time," called back Myers. "Car looks all right!" And the door banged.

Old J. D. leaned heavily against the car. He was tempted to pinch himself. Suddenly he jerked out his watch. Twenty minutes past five.

"Well, I guess that's a record—eh?" he grunted. "Say, all a man needs in the automobile business nowadays is a good reputation, a pot of paint, and a book on ——" He broke off to make a hurried mental inventory of his sales talk. The result left him gasping and sputtering. "By golly, I stole that salesman's thunder!" He stared at the hotel entrance. "Wonder what's keeping that fellow so long?"

Abruptly his bearish intuition registered a startling suspicion. He pieced the loose ends together: The first rebuilt car? The salesman's little errand at the Huntington? Myers, a good prospect for a rebuilt machine? The facts dovetailed nicely.

"Going to sell the car right under my nose—was he!"

Then Old Bruin's eye fell on the overcoat in the back seat. He scrambled into the car, seized the garment and turned it wrong side out. A little neat tailor's tag fairly shouted the words: Patrick M. Conn!

"Psychological Investigator!" exploded the Bear, with a thunderous roar that caused a near panic among a group of newspaper-reading chauffeurs. "Holy Murphy! May Toodles and his high-browed titles be everlastingly scorched!"

Like the releasing of a tightly wound spring, Old Bruin's mind snapped back. With a whimsical grin he picked up the back trail—back at San Bernardino: Hillman's delay while he telephoned, of course; the change of cars; the incident of the dry gas tank—close figuring, that; Conn's arrival at the psychological moment; his diplomatic explanations under the guise of a demonstration; the side trip to the Huntington.

Old J. D. hauled out the deposit check and waved it with a deep-throated chuckle. Patrick M. Conn, the trapper, was in his own trap!

"Well, Mister Psychological Investigator," Bruin bellowed gleefully in the general direction of the hotel lobby, "a little street-car ride will do you good. But don't try to sell the motorman his car." And he drove jauntily away.

Thirty minutes later he parked his rejuvenated Darco in front of the Spring Street office of a well-known steamship company.

"Has the bridal suite in next Thursday's Honolulu boat been taken?" he inquired of the clerk.

"Bridal suite?" repeated the man, his eyes fixed inquiringly on the Bear's grizzled hair. "No, sir."

"Mark it off!" ordered Old Bruin, indorsing Myers' deposit check.

"Name, please?" asked the polite clerk.

"Mr. and Mrs. Toodles Walden!" beamed Old J. D.

At the door he stopped and stared.

A surging sea of hats marked the general location of his car.

He hesitated a moment, grinned his old-time bear grin, buttoned his overcoat snugly and charged out to proudly take his reincarnated ghost from the admiring crowd.

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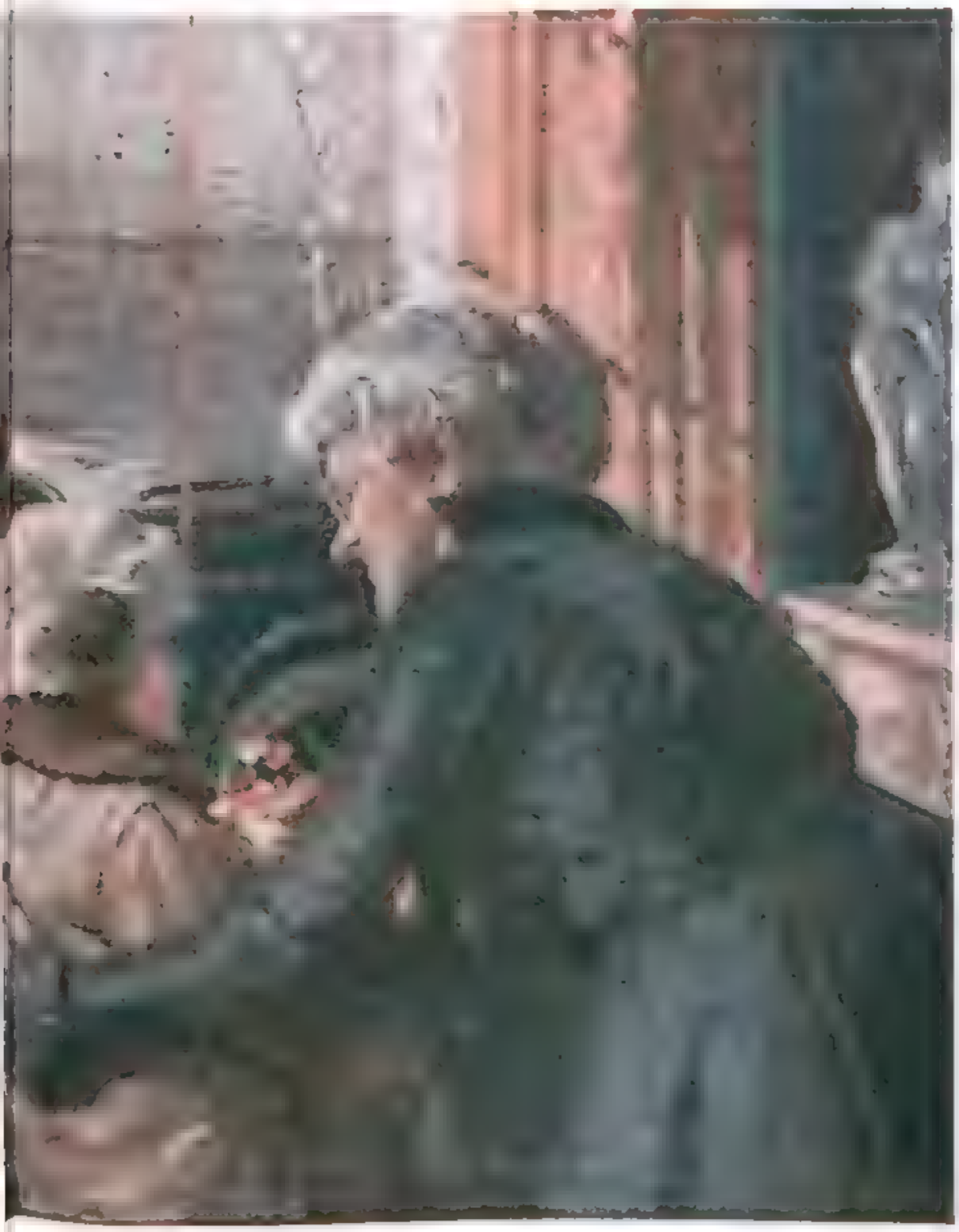

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More than one-fifth of them are driving the Model 90 shown here. Women, particularly, praise its comfort. Men talk of its dependable performance and owners everywhere are gratified over its economy. As an investment it pays in health, happiness and business success.

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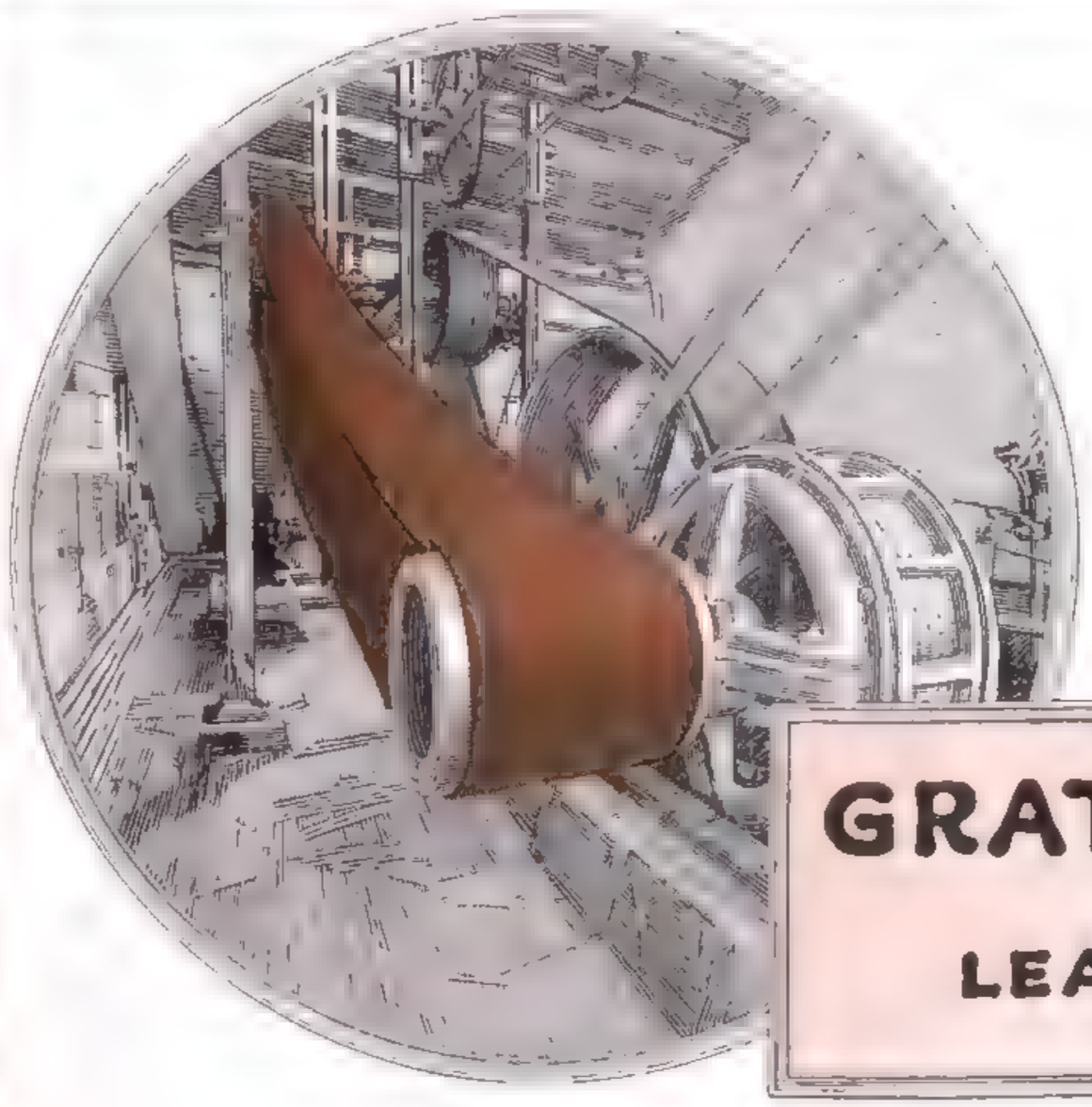

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Graton & Knight Standardized Series Belts are made to give the longest possible service at the smallest possible cost. Those who use them say that they do. Length of service depends on the nature of the drive, of course. In some cases five months would finish the best belt ever made by man. But here is a case of hard work day in and day out, with the ledger giving the answer to Graton & Knight quality.

Many of the best-belted plants ask us to specify the belting for every drive. Try the plan yourself. Then, when buying, call for "Graton & Knight Brand —or equal." This won't commit you to buying our belts. It will put your buying on the one basic consideration—the work to be done.

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HAVE A NUT SUNDAE WITH ME

(Continued from Page 17)

here," he says, "you can't cut a man offen his booze just because a few preachers and prohibitionists don't want us to have it. It don't stand to reason. What kind of a country is it, anyhow, where you can do a thing like this to a man? I ask you. I'll say it ain't much. I'll say that these here United States don't stand for nothing I was learned to think they stand for if they can slip one over on us like this. It can't be done, I'll say. Was we ever ast about it? Was we? Where did I get a chance to vote on it? It was slipped over on us when we wasn't lookin' but was out sendin' our sons to war, and buyin' Liberty Bonds and supportin' the President. That's what it was. But it can't be done. It'll all blow over, mark my words! What'll you have, boys?"

"Can't be done, hell," says the gentleman at the buyer's right. "Say, jever hear the story about the guy what was in jail, an' his lawyer comes round and peekin' through the bars he says: 'They can't put you in jail for that.' 'Can't, hey?' says the guy. 'But I am in jail.' Hey, jever hear 'at one? It is done. No more booze after July first. Drink up, and have another. Can't be done! You gimme a pain, you do."

"Well, it hadn't ought to be," says the third. "Lookit the money invested. What's goin' to become of 'at? I ast you. Hain't these men who put their good, hard-earned dough into this business got a kick comin'? I'll say they have. Millions of dollars too; millions. Lookit all the men 'at'll lose their jobs. Lookit Jim, here. What's goin' to become of Jim after this here law goes into effect? He's a good scout, Jim is, and he'll be outen a job; and so'll a lot more good scouts just like him. What's goin' to become of them? Is these here prohibitionists goin' to get them jobs so they can support their families? I ast you that. An' all this money invested—millions. And all these stores vacant and for rent. Think how property will go down, an' them big breweries vacant too. Say, you'll see a panic after this. I'll say you'll see a panic. Good enough for them too. But them prohibitionists they ain't carin' a whoop. They got it over, and it's us hard-workin' men who'll stand the gaff like we allays does. I'll take the same, Jim, only plain water this time 'stead of fizz."

How the Boys Rage

"THING about it 'at grinds me," says the gentleman on the right, "is pers'n'l-liberty side of it. Who's got the right to say I can't have a drink, I ast you. Who has? Ain't I a voter an' a taxpayer? An' where do I come in, I ast you. All my life I been takin' a drink when I felt like it, an' now a lotta people I never heard of as payin' any taxes in this man's town—or doin' any votin', or supportin' the community—comes along and says I can't have no more, never. It ain't right. What's the Constitution for, I ast you, if it ain't to hold off them sort of guys from sittin' on us. Looks to me as if they was sumpin' rotten about it. If we c'd git to the bottom of it we'd find they got to the boss, that's what they did. Salved him, and he let 'er go through, an' we gittin' it in the neck. Can't tell me the boss couldn't have stopped it 'less they was sumpin big in it for him. That's all they is to it, I'll say; rotten political deal an' the poor workin'man gittin' the worst of it. Fill 'em up, Jim. Pretty soon we won't be gittin' any. Pers'n'l liberty! 'At's rich, 'at is."

Grand Lodge of Sorrow, Number Two, opens in any popular hotel or café barroom along about five o'clock each afternoon, though various members have been in attendance during the day; and it continues in session until the lights are turned out at midnight or thereabouts.

"Well, what do you know about that?" asks the man with his foot on the rail at the corner of the bar. "Prohibition! The country is going dry next July. Just a dash of the good old absinth in mine, Tommy. Say, I read a good deal about this movement but I never thought they'd put it over—never. Thought the American people had too much sense. But you never can tell. First thing we know they'll be stopping cigarettes and coffee on us. Might just as well. The old spirit in America is gone. We're a lot of dogs, that's what we are, to let a bunch of these long-haired reformers come along and hand us a package like this. Personal liberty—huh! Pretty soon they'll have us living on fruit and nuts and drinking malted milk. Things have come to a sweet-scented pass in this country when they can get away with stuff like that. Ain't fit to live in, in my opinion. Sure! Make mine the same, Tommy."

"It's the politicians," says the man next to the first member. "It's those rotten politicians, afraid of a lot of women and church members and voting away our personal liberty like this. Why, say, they tell me that it takes two trucks to cart away the empty whisky bottles from the Capitol down in Washington every morning. And those are the birds who have handed us this when we weren't looking. But they're all alike, those politicians. They'll get theirs, and leave us out on a limb. Won't this be a hell of a place though, without a chance to get a drink now and then? Yep, gimme another, and a little more ice this time."

"What I want to know," says the third member, "is what kind of a town New York will be and it dry. Get that, will you? New York dry! Gee, but this will be a lonesome place with all the cabarets selling tea, and the bars dishing out ice cream. Serve them reformers right. Friend of mine tells me that they are for prohibition out in the home towns in the country and go to New York for their booze. Guess they overplayed their hands some this time. They'll have to go back to the old lemon extract again. But what I can't get is New York dry. I can't see it. I'll bet this town will just shrivel up and die. Nothing to it any more."

"I hear that places like Seattle and Denver and Salt Lake City and Portland and other towns that went dry get along first rate," puts in a man at the end.

"Those towns!" says the third man with infinite scorn. "Why, those are hick towns and why not? But New York is different. New York is—is—New York is New York. Say, son, do you know how much of the business and life of New York is based on booze?"

"No, do you?"

"Well, not exactly; but I'll say to you that without booze New York won't be half the place she is now; not half. Look at all the money that is invested here, and all the places there will be for rent, and all those big breweries standing idle, and all the men that will be thrown out of work, and all the loss of revenue from licenses. I tell you there is a big economic side to this that they haven't figured on yet, but that ain't nothing in the lives of these prohibition cranks. All they want is to deprive us of a chance for a little sociability and relief from the strain. What do they care about the loss of the money invested?"

"Well," says the man at the end, "when it comes to that, what do you care, either? You haven't got any money in a brewery, and you don't own a distillery, and you ain't working as a bartender. Where do you get off to make such a holler about the economic side of it? You don't own any corner stores that are now used for saloons."

"It ain't that, Bill," says the third man earnestly. "It ain't that a-tall. It's the principle of the thing I am talking about. You can't tell me if these here prohibition birds had money invested in a big distillery plant they would be putting this over on us. Not on your life. It's the selfishness of it that makes me sore. Those prohibitionists don't own a dollar of brewery stock, and for that reason they have no compassion on the poor, innocent investors in that stock. Think of the widows who have their little all in brewery stock. And the orphans! It's tough, that's what it is, to have them lose it all just because these prohibitionists are so selfish and narrow-minded. It's the principle of the thing I am talking about. Booze don't mean nothing to me. I can take it or I can leave it alone. That last one was pretty weak, Tommy. Give this one a jolt. There's nothing personal in what I am saying. I am talking as an American citizen, and I am against this because it is an abridgment of my personal liberty."

More Indignation and Dismay

BY THIS time they have moved over to a table and have asked the waiter to fetch some cheese and crackers.

"Yes," says the fourth man, telling the waiter to bring the same as before all round and be sure to give him the check, "it's the principle of the thing. And, besides, what is going to become of the workingman? The saloon was the poor man's club. Where is he going to go? You can't get a man to do as good work if he can't drop into the corner and have his glass of beer. There's nothing to it for him to go to a movie when he wants a slug of booze. I tell you this will create an atmosphere of lawlessness in this country that these prohibitionists haven't reckoned on. Men will have their booze! That's what I say. And if they can't get it one way they will get it another."

"Sure," says the member who opened the meeting. "And what will that mean? I ask you. What will that mean? It will mean that all sorts of rotten booze will be made and drunk, and that a lot of men who normally would be nothing but steady, consistent drinkers will get crazy on this bum stuff, and nobody can tell to what extremes they will go. But can you make these prohibitionists see that? I should say not! They'd rather see a man drinking this bum stuff and going crazy than let him have good stuff and drink it respectable like us. What are you all doing for dinner to-night? Let's go up to the Golden Garter and eat, and see the cabaret. They've got a hula up there that's a wonder. Come on."

"Can't do it," says the second member. "I haven't been home to dinner a night this week, and the wife ——"

"Oh, call her up and tell her an important customer is in town. You can get away with it."

And as they go out the third member is heard: "It's the principle of the thing, an infringement on personal liberty ——"

Meantime, Grand Lodge of Sorrow, Number Three, has opened in the smoking room of the fashionable club up the Avenue. The members have given their orders to the waiter, and the session is begun by the senior member present, who hasn't failed in wedging himself in on a drink at this hour for thirty-seven years, and hasn't bought one himself in the same length of time.

"It is incomprehensible to me," he says, "that the American people have sat supinely and allowed a few people to impose this outrage upon them. What becomes of our liberties when a gentleman cannot proceed to his club and drink a Scotch-and-soda or some other similar refreshment? What is the meaning of a puritanical decree of this sort? I venture to assert that this thing has been done against the aggregate and unanimous desire of this club, and viewing it in that light I feel I am justified in asking again, what becomes of our boasted liberties in this contingency? Not so much water, waiter, and a trifle more Scotch, if you please. Thank you."

"You may well ask that," says the man sitting on his right. "I say that this action makes mock of the Constitution of the United States, wherein it is explicitly stated that we have certain inalienable rights, and among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Now that being the case ——"

"I beg your pardon, Charles," says the third member, "but you have misquoted that. As I recall it that is found in the Magna Charta, the document which is the foundation of all our civilization as it exists to-day; that ——"

"Not at all, my dear sir; not at all! I correctly quoted the authority. As I was saying, that being the case ——"

"I insist it is in the Magna Charta, a document with which I am familiar and which is ——"

"Pardon me, but you will find those words in the Constitution of the United States and, if you will allow me to proceed, what becomes ——"

Where the Shoe Pinches Hard

WHEREUPON there ensues a rather acrimonious discussion, during which the senior member present contrives to get himself another drink at the expense of one of the disputants, and which results in bets of several bottles of wine, each disputant being supported by some of those present.

"Waiter, fetch the encyclopedia from the library."

"If I may be so bold," says the waiter, "that is hardly necessary, as the quotation you made is from neither of those documents, but from the Declaration of Independence."

This being verified through the medium of a political almanac, the discussion proceeds.

"There is no gainsaying the fact that new isms and radicalism have swept the country from its former conservative balance, and now we see this crowning culmination in the enforced deprivation of liquor from gentlemen. It simply marks our rapid recession from our old standards and ideals, our shifting from the firm foundations built by the fathers—the development of a spirit of radicalism that is sure to thrust us down to the depths of anarchy and lawlessness."

"I understand," says the next member, "that a chief cause of this unprecedented action was the saloon. Personally I am not familiar with saloons, but I have been reliably informed that there drinking is done to the detriment of the morals of working people and to the privation of their families. That being the case I fail to see why we should be inconvenienced. Would it not have been more in keeping with our ideas of affairs if these saloons had been exterminated and we, as gentlemen, left undisturbed in our enjoyment of our beverages? That, it seems to me, would have been a rational solution of the difficulty, if difficulty there was; but I fear the days of rationality are past."

"It presents an acute problem to me," says another. "For many years—indeed, since I came into my property—I have enjoyed a very good return from certain of my properties which have been rented for saloon purposes, and I shall keenly feel the reduction in my income that this movement will entail. So far as I have been able to discover my tenants always paid their rentals promptly, and were willing to make repairs themselves. I considered them very desirable tenants. I in turn paid my taxes on them and fulfilled every obligation imposed on me by the municipality as to their physical upkeep. Conducting myself thus within the law I feel that my personal liberties are infringed upon, and my prerogatives as a law-abiding citizen and prominent member of this community, if I may say so, crassly curtailed by the enforcement of prohibition."

"The nubbin of it," says the senior member present, horning in on another drink, "is found in the inexplicable selfishness and narrow vision of these prohibitionists.

(Concluded on Page 79)

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GOODYEAR

AKRON

BUILT AS WELL AS WE KNOW HOW

THE Goodyear Cord Tire is tangible evidence of our belief in the triumph of manufactured goodness.

It is the very finest tire that we know how to build—much finer than we could have built five, three or even two years ago.

It is built thus finely in the simple conviction that the most people want that kind of a tire.

There is considerably less conscience or idealism in this policy than of what may be taken as sound business sense.

The Goodyear Cord Tire travels smoothly and surely, and it lasts uncommonly long.

Among users it has aroused an expectancy of mileage easily double that of four years ago.

Its reputation and employment are steadily and swiftly growing as word of its advantages becomes more widely spread.

Today it is standard equipment on a pronounced majority of the finest motor cars built in this country.

The Goodyear Cord Tire costs more money to buy than do tires of an earlier type.

Its additional cost represents additional material and labor that are actually embodied in the tire.

It is the experience of users that despite their somewhat higher purchase price, Goodyear Cords cost less in the end.

Our factories have succeeded in attaining normal production and Goodyear Tires are now available everywhere.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

CORD TIRES

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TRUCKS

The Big Brother to the Railroads

SAND AND STAMINA

THE Los Angeles Sand and Gravel Company demonstrated to its entire satisfaction that Kelly trucks have stamina.

Backed into the pit, often deep in sand, loaded by an over-head chute that sends tons of gravel and crushed rock into the bodies, these trucks had to pull their heavy loads out through the soft sand, on to the destination—and then hurry back to repeat the same jolting, wrenching, stamina-testing run.

Day after day these eight Kelly trucks are doing their work—dependably, economically. And this is just one other instance of the make-good performance of Kelly-Springfield trucks in use in every part of the country, in every industry, for every purpose.

Correct, flexible design, backed by twelve years' experience in perfecting it makes Kelly-Springfield service unusual among trucks. And a *big, permanent institution* is your further insurance that Kelly-Springfield trucks *work* while many others are being *worked upon*.

1½ *to* 6 *ton models*

The KELLY-SPRINGFIELD MOTOR TRUCK CO. SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.
Builders of High Grade Motor Trucks

(Concluded from Page 75)

They say we shall not have our liquor, and apparently through some strange processes they have the power to make the securing of that liquor more difficult ——"

"You may have to buy some," breaks in a member.

He ignores the interruption. "The thing I cannot understand," he continues, "is the frightful selfishness of it. We do not object to the prohibitionists' having all the liquor they desire. Why should they, merely because they have the power, deprive us of our liquor which we consume in a perfectly respectable ——"

"And inexpensive," breaks in the man on whose checks the senior member present figures three times.

"—— perfectly respectable manner in this club, where, I dare say, no prohibitionist has ever set foot, and never would be allowed to. It is the selfishness of it that appalls me. We do not object to their drinking. Why should they object to our drinking? I confess it is beyond me."

Thus, across the country, in every place that is not dry already these Grand Lodges of Sorrow are being held daily and nightly, and they all open on the subject of Personal Liberty. Since it became known that the country surely enough is going dry the majority of the American male population have become the most ardent exponents and advocates of personal liberty the world has ever known. They exude it. They talk about it continuously. They deplore the circumstances that have deprived them of the personal liberty, or will soon deprive them, of standing in front of a bar and watching Billy mix high balls for them. That, it appears, is the greatest outrage ever perpetrated on man; and yet, during the fight for it they consoled themselves with the comforting assurance that it couldn't be done; and had just one more before going home.

The Personal Equation

Wherefore, a large section of the citizens of our dearly beloved country are now engaged in the most monumental attempt to lock the barn door after the horse is stolen that the world has ever seen. The coming of national prohibition was as apparent as the ebb and flow of the tides, but not to the average American who takes a drink. He saw the West going dry, was told impeccably and shown by instances that prohibition follows the extension of the vote to women; but he wouldn't believe it. Montana and Washington and Oregon and Colorado and Indiana might go dry, but there always would be oases in New York and Pennsylvania, and in various other of those solid, conservative states where the people had sense, he asserted. Then, a few weeks ago, the thing began to move, and before the average, American who takes a drink knew what was going to happen it had happened. The impossible deed was done.

The attitude of mind of the average American who takes a drink is interesting, even if inconclusive. Naturally he makes a personal equation of the business, and holds that he has the inalienable right to drink his drink either in public or in private so long as he keeps within the law. This view is held by a large number of our people. The point they do not get, or did not get until it was too late, is that another large number of our people hold diametrically different views on drinking, and that they put themselves in possession of the machinery to deprive the drinking American of that right by process of law. To my mind the drink question is essentially a personal question, up to the individual for solution. That isn't the mind of the prohibitionists; and they have prevailed.

There is no doubt that it will be a personal tragedy to many men, a great many, to be deprived of drink; not so tragic as they think just now, but tragical, none the less. However, that aspect of it may be looked upon with equanimity, because a large portion of the United States is dry now, and the citizens of those sections seem to be able to bear their burden of prohibition with reasonable ease. The interesting phase of the discussions that now pertain all across the country is the objectiveness of them, when in reality every man's ideas on the matter are intensely subjective—that is, they argue and declaim over the ill results that will come to the nation, and to sections of it, because of prohibition, when they are thinking solely of their personal end of it. I have heard dozens of these discussions, both in the East and in the West, and have noted invariably that the men who feel so deeply over the resultant ruin of prohibition, as they see it, assert that it will make no particular difference to them, as they can take it or leave it alone; but do I think they will get a bone-dry country so no person can have it in his possession? And if they do, won't that be hell?

These forums certainly have cooked up a great array of postfact reasons why things will go to rack and ruin after prohibition comes. Passing the thought that if they had presented and fought for these reasons before the fact instead of after it they would be entitled to a more respectful hearing now, a catalogue of them may be entertaining, merely to show the sort of conversational dazzle painting that is being done by these stricken souls now that it is all over but the thirst.

They fear the worst, and hope for it too. They sob into their high balls over the calamities that are to come. Of these, of course, the greatest that is to come is the impairment of personal liberty, most precious possession of the man who runs into his shop or office, works there all day under the direction of a boss who wouldn't recognize personal liberty if it wigwagged him from a bandwagon, and hurries home at night in order to be able to get up in the morning and hurry back to work.

The vast spy machine that they say is sure to be fastened on them is another subject of doleful comment. It is impossible, they proclaim, to legislate away an appetite. Men will have booze—bound to, laws or no laws! Consequently it will be the part of the Government to erect machinery to detect these violators of the precept of prohibition; and that means nothing more nor less than a great army of spies.

"How are you going to tell," they ask, "who is a spy and who isn't? Like as not the cook in our own house will be in the pay of the prohibitionists, and if a man does have the luck to get hold of a snort or two of the old stuff he'll be tipped off to the police. Talk about this being a free country—pah!"

They see liquor spies everywhere; and maybe there will be. Anyhow, the prevision of them causes great grief and wailing and denunciation of our so-called free institutions. What sort of a country is it, anyhow, is a universal query, where a thing like this can be put across? Pretty poor, if you will take it from them.

The Light Wines of Argument

Another thing that worries them into a universal sorrow is the quality of the drink that must necessarily ensue. They pity the poor workingman doing his honest day's work for an honest day's pay and needing his glass of beer or shot of booze before he goes home. Where will he get off? Where, indeed? It is asserted that some sort of drink will be forthcoming, and it will be vile stuff. It will incite the poor workingman, not to say others, to deeds of violence; and crime will flourish as never before, because this moonshine that will be in circulation will make men crazy. Yessir—crazy. You watch and see!

As a whole they are glad to see the saloons go. There is no getting round it, they say, that the saloon was a bad influence, a distinctly bad influence, what with its mixing in politics, and so on, and standing on the corner to invite the men in to spend their wages over the bar. But why not abolish the saloon, and, if you want to, the hard stuff, and leave to the people their light wines, and so on. Look at France—just look at France! Those people don't get drunk. They sit round and sip their light wines and have a good sociable time; but these American prohibitionists intend to deprive us even of that, and when someone remarks that there must be a certain number of prohibitionists in France, for they deprived the honest workingmen over there of their absinth, that person is read out of the discussion as a bigot. Really it seems as if these Americans should have their light wines, just for the purpose of knowing what they taste like if for no better reason.

It is a sad story, this light-wine story, but not so sad as the latter and more important portion of the discussions. Oh, that is the sad verse, the real sad verse! The nubbin of it is contained in the query: If we can get some and lay it away will they let us keep it or will they confiscate?

Ah, who knows—who knows—who knows?

The instances of hiving-up liquor I referred to at the beginning of this article are authentic, and there are hundreds and thousands of other men who are laying by stores so that they may be immune and irrigated when the dry time comes.

Fancy the increased outrage, the further assault on personal liberty, the dread consequences—if these prohibitionists came into their secret places, seized these stores and poured the precious stuff into the gutters. The culminated indignity of that causes the mind to totter on its throne.

Then for a surety this arid country would be a total loss and no insurance. Oppressed by this dreadful fear the boys who have the money are storing the liquor away. Every time they get a cask they wonder whether what is in it will assuage their own thirst or gurgle goldenly adown a gutter.

That, brethren, is the crux of this prohibition business. If they can get it and can't keep it the sun is forever set and the world is black as the pit from pole to pole. That is the outrage's crown of outrage. And who knows—who knows?

The Amœba of Amusement

The natural tendency of the American citizen is to resent such a decree as this to the point of deliberately infringing on it. That tendency will mean that at the beginning there will probably be more drinking than there is now; but as liquor becomes hard to get, and the risks are set forth, the great body of Americans will consider that the fight is hopeless and adjust themselves to the new conditions. We are an amenable people. We get vastly excited over governmental affairs, but once a result is announced we abide by it. That is instanced every four years in our presidential politics. We go to the verge of manslaughter in the week prior to election, and amiably and happily take up business on the day after election. Possibly that is what will happen when the prohibition amendment becomes effective. There is warrant for thinking it is what will happen.

The curious phase of all this hullabaloo is the seeming idea that the attempt to make the United States a prohibition country is new or, at least, recent; that it is something that has lately been devised for the discomfort of the drinking classes. The fact is, of course, that this fight has been going on in one way or another, for more than fifty years, and that thousands of elections, from village to state, have been contested by the wets against the drys. The debate has been incessant. The growth of the prohibition sentiment has been steady.

Thus far I have set down somewhat of a record of the objections of numerous of my fellow citizens to the forthcoming aridity. Now I desire to point out one great and glorious beneficence that will attain to the people therefrom. I refer to the inevitable lapse into desuetude of that appalling American institution—the banquet; and its corelated scourge, the after-dinner speaker. No booze—no banquets, or at least far fewer; for not even an amendment to the Constitution can force the American people to go to these affairs and listen to the turgid oratory at them without the seductive assistance and influence of a few drinks during the course of the dinner and while the speakers are pulling their ancient wheezes and subtracting from the sum total of human knowledge. It can't be done. I have been to several dry banquets in my time, and I am here to say that a dry banquet is the lowest form of human entertainment—the amœba of amusement.

The merry little quip that sounded great because it was absorbed after a sufficient quantity of drink had been absorbed to add to its piquancy will fall like a sixteen-pound hake on a marble slab at Fulton Market on a December morning. The wheeze will die a-hornin', and the peroration will be delivered to harassed and sleepy waiters. The only thing that made most of these banquets endurable was the drinks that were served, and now that they will be on a water basis it will be Kitty, bar the door.

The curse and calamity of American life is after-dinner speaking preceded by formal dinners. It has driven many men to crime who were normally respectable citizens. It has bored millions of our countrymen to that extinction that was the forerunner of excess by its pomposity, its platitudes and its piffle. Prohibition will attend to the banquets. They will die the death, and the after-dinner speakers will undoubtedly expire—as well they may—from the "That reminds me," and "Two Irishmen one day," and "Now, my friends, I must be serious for a moment," that will come to a great congestion within them and undoubtedly, and happily, cause them to explode into many pieces. There will be no mourners.

Moreover, this prohibition edict comes at a time when it is miraculously opportune. I never gave myself the trouble to inquire whether George Creel was a villain or a victim. It seemed unimportant; but there is one phase of that man's activities of which small condemnatory heed has been taken. I refer to his training of seventy-five thousand—if I do not mistake the number—four-minute speakers, the making of seventy-five thousand more potential orators; and that, too, in a country where the great bulk of the citizenry is exclusively occupied either in writing speeches, making speeches or reading speeches to you—speeches which they have made or hope to make.

Fancy the addition to these ranks of turgid tub thumpers of seventy-five thousand potential orators who on every occasion are all set to rise and say "If the chair will permit me I would like to make a few remarks"; and who will horn in at every banquet in order that they may display their oratorical graces. The idea of it is appalling without prohibition—even with a few drinks to help along.

But they, too, will be without occupation, for it would take a company of souses to make one of them endurable—or most other after-dinner speakers for the matter of that—and after the first of July, as it now appears, there will be no more companies of souses. The banquet and banquet oratory will go. They cannot survive the hydropathic treatment. Human minds will not bear the strain of after-dinner oratory unless solaced with wines and liquors. There must be spirituous antidote. There will be few formal dinners, and only those of the solid concrete dome will attend those. I prophesy that hereafter about the only banquets that will be held will be banquets arranged by after-dinner speakers themselves; and these will be sparsely attended, because the thing that girds an after-dinner speaker most is to be compelled to listen to another after-dinner speaker.

A Tip From Dawson Pete

In closing I desire to revert briefly to the economic side of this question.

Now no matter how much liquor may be laid aside only the well-to-do can indulge themselves thus. The vast proportion of the American drinkers have not the money for stocking up. It is probable that they will endeavor to secure substitutes for a time, but that will be difficult, and the substitutes will be bad. Hence the fair assumption is that a great many men who don't want to will be compelled to become teetotalers. Then what? Candy, brethren—candy! The stopped souse goes as unfailingly to candy as the sun rises in the morning, which is quite a regular performance.

They go to candy. They eat it because the sugar of it gives them the interior fermentation they need, which was supplied by alcohol previously. They consume candy and sweets inordinately.

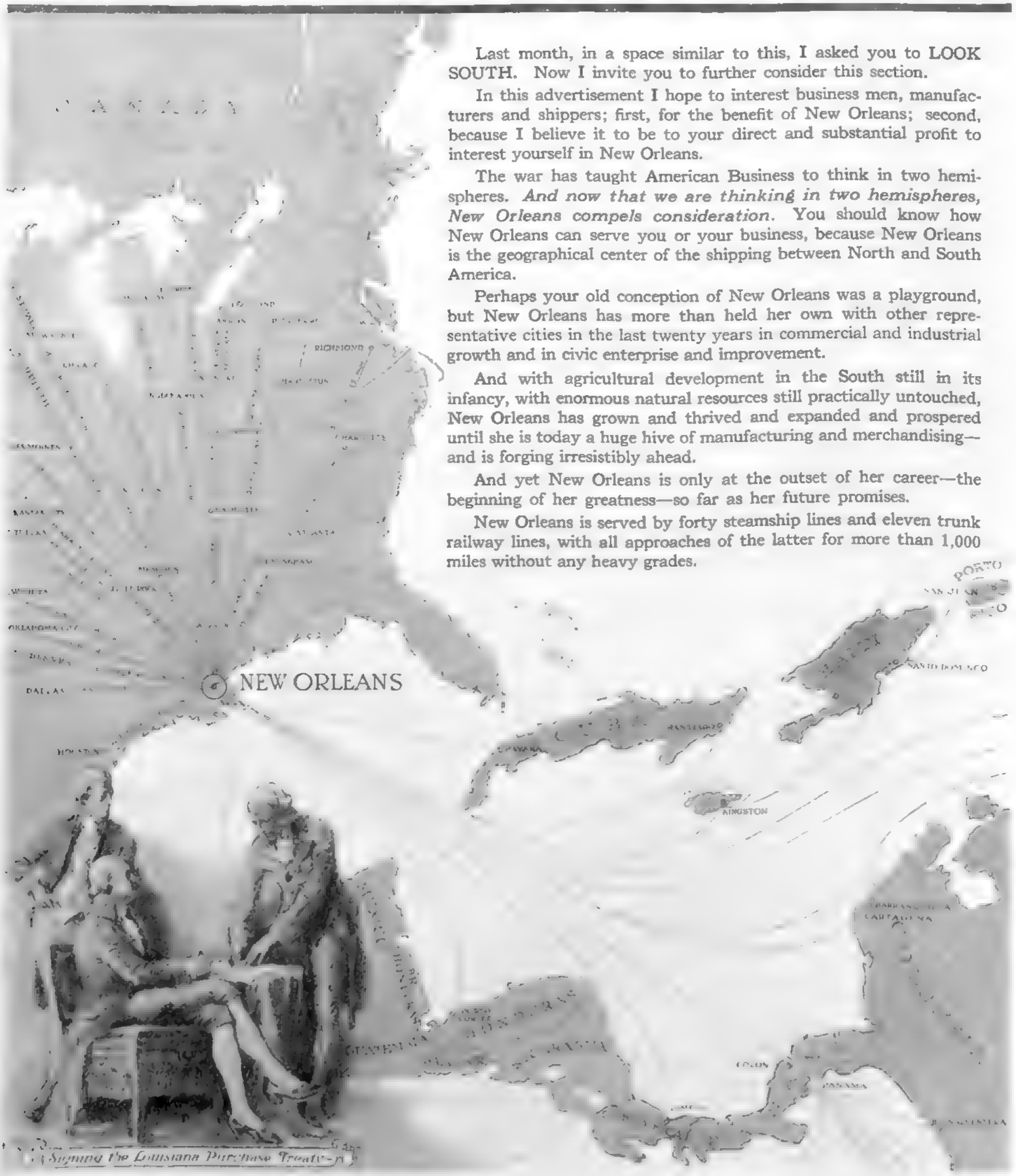
You will find presently in the Eastern cities what has so effulgently developed in the West—candy-and-sweet palaces. There is one in Seattle, for example, that is more expensively fitted than any bar I ever saw. I noted recently that a foresighted New Yorker had started one of these places. There will be many more in cities not hitherto dry. Candy is the answer, you woebegone distillers and brewers, unless perchance the prohibitionists make it illegal to eat candy also. There's a dread contingency. Maybe they will. Who knows—who knows?

Moreover, I listen to these tales of woe from the saloon keepers and the bartenders, and they leave me cold. I happened to talk to my friend, Dawson Pete, who ran a saloon in Alaska for years, and shifted to the conduct of a soft-drink-and-sweet emporium when prohibition came to that territory.

"Pete," I asked, "how are you getting along with the soft stuff?"

"Hell," said Pete in reply, "if I had of known how much more money there is in handling this soft stuff than there was in hooch in the old days I'd quit selling the hard stuff years ago!"

THOMAS JEFFERSON



Signing the Louisiana Purchase Treaty

Last month, in a space similar to this, I asked you to LOOK SOUTH. Now I invite you to further consider this section.

In this advertisement I hope to interest business men, manufacturers and shippers; first, for the benefit of New Orleans; second, because I believe it to be to your direct and substantial profit to interest yourself in New Orleans.

The war has taught American Business to think in two hemispheres. *And now that we are thinking in two hemispheres, New Orleans compels consideration.* You should know how New Orleans can serve you or your business, because New Orleans is the geographical center of the shipping between North and South America.

Perhaps your old conception of New Orleans was a playground, but New Orleans has more than held her own with other representative cities in the last twenty years in commercial and industrial growth and in civic enterprise and improvement.

And with agricultural development in the South still in its infancy, with enormous natural resources still practically untouched, New Orleans has grown and thrived and expanded and prospered until she is today a huge hive of manufacturing and merchandising—and is forging irresistibly ahead.

And yet New Orleans is only at the outset of her career—the beginning of her greatness—so far as her future promises.

New Orleans is served by forty steamship lines and eleven trunk railway lines, with all approaches of the latter for more than 1,000 miles without any heavy grades.

WAS RIGHT

New Orleans has more than 215 miles of terminal railroad trackage, including the Public Belt Railroad, connecting with every trunk line and serving all wharves. This Public Belt Railroad is publicly owned and operated, and is the only one of the kind in the United States.

New Orleans has forty-one miles of harbor frontage, modern publicly owned docks and storage sheds, the latter with an area of nearly 4,000,000 square feet, over which between 2,000,000 and 4,000,000 tons of freight pass annually.

At New Orleans is the most modern and efficient and largest cotton warehouse in the world (capacity 424,000 bales) which is state owned and operated.

New Orleans operates the most modern grain elevator in the United States, capacity 2,622,000 bushels, which can load four ships simultaneously—96,000 bushels per hour. This, too, is publicly owned.

New Orleans is well equipped to trans-ship, store and transport river, rail and ocean freight.

Thomas Jefferson said in 1803:

"New Orleans will be forever the mighty mart of merchandise, leaving the emporia of the Eastern world far behind."

Past performance considered, and with vision for the future, there is every reason for us to say with confidence and pride: "Thomas Jefferson was right!"

That you may know more of this city write for the 64-page handbook, "The Book of New Orleans and the Industrial South."

Martin Behrman
Mayor of New Orleans

Advertising Men, Business Men—Come to the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World Convention—New Orleans, September 21–26.

American Business cannot afford to be late in claiming her greatest of opportunities for world trade.

This convention will help to show you how to make Advertising the stabilizer and range-finder of trade expansion following Victory.

New Orleans Wants 1920 Rotary Convention

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LITTLE BOBBIE 6¢

MORE POPULAR, today, than ever, is *Little Bobbie*. And here's why: He's made from mild, long-filler leaf and an imported Sumatra wrapper—just the right "heft" for *pleasant* smoking. He's fashioned by past-masters in the art of cigar making. He's backed by the resources and reputation of the General Cigar Co., Inc.

Little Bobbie is smoked from Coast to Coast, and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf. You'll find him in cigar stores of the better sort. If you don't know *Little Bobbie*, you're missing a fine medium-size cigar whose "circulation" runs into millions every month. Try a *Little Bobbie* today—a great 6c worth!

GENERAL CIGAR CO., INC

119 W. 40th Street New York City

LITTLE BOBBIE
Exact Size 6c

THE BLOOMING ANGEL

(Continued from Page 19)

"It must be dee-lightful!" she cried. "Living out picnic style and calling everything by irregular names. If I called them just elephants would you understand me?"

"I might," Mr. Hank permitted.

"Well, maybe that's what I want."

"What would you be doing with an elephant?" His suspicious manner seemed to be returning.

"You see we're running a beauty parlor."

"Ho! Ho!" Mr. Hank's roars rivaled the trumpeting of his captive bulls. "What in hell—excuse me, lady—do you want with an elephant in a beauty parlor?"

"I wouldn't just put him in it, you know And I'd promise to bring him back at supper-time all dusted off or whatever you do with elephants after dark."

"H-m. Well, come here and look," said the manager.

Under the flapping tent, shabbily lit by lanterns, three swaying mountains of flesh could be seen indistinctly. It was a nightmare passage down the narrow aisle, shoulders fairly brushing dark cages in whose slatted depths eyes like balls of fire glared out while the pad-padding of feline feet could be heard somewhere too close for safety.

Right behind Chester's broad back an appalling roar belched through the gloomy cavern and almost knocked him off his legs. He leaped several feet. Floss, strange woman that she was, walked serenely on.

"It's just the lion," sang out the manager. "He won't hurt you."

"You heard what he said," cooed Floss ever so reassuringly. She groped out in the shadows and gave Chester her hand. It was icy cold. He would have been more deeply touched by this, no doubt, had he not noted in the semidarkness that she had passed her other hand to The Spiggoty

"This way, lady," suggested Mr. Hank, and upon the word he disappeared between two high gray walls which upon closer inspection proved to be the sides of full-grown elephants.

"Riley!"

"Hi-oo!" The jungle call responded distantly from out the den of beasts.

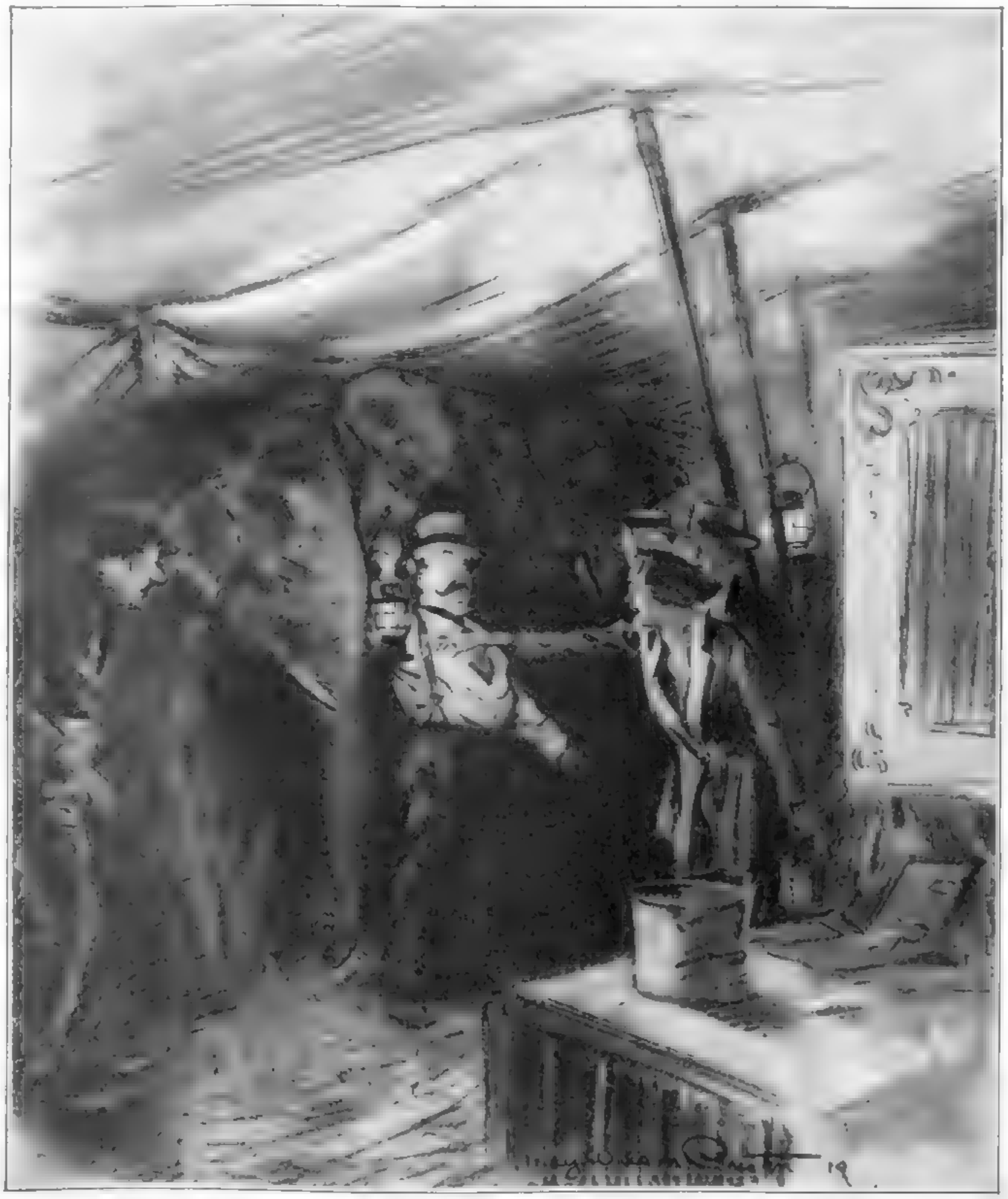
"Fetch another lantern."

A light was seen weaving under elephantine legs, and Chester, now taking the lead, followed between the living walls. Flossie and her press agent walking gingerly in the rear. Riley, a stubbled tramp in a plaid cap, held the lantern high over his head, giving the visitors from another world a full view of Mr. Hank's monsters. Three broad sunken foreheads lowered over them, three sets of stumpy yellowish tusks seemed pointing straight at their unprotected breasts while three pairs of bilious wicked eyes rolled terribly in the sudden glare. Chester, who had heard of elephants crowding forward and crushing their victims with their foreheads, noticed the great log chains which held their rear legs to stakes. This reassured him. He hoped that Flossie wouldn't be scared. She was as pale as death, but her eyes were dancing.

"They come rather large, don't they?" she criticized.

"Them two," said the manager, indicating two foreheads looming over them, "are nine-foot bulls—Cæsar and Brutus. But this one here"—he took the lantern from Riley and led the way a few paces along the canvas—"she's a runt."

"What a pity she never grew up," sympathized little Mrs. Framm. "She isn't over seven feet tall."



"What a Pity She Never Grew Up," Sympathized Little Mrs. Framm. "She Isn't Over Seven Feet Tall"

"Seven-foot-five at the shoulders," the naturalist corrected. "She had a shock when she was a baby. Her name's Susie and she's smart as a whip for all that."

"Poor thing!" said Floss. "I suppose you'd rent her cheap on account of her withered condition?"

"Whaddaya call cheap?" asked the manager.

"How do they come—by the pound? You affectionate darling!"

Floss addressed this last compliment to Susie, who had slyly reached out her snakelike nose and was smelling the decorations on the lady's hat. Mr. Hank upraised the short stick he was carrying and using it like a baseball bat smote Susie resoundingly across the trunk. Slowly, deliberately she rolled up her inquisitive end

"She's a nervous wreck, isn't she!" cried Floss. "I'd want her for one day, maybe two—with her nurse, of course."

"What for?" insisted Mr. Hank, who, as he had just proved, was a man of decision.

"Take me out into the air"

Not only was she pallid now but her eyes had ceased to dance.

Without a moment's hesitation Chester, evading The Spiggoty's proffered attention, lifted her in his arms and half carried her through the unknown horrors until again they breathed the sweet winds out under the stars.

"Get her a drink!" commanded the indignant husband

"Sure," Mr. Hank obliged with a half-filled flask which he drew from his hip pocket. Chester had meant a drink of water, but Floss wet her lips from the bottle and smiled again.

The four of them sat down upon a pile of crates within reflecting distance of the bivouac fire round which a dozen rough characters grumbled together and drank something out of a tin bucket

"Now this is what Buffalo Willie calls tacks," Floss went into the subject with renewed vigor. "I've positively decided to have an elephant. Or have you any kangaroos in stock?"

"Four," admitted Mr. Hank.

"Kangaroos are so restless," she soliloquized. "It needs a boomerang to make them behave. I don't suppose you keep boomerangs, Mr. Hank?"

Mr. Hank admitted that they were just out of boomerangs, but urged: "Susie's got brains. What do you want with her in the complexion business? When it comes to complexions I'd say there was some that's got it on her—you, for instance. What's the idea?"

"It's lovely the way you appreciate things!" she cried, offering Mr. Hank one of her best smiles, which immediately turned his naturally repulsive features into a symphony of delight. Then she turned a rapidly signaling glance to her companions. "You don't know the least thing about natural history, Goob," she hinted. "But Spig's my press agent"

Having learned diplomacy with life's rapid advance Chester left them alone on the pile of colored poles and went to the other side of the bivouac fire, where men in a strange argot were discussing Full House Marie and the passion for a copper-roofed kinker which had caused her desertion from the main top. A half hour of this veiled scandal satisfied Chester A. Framm, who sought out the bright-hued lumber pile to face his wife and The Spiggoty in conference with Mr. Hank.

"Waterproof?" Mr. Hank was anxiously inquiring.

(Continued on Page 87)

MO

RRIS

How do you prefer bacon? Maybe you like it crisp and crunchy. Or maybe not quite so well done. But bacon, of all foods, *must* have that "just right" flavor. Without flavor, what would bacon be?

We're very proud of the way we cure Morris *Supreme* bacon. There is only one of countless cures that can earn the highest Morris mark: *Supreme.* It's the only cure that passes the *Supreme* Test.

Try some of this Morris *Supreme* bacon. Broil it, bake or fry it: whichever way you like best. Serve it with Morris *Supreme* eggs. Your own taste, then, will tell the story. And we think you'll agree with us we've named them right: Morris *Supreme.*

You'll like many other Morris foods that bear this same mark of Morris goodness. Get them into your market basket.

MORRIS & COMPANY
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SUPREME

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

Copyright 1919 by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

Tell it to your old jimmy pipe!

PUT this Prince Albert smoke-news in cap letters a foot high! Tune up to sing-smoke-songs that will shoot-the-sunshine into the gloomiest corner of your smoke-chest! For, right here is your day of delivery from smoke-sorrows! Prince Albert will slip you more smokejoy than ever before has come your way! *Lay a bet on that!*

Everything in the happy days line you ever figured on in tobacco is handed out wholesale by Prince Albert. *That's what it's made for!* Just wins its way so cleverly with your taste and your tongue you feel like you have to wire for a couple of tons to keep up stock! *That's how it'll hit you*—like it has put the pleasure punch into thousands of men the world over!

Never were enough hours printed on the face of a clock to let smokers get quite enough P. A.! For, each smoke tips your smokeappetite *to just one more*—P. A. is so all-fired-delightful! It just lands on you like a pot of luck! *That's because it has the quality!* You'll catch that thought, quick as you fire up!

And, you know, Prince Albert can't bite your tongue or parch your throat! Bite and parch are cut out by our exclusive patented process. You just go to P. A. like you haven't anything on your mind but to see how many smoke records you can smash in the shortest time!

Prince Albert is yours to command wherever tobacco is sold. Toppy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half pound tin humidors—and—that classy, practical pound crystal glass humidor with sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, N. C.

(Continued from Page 83)

"No. That's the weak point. If it should rain we'd have to change to a Bengal tiger or something permanent. But I think the weather's settled. Won't you be friends with us, Mr. Hank?"

There fell a space of contemplation during which the manager chewed a shapeless cigar under his villainous mustachios. What he could do with a little ready money was undoubtedly uppermost in his mind.

"Keeper would have to go along," he mumbled at last. "That would come to some extra expense."

"Oh, the keeper of course!" she agreed with all her native enthusiasm. "And haven't you got an awfully funny one?"

"There's Riley," he conceded. "He used to be a clown—an August with an act on the slack wire.

"He cracked one of his vertebrals and he's been bull boss ever since. He's got a white-face English-dude make-up that's a scream."

"Per-fect!" she cooed. "Chester, think of it! Isn't he a sweetheart?"

Even in an access of enthusiasm Chester could not characterize Mr. Hank as a sweetheart.

"And of course you'll throw in Riley," she coaxed almost lovingly.

"I will not!" This was certain. "He'll be twenty-five extra."

"How horrid of you! And how much will Susie the bull come to?"

"A hundred dollars a day will be about right." He said it savagely, hinting an attack by canvasmen unless his terms were agreeable.

"That will be satisfactory," she said with unusual hauteur.

"Flossie!" gasped her husband, little knowing where the hundred and twenty-five dollars would come from for this folly.

"When does Susie usually get up in the morning?" she was asking smoothly of the manager.

"We won't quarrel about that," he grumbled.

"Well, then, Doctor Holbetter, my chemist, will be round at eight with Mr. de Silva, my publicity manager. And I'll be here at nine, say, if Susie doesn't mind."

"I've been follerin' the red wagon a long time," boasted Mr. Hank when they shook hands on the transaction, "but this is a new act on me."

"It's hardly anything to what I can think up when I really try," she modestly informed him, and led her retinue toward the trolley.

"Let's get off at a drug store," said Floss almost as soon as they had got on.

"Preparations for Susie?" asked Chester, now too feeble for argument.

"Sort of. I want to telephone Buffalo Willie—the poor dear will be up all night, I suppose. And then we must get Mr. Horn to do the sign."

■

SAN FRANCISCO was always cosmopolitan, but it was never sufficiently so to remain indifferent to what it saw that balmy morning in mid-September when, at the hour of eleven, a new and startling version of the Floss Idea conducted its solemn comic march up through the Mission and into the very trade centers of the town.

"It's pink!"

The first small boy who was aware of Susie far out in the suburbs started the watchword, which was cried all over town ere the fatal hour of noon.

"It's pink!"

Innocent bystanders rubbed their innocent eyes and passed the remark on to astonished neighbors who repeated it, the phrase running from lip to lip, none so disputatious as to deny that obvious and colorful truth.

Pink was Susie, even unto the uttermost ends of her anatomy. Buffalo Willie had mixed the compound which so smoothly covered her vast bulk, but it was Flossie who had added the coloring matter, a brilliant shade of rose blushing through a field of snowy white. Susie's trunk resembled nothing so much as a yard and three-quarters of pink rubber hose. Floss had added to the effect by touching the old darling's cheek bones with bright spots of red and, by way of contrast, whitening the sunken forehead. There was something almost indecent about so many square feet of pinkness marching undraped before the public stare. But it was necessary for the apparition, led by its capering clown-dude, to swing within reading distance before the full significance was comprehended.

Susie wore but a single garment, a snow-white blanket thing, lettered with large blotches of black:

ANGEL BLOOM CREAM
DID THIS FOR MY COMPLEXION.
IT WILL DO THE SAME FOR YOURS.

The pink elephant and her attendant clown, equally lacking in a sense of humor, continued their stately march through town. The crowd thickened. Shopmen left their shops unattended, butchers' boys dropped their baskets and ran after the prodigy, street cars halted as though stricken with the sight. Once or twice representatives of San Francisco's more or less modern police force were seen to charge the multitude in order to make way for the royal progress.

"We'll all be arrested within the next block," muttered Chester to his Floss as they were following anxiously in the outskirts of the crowd.

"Nope," responded little Mrs. Framm decisively. "Spig got the mayor's license to march, parade and exhibit from eleven till four."

For the first time he noted the fluttering paper within her hand, which, by the way, trembled somewhat.

"And then he deserted us, I suppose," growled the much-enduring Chester.

"Spig? No—he'll never desert us. He's off somewhere stirring up the newspapers."

The pink elephant had now stopped in the midst of a circumambient crush. The great rosy mountain, rising above the throng, gave the effect of some gigantic piece of confectionery surrounded by hungry ants. Never in the world's history had anything animate been so pink and so huge. Susie had got jammed in and the police were clearing the way.

The Framms, wedged in behind two elderly, respectable colored persons, gained fragments of useful criticism.

"Hit's contrariwise to de law of Gawd," the black man, whose appearance was clerical, was explaining to his wife. "De Good Book say dat de beasts ob de woods an' de fowls ob de air shall not suffah beautifaction from de hand ob man ——"

"Laws, honey!" giggled his consort, "ef I cud find a cold cream make me pale rossberry cullud laik dat elephum—yes, ma'am!"

Chester looked nervously round. It was just as he feared. Floss had another idea.

"Goob," she shrilled in his ear, "run over to the store and bring a dozen bottles of Bloom." Aunt Het was tending the place that morning.

"What for?" he parleyed.

"Oh, please!" she urged; and he could see by her expression that she was going to cry if he didn't. "Bring 'em round to the corner of Kearney and Market. I'll stop the parade there and ——"

"What for?" he persisted in his utterly unreasonable way.

"Can't you see?" she hissed.

He who would have been on the way to a dignified public career by now had he married Carlotta Beam turned grumblingly and obeyed. Strange, he reflected, how people obeyed Flossie—men especially. Something akin to disgust filled him and urged him to disloyalty as he shuffled along toward the frivolous little shop on Eddy Street. A dreadful fear possessed him. Was Floss conspiring that he, the prize-winning orator of Dyak University, should stand at a street corner shouting the virtues of a cosmetic swindle to the gaping town?

Then the picture of the fragile being whom he loved more than fame or reputation battling alone in the mob with her atrocious idea got possession of him. He couldn't help it now, Floss must have her way. He fairly ran toward the green-and-red front on Eddy Street, and once there, quite disdaining the astonished cries of Aunt Het and her parrot, he snatched a dozen bottles from the shelves, poked them recklessly into pockets and under elbows, and galloped back toward Floss' latest scene of disturbance. The nearer he got to Kearney and Market Streets the more clearly he saw that Floss was about to commit one of the brilliant desperate errors of genius. The prospect so appalled him that once or twice he was near to dashing the bottles to the curb, an act of mutiny.

But the charm of his little commander bore him swiftly, steadily on. Aunt Het in one of her moments of candor had said that Floss was playing a system. The key to that system was simply this: When in doubt attack the most unpromising field. She had married him out of Dyak upon this principle, she had got him a job in the office of her rejected lover; she had arranged his eviction from Aunt Het's apartment; she had hired an elephant and painted it in the colors of beauty—all a part of her system. But Chester had come to his limit of endurance.

By the condition of Market and Kearney Streets it was plain to see that the peach-colored Susie had stopped according to schedule. Boys were climbing telephone poles, people were scrambling to the roofs of trolley cars. The noise surged to a shout, then resurged into laughter. Chester, laden with those damnable bottles, fought his way forward, but the going was ever more difficult with each shoulder thrust. The crowd grew suddenly still with the silence of marvel. Gazing nervously toward the pink elephant Chester realized the cause of this frozen attention. Susie was being put through her tricks.

Slowly, ponderously, like a giant done in charlotte russe the pink elephant got up on her hind legs and raised her roseate trunk toward the midday sun.

"Salute the ladies and gentlemen!" shouted the white-faced comedian with the dudish dress suit and the exaggerated monocle.

Susie spread her forelegs above her pink belly and uttered a trumpet call which sounded from Telegraph Hill to the Cliff House.

Chester, who had managed to squeeze himself to the front ranks, was relieved by one thing. Floss was nowhere to be seen.

"By gosh, it *is* pink!" some brilliant naturalist discovered quite out loud.

"Pink—pink—pink!" The very heavens seemed to echo the cry.

Where and how was this all going to end?

Chester A. Framm, who should have been inured to marvels by this time, found out soon enough. The picture was forever to last in his memory—all San Francisco circling round a small open space; the pink elephant standing full length, like some nightmare caryatid; a small Semitic citizen somewhere in the background struggling with a pushcart load of assorted fruits and vegetables.

"Ay-hoo!" bellowed the clown dude, and blushing Susie began to get down. She came down in sections, as performing elephants prefer to do. First she gave way cautiously at the knees, then she descended to a Gargantuan squat, then she curled her pink trunk and brought her forefeet with a thud to the asphalt. The last phase of the maneuver consisted in raising her hind quarters and standing in the normal elephantine position, swaying from side to side.

San Francisco began to shout—a shout which was interrupted by Susie, who did, under the circumstances, the unkindest thing within her power. She uttered one heartbreaking shriek, swayed seasickly to one side and fell all of a heap. Great was the fall thereof. In the impact of that avalanche the fruit-bearing pushcart was struck, and a colorful geyser of oranges, bananas, pineapples and lemons went spouting to the zenith. A pallid little huckster crawled out from under something and his crazy gesticulations were lost in the crowd.

"I knew it!" cried Chester A. Framm, dropping a half dozen bottles to wring his agonized hands. "That damned paint has killed her."

Numerous San Franciscans surging forward hemmed him in, but not too closely for his eyesight to confirm his worst fears. Susie was lying flat on her side, like some curiously tinted leviathan, stranded and lifeless. The clown dude had knelt down and, it appeared, was gazing anxiously into her open mouth.

"Dead!"

Chester heard some distinterested sympathizer pronounce this like the tolling of a cracked bell.

Inside the circle a policeman had appeared and was pushing back the throng with the spoken ritual which policemen have employed under such circumstances since the days of Pharaoh:

"Stand back there! Give 'em air!"

They stood back and gave 'em air so promptly that Chester found himself deserted by the ebbing humanity, almost alone in the front ranks. The clown dude had settled himself despondently upon Susie's shoulder and was regarding her outstretched trunk with a moody gaze. What should Chester do? As the temporary employer of the wrecked pink elephant what was his status before the public?

The question was decided for him in a jiffy, for an imposing female figure had swept forward out of the throng and stood accusingly before the clown dude.

"Who is the owner of this animal?" she was asking in a deep-throated distinct tone which held a familiar ring for Chester's ears.

"None of your business, lady," was Riley's diplomatic answer, which threw the crowd into transports of joy.

"That's exactly what it happens to be," she pointed out in her cultivated voice. "I am a representative of the Humane Society."

Riley got down from Susie's shoulder.

"Ain't nobody been crool to no animal, lady," he protested, his chalk-white clown's face doubly tragic in its earnestness.

"It's plain to see that you have killed the elephant," she lectured, "by stopping its pores with a coat of house paint."

"Before Gawd, lady ——"

"Are you responsible for this animal?"

"No'm. I'm only the stiff that ——"

"Who is responsible for him?"

"That guy over there."

The clown dude pointed straight at the spot where Chester was standing exposed to view. The tall lady turned and gave him the full benefit of her scornful eyes.

Chester withered. It was Carlotta Beam!

"I'm responsible for him—her," he boldly informed this new complication, for it was evident that there was no escape now.

"Ches——" she started to say, then bit her classic underlip. She was really very beautiful as she stood there; an untidy, Slavic sort of beauty. A strand of her raven-black hair had come undone and her dark eyes burned with astonishment, rebuke, indignation.

"I didn't know, Mr. Framm," she began coldly, "that you were engaged in the circus business."

Facing the woman who in a desperate meeting had informed him that his feet were straying in the primrose paths he was loath to tell her in so many words that he was not a circus man but the proprietor of a patent skin lotion, two samples of which were now protruding from his pockets.

"It was entirely an accident, Miss Beam," he replied as levelly as he could. "We merely hired this elephant by the day. She is not painted with house paint; she is colored by a perfectly harmless substance. Oh, search me!" He was losing patience with himself and Carlotta and the gaping multitude.

"Lady," cut in the policeman, standing officiously between, "if you're going to prefer charges you'd better do it now."

Carlotta stood a little moment, her deep tragic gaze fixed upon the man who had fallen so low.

"I—don't want to make any charges," she said generously. "If I've made any—I—I withdraw them."

Chester was about to stammer his thanks.

"No you don't!"

It was undoubtedly Flossie's voice, but how it got there and what had lent it that fighting note was beyond Chester's dizzy comprehension. Yet there stood Floss beside the policeman, the gold of her eyes spitting fire, her fashionable little figure drawn taut as she faced her old rival of Dyak days.

"Oh, Mrs. Framm!"

Carlotta looked positively foolish. Flossie had taken the wind out of her sail as she had done so many times of yore.

"I heard you say before all these people that you represented the Humane Thingumajig," declared Mrs. Framm in a voice which penetrated to the outermost edges of the throng.

"Humane Society," responded Miss Beam, straightening against the blow.

"Well, then—we've hired an elephant for advertising purposes. You've seen it drop dead because of our terrible horrid contemptible mean treatment. And you want to arrest us."

"I was just saying to Ches—to Mr. Framm—that I wish to withdraw the charge."

"What do you want to withdraw the charge for?" Flossie shot the question straight as an arrow. "Are you afraid to appear in court against us? Afraid that you can't prove you're a member of the Society for the Prevention of Things?"

"Hush!" whispered Chester.

"I won't hush!" replied Flossie. "Carlotta Beam, what are you afraid of?"

"I am not aware ——" she began.

"O Lord!" groaned the little persecutor. "Here's somebody else who's not aware."

But Carlotta wasn't to be interrupted in her rhetorical flow.

(Continued on Page 91)

The Great New Light

We are now ready to announce the latest great improvement in home lighting—the greatest advance since the invention of the MAZDA Lamp—*the DUPLEXALITE.*

For the first time in the history of electric lighting this new light provides *DUPLEX LIGHTING*—which, we believe, is the most satisfactory and economical form of home illumination known. For the first time there is now provided a satisfactory combination of all the advantages of both "*direct lighting*" and "*indirect lighting*," with none of the drawbacks of either. For the first time you are able to use to its best advantage the powerful "MAZDA C" *lamp*—the most efficient and powerful electric bulb made—in any room in the house

The *DUPLEXALITE* provides home lighting that is neither harsh nor glary, nor cold and cheerless, such as some other forms of illumination produce. It floods the entire room with mellow radiance—and in addition provides an added intensity of light in a radius directly beneath, just where you want it for reading or sewing, for work or for play.

By its powerful rays deflected to the ceiling, the *DUPLEXALITE* illuminates every part of the room, and by other rays, deflected downward through a glass disc, it provides the added light you need for dining table or reading table or sewing basket, for any purpose whatever where a maximum of generous light is needed.

And yet these powerful downward rays are so soft, so perfectly controlled, that you can gaze straight at the disc through which they come, without any glare or blur or strain. The *DUPLEXALITE* has proved so efficient, gives so much of comfort and restfulness and beauty to the rooms where it is used, that the Waldorf-Astoria has already installed it in more than one hundred of its guest rooms, and the best known decorators in New York have adopted it as the basis for their most finished residential lighting effects.

DUPLEX LIGHTING as put into practical operation by the *DUPLEXALITE* is the lighting of the future. It is electric lighting brought to a higher standard than heretofore possible. It is the light for old homes and for new—for apartments and single residences—for club and hotel guest rooms—for *every place where the soft radiance of PERFECT LIGHTING is needed and appreciated.*

The handsome *DUPLEXALITE* shades—made of translucent fabrics in a wide variety of color tones, using silk, cretonne and parchment—are so shaped and adjusted as to provide the greatest beauty without interfering in the slightest with the diffusion of light.

So soft you can look straight at it without strain—yet so powerful that it floods the whole room with mellow light

The Light to Live With

Duplexalite

The *DUPLEXALITE* shades can be selected to harmonize with the draperies or prevailing tones in each room. You can buy new ones—or make new ones yourself—as often as you like, and at slight expense. You can use any colors or tones you wish, without interfering with the lighting effects—something heretofore impossible. You can change the dress on your lights from season to season as your fancy dictates.

The *DUPLEXALITE* is packed in a handy carton, with ceiling plate, pendant, reflector, glass disc and shade—everything complete except the electric bulb. Your electrical dealer can install it in a few minutes. Try a *DUPLEXALITE* in *one* room in your home first. After that you will want the same soft radiance, the same comfort and beauty and restfulness in *every room*.

DUPLEXALITE, complete, including shade, wired ready to install, $15.50 and up

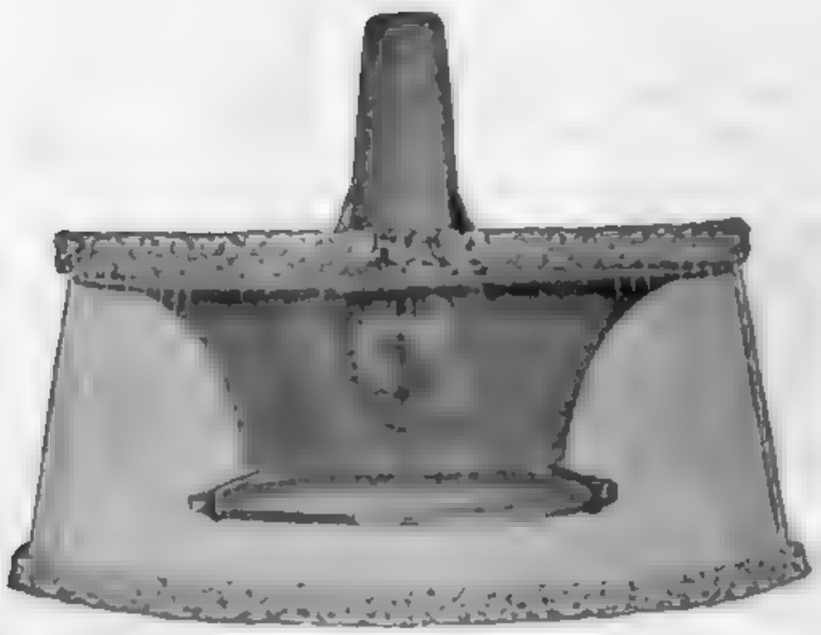
Attractive Booklet Free

To those who are interested in lighting their homes to the best advantage, in lighting their homes in such a way as to secure the greatest comfort and the greatest beauty, we will gladly send, *FREE*, our new booklet on home-lighting just off the press. This booklet gives the reasons why some lights and some methods of lighting are injurious to the eyes, while others give genuine comfort; why some lighting methods *detract* from the beauty of your furniture, draperies and home decorations, while others make them *more beautiful*; why some detract from the beauty and attractiveness of the human face, while others emphasize that beauty. This booklet also shows the many designs in which the *DUPLEXALITE SHADES* are made and tells what color tones they come in, making it easy for you to select those designs and colors which will give the most happy and pleasing effects in each room in your home.

Fill out and mail the coupon below and we will send this attractive booklet by return mail.

DUPLEX LIGHTING WORKS of General Electric Company

6 West 48th Street, New York City



This illustration of the *Duplexalite* shows how its exceptional results are obtained. The curved metal reflector is not transparent, but is so shown here in order that the *Duplexalite construction* may be clearly understood. The greater part of the light rays are deflected to the ceiling from where they spread in a soft radiance throughout the room. Other rays are deflected directly down through the flat glass disc, giving an added intensity of soft light in a wide circle beneath. The glass disc can be removed and cleaned in a few seconds, without any danger of breaking.

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DUPLEX LIGHTING WORKS
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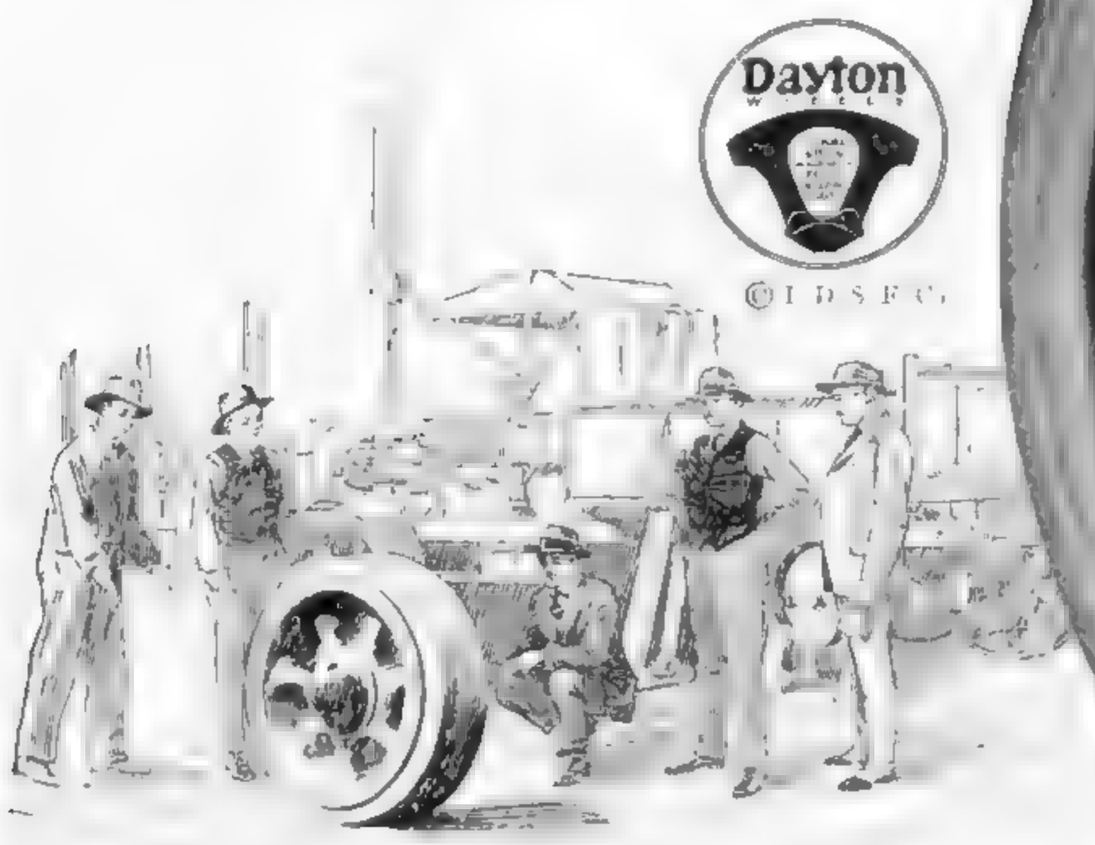
Please send me, *FREE*, your new booklet which explains what methods and principles must be followed in order to secure the most beautiful, economical and *comfortable home lighting*, and which also gives *full details regarding the DUPLEXALITE*.

Name _____

Street Address _____

Town _____ State _____ S F P—1-29

After years of hard truck service, Dayton Steel Wheels have been tested and found as round and "true" as the day they were made. In seven years no Dayton Steel Wheel has required repairs or attention.



True Roundness that Saves Tires and Fuel

How Dayton Steel Wheels overcome "wheel drag"

WHEN a wheel gets a shade out of round or develops the slightest wobble—usually too slight for the eye to measure—its free rolling motion is lost. Such a wheel is always *dragging* and literally *going up hill.*

This "wheel drag" causes a grind on the tires that robs them of their fullest mileage, and a *pull* on the motor that consumes extra fuel and oil. Thousands of truck owners who cannot account for high operating costs are but paying for the waste of "wheel drag."

Dayton Steel Wheels end this most common wheel fault. Because of their scientific one-piece construction they are *never* out of round and *cannot* wobble. Tires wear down evenly and deliver remarkable mileage. Minimum power is required to move the load.

After years of hard truck service, Dayton Steel Wheels have been tested and found as round and "true" as the day they were made.

Dayton Steel Wheels never require repairs or attention. They are resilient and long-lived. *They are light!* In most cases they weigh less than other truck wheels—often by 100 pounds per set. And every pound of wheel weight saved adds ten pounds to the capacity of the "pay load" above.

Dayton Steel Wheels increase tire mileage, reduce fuel and oil consumption and improve truck performance. They are modern equipment. Progressive truck manufacturers are making them standard.

Send for the interesting wheel facts.

The Dayton Steel Foundry Company, *Main Office and Works,* Dayton, Ohio

Detroit
Chicago

Dayton
Steel Truck Wheels
PATENTED

Cincinnati
New York

(Continued from Page 87)

"I am not aware that I expressed fear, Mrs. Framm. And if it is your wish that this obvious case of cruelty shall be prosecuted in the public courts, then I reverse my intentions. It is plain to be seen that this unfortunate beast has been smeared with a preparation that has done him bodily harm."

"About six bottles of that preparation wouldn't do you bodily harm," mocked Flossie. Which was unworthy even of her.

"Officer," spoke Carlotta in measured tones, "I demand that these people be arrested."

The officer, who proved to be a seraph named Doody, turned a broad face, first to Carlotta, then to Floss. Already it was easy to see whom he preferred.

"What the devil did you do that for?" groaned Chester of the flushed and lovely little criminal at his side.

"Shut up!" was all she said.

And these were the bitterest words that had thus far passed between them.

"It's a shame, lady." The look which Officer Doody gave Mrs. Framm was more sympathetic than the law required. "If it wasn't in the line of earnin' me daily bread ——" And he gave her a melting eye.

"That's the only thing that saves you," trilled Floss, returning an eye for an eye.

Two policemen escorted them to the patrol box and stood guard over the newfound treasures. Several other policemen passed through the throng collecting evidence. As the Black Maria came clanging round a corner, slowed down and backed up to accommodate the Framms, something like a dense pink cloud was seen by Chester to rise upward and upward above the populace. It was a pink cloud that swayed from side to side; a pink cloud from which yards of pink rubber tubing writhed back and forth, soliciting for peanuts.

Susie had come to.

XI

MAGISTRATE MICHAEL HENRY HARORAN, before whom the case was tried in the morning, had at about this point in his career so fixed himself in the heart of California that he was already being mentioned for promotion to the State Supreme Court and from there to higher honors. The Framms, having been released on Aunt Het's bail, sat in the midst of the Municipal Building's combined smells, which ranged from the morgue downstairs to the detention room at the right of the throne where Judge Haroran was meting out justice.

"Did you see the gang out in the street?" whispered Floss to the discouraged man beside her. "They're packed half across Portsmouth Square. People who can't get in have stuck round to get a look at Susie and ——"

"Sh-h-h!" he cautioned her, because the great Haroran—who had a seamy face adorned by two reddish eyebrows, which as he talked seemed to be pursuing each other like two blind mice across his forehead—was then advising one Ah Wok never again to employ a hatchet in the winning of his own true love. The Haroran method was rapid, for he had scarce consigned the yellow man to a month of laborious peace when he began to lecture a maimed longshoreman upon the ethics of handling loose paving stones.

"Isn't it marvelous! Everybody's waiting for us!" whispered Floss delightedly; which caused Chester to glare round the crowded room and decide that what she said was true.

The benches were crowded with spectators and the social standing of the audience was high—a small minority of listless hangers-on, opium addicts, women of the quarter; a large majority of well-dressed citizens and ladies of quality. A flood of sprightly newspaper comment had roused San Francisco's easily tempted gala spirit and was lending a fashionable air to the police court's squalor.

Every eye, so it seemed, was on the Framms, and even Judge Haroran, performing acrobatics with his mouselike eyebrows, appeared to be awaiting the dramatic titbit of the day.

"Phew!" Floss exhaled feelingly. "It smells so in here that I don't blame the elephant for staying outside. Hello! There's Buffalo Willie with the clown dude and the heart specialist."

Holbetter and Susie's keeper were seen huddled against the door, closely associating with a peppery, square-built gentleman whose economical gray mustache indicated a conservative cast of thought.

"Doctor Hilcross!" muttered Chester, recognizing California's most fashionable physician.

"Yeah. He's a crosspatch. Took me ever so long to convince him. But I cried—and here he is."

Another familiar face could be seen coming down the aisle. It had a dimple in its chin and a deeper one in its rosy left cheek. Sparkling Irish eyes sought out Mrs. Framm as Officer Doody, the susceptible policeman who had made the arrest, stopped and leaned over in an attitude of fatherly solicitude.

"A fine crowd ye've drawn, Mrs. Framm. I've seen man-ny a society murther case has drawn a wor-r-rse wan. An' reporters an' correspondents from every paper on the Coast! It's notoryus, ma'am, an' a credit to yer foine mind."

Reporters indeed! Out of the jumble came numerous brisk young men with wads of yellow paper and quick glances from the clerk of the court to the prize exhibit of the day. A man with a camera moved cautiously along the wall, apparently jockeying for a good position by the door. Chester reflected upon the unenviable prominence in which they now found themselves; he was reminded of poor Susie, whom he had seen a few minutes ago out on Kearney Street being pinched and poked by a morbid mob, eager to know whether the leaden complexion she now wore was natural or merely a coat of gray paint laid over her really pink skin.

He was grimly determined to see it through—what else could he do under the circumstances?—but the knowledge that they were at the end of their rope disheartened him even before the law could do its worst.

More Chinese feuds were settled out of hand. Bow Kin and Toy Few had quarreled over an opium pipe, with the result that Kin had sought to submerge Few under a bowl of hot rice.

"Think of the way they waste food!" was all the good Floss got out of it; though Messrs. Bow Kin and Toy Few were dedicated to thirty days in the workhouse.

Floss missed nothing.

"What's a workhouse like?" she cheerfully inquired, giving Chester a nudge.

He didn't know, and he didn't want to know.

Over in the front row he could see Carlotta's serious look of waiting. Through his unhappy mind there swam a vision of yesterday; of that same still, studious gaze with which she had regarded him as he delivered his prize-winning remarks on William of Orange. His mentor, his light of leading, his intellectual guide—and here she sat in a pestilential court room waiting to testify against him in the matter of an undignified petty offense. At least, thought Chester A. Framm, his wit should now be pitted against hers. He would have that bitter satisfaction. The dramatic possibilities intrigued his imagination. He and Carlotta would fight the case as one lawyer against another.

Officer Doody again interrupted with the whispered information that the Framms would be next on the docket. And had they witnesses?

"Oh, splen-did witnesses!" she smiled peachily up at her latest captive. "Doctor Hilcross the specialist, and Doctor Holbetter the chemist, and ——"

The court clerk here interrupted with one of those unintelligible noises familiar to court-room announcements. It was a continuous droning bray terminating in words which sounded like "Chezera Framm and Florba Framm."

"I think he's calling us," intimated Floss, tugging at her husband.

Together they proceeded toward the awful seat of judgment. Carlotta had come forward, too, and Chester was relieved to see that Buffalo Willie, true to his trust, had assembled his fellow witnesses. The room lay in an obliging hush. Several newspapermen ably ushered by The Spiggoty had crowded as near as possible to the bench.

The Framms and the vengeful Carlotta were now standing right under the fiery topknot and acrobatic eyebrows of the most famous police judge on the Pacific Coast; and Chester's first impression was of those twin hanks of hair chasing themselves prankishly up, up on his forehead as he leaned forward. He smiled. It was plain to be seen that he had got sight of Floss and liked the view.

The clerk of the court unfolded a disagreeable document and mumbled over something to the effect that Chezera Framm and Florba Framm were charged with a misdemeanor, to Wit. To Wit seemed to have vague things to do with smearing house paint on an animal to Wit. There was, altogether, more wit than humor in the clerk of the court's mumbled complaint.

"Officer Doody!"

His Honor uttered it in his great rolling voice, and the seraphic policeman came forward.

Officer Doody launched jauntily forth into his version of the adventure, working racily toward the climactic scene which terminated as follows:

"Then the elephant, Y'r Honor, layed right down on the job, Y'r Honor, wreckin' a pooshcart an' snorin' like wan dead. At that the la-ady rushes forward an' demands the arrist of bot' of 'em ——"

"One minute, Officer Doody." The magistrate, who had continued to lavish his attentive glances upon Flossie's hat—she had trimmed it this morning with a long pheasant's feather—brought his eyebrows down from their perch atop and suggested: "Be more explicit, please. Which lady rushes forward and demands the arrest of both of what?"

"The Humane Soci'ty la-ady demands th' arrist of bot' the defendants, if it please Y'r Honor. The elephant, which was a female, was a-layin' there quite pink from head to tail."

"Pink and prostrate," soliloquized Magistrate Haroran, who was evidently a favorite with the press, for several reporters flew to their pencils while the court room tittered.

"Is the society's representative present to prefer charges?"

"Here, Your Honor."

Carlotta Beam, pale but determined, took her place in the midst of her enemies, and upon the invitation of the court grew explicit.

"The elephant was found in a state of complete collapse which, as it was plain to see, was superinduced by the thick coat of house paint that covered its body, thus interfering with the normal functions of the skin."

"What was the color of the paint, if you please?"

The celebrated eyebrows had raised themselves again and were now forming a merger with the superior shock of auburn hair.

It was evident that Judge Haroran did not admire Carlotta as a type.

"Pink," she replied distinctly.

The magic word started another ripple throughout the room; the ripple crescendoed to a roar.

"Order in the court!" bleated the bailiff, though he himself was covering his mouth.

"That is the same elephant now standing outside on Kearney Street?"

For a nervous moment it looked as though the magistrate would turn and wink at Flossie.

"Oh, Mister Judge," broke in Floss, "that's Susie. She's the pink elephant, only she's been washed off."

"H-m. Circumstantial evidence would go to prove, I should say, that the elephant survived the ordeal. However, might I ask, Miss ——"

"Beam," Carlotta promptly supplied.

"—— Miss Beam, in what way do you consider that the pink paint has been injurious to the animal's health?"

"The condition in which I found the elephant," Carlotta responded decisively, "would prove that."

"Mrs. Framm"—Judge Haroran's expression entirely changed; his eyebrows had come down to an amiable level, his little eyes snapped merrily—"how can you prove that your house paint didn't cause the—the downfall of Susie?"

"In the first place," replied Flossie, "she wasn't painted with house paint at all. In the second place Susie was a damaged elephant. She has a weak heart. She's had spells for years."

"I see. And how can you prove that she's had spells for years?"

"Doctor Hilcross examined her last night," replied the ever-ready Floss.

"Ah, you mean Doctor Hilcross, the heart specialist?"

"Yes, sir," chirped Floss. "He's over by the door keeping next to the ventilator. He's a crank about fresh air."

A stocky square man with a square gray mustache and square slit of a mouth was being led forward.

"Doctor Hilcross"—the Court's air was ever so respectful—"did you examine the elephant last night as the defendant says?"

"I did," testified the celebrated heart specialist in his choppy, chiding tone.

"And what did you find?"

"A nervous heart, valvular irregularity and a murmur. Apparently the trouble had extended over a course of years. Several of the circus people informed me that the elephant had been subject to spells of vertigo at frequent intervals. This is not uncommon among pachydermous animals born in captivity."

"Would you say that yesterday's spell of vertigo was helped along a trifle by the—decorations?"

"Positively not!"

"Thank you, doctor. That will be all."

The busy physician, stopping only to give Floss a curt nod, went his busy way. But already she was motioning to Buffalo Willie, who was edging forward, flourishing his ivory-topped cane.

"I've brought in a chemist," explained Floss, holding the little druggist affectionately by the arm, "to tell you about the pink stuff that covered up Susie. This is Doctor Holbetter—Nathaniel Hawthorne Holbetter."

"We're holding quite a reception," grinned the judge. "Doctor Holbetter, are you a qualified chemical expert?"

"Five years assistant city chemist, San José, Cal.," Nathaniel Hawthorne Holbetter explained in his shorthand method.

"That ought to qualify you. Have you examined the—beauty preparation which adorned the pink elephant?"

Judge Haroran was now having a perfect time.

"Mixed it myself."

"Ah. Then would you mind telling me how you compounded the prescription?"

"Delighted. One part talcum, one part flour, five parts water, eosin to add color. Sig.: Apply externally."

Sensation in the court. More bawls for order.

"Eosin," echoed the judge, whose eyebrows were again performing cart wheels over his forehead, "sounds violent. Would such a chemical superinduce fits in an elephant?"

"Feed it to babies!" barked Buffalo Willie. "Often eat worse. Like it."

"Is this the formula for your beauty cream?"

"It is not," barked the little druggist. "Don't waste that on elephants."

"I see."

It was evident that Judge Haroran saw, for he was looking straight into the lovely eyes of Flossie Framm. Undoubtedly he was bewitched.

"Mrs. Framm," said he at last ever so gently as he leaned far down from his pulpit, "what is the name of the preparation your pink pet was advertising?"

Floss took a deep breath.

"Framm's Angel Bloom Cream!"

She sang it aloud in a clear sweet voice which tinkled into every corner of the gloomy court room.

"Wonderful!" said the eminent jurist. He lowered his jaw and his eyebrows in the same grimace; he had leaned far over, pressing the tips of his fingers together till the knuckles cracked. "And tell me, Mrs. Framm, do you honestly think that this—er—Framm's Angel Bloom Cream contains any chemical that would do bodily harm?"

Flossie had sidled very close to the throne, and there in a series of poses that could not be misinterpreted she turned first one blooming cheek, then the other, to the full inspection of His Honor's ravished eyes.

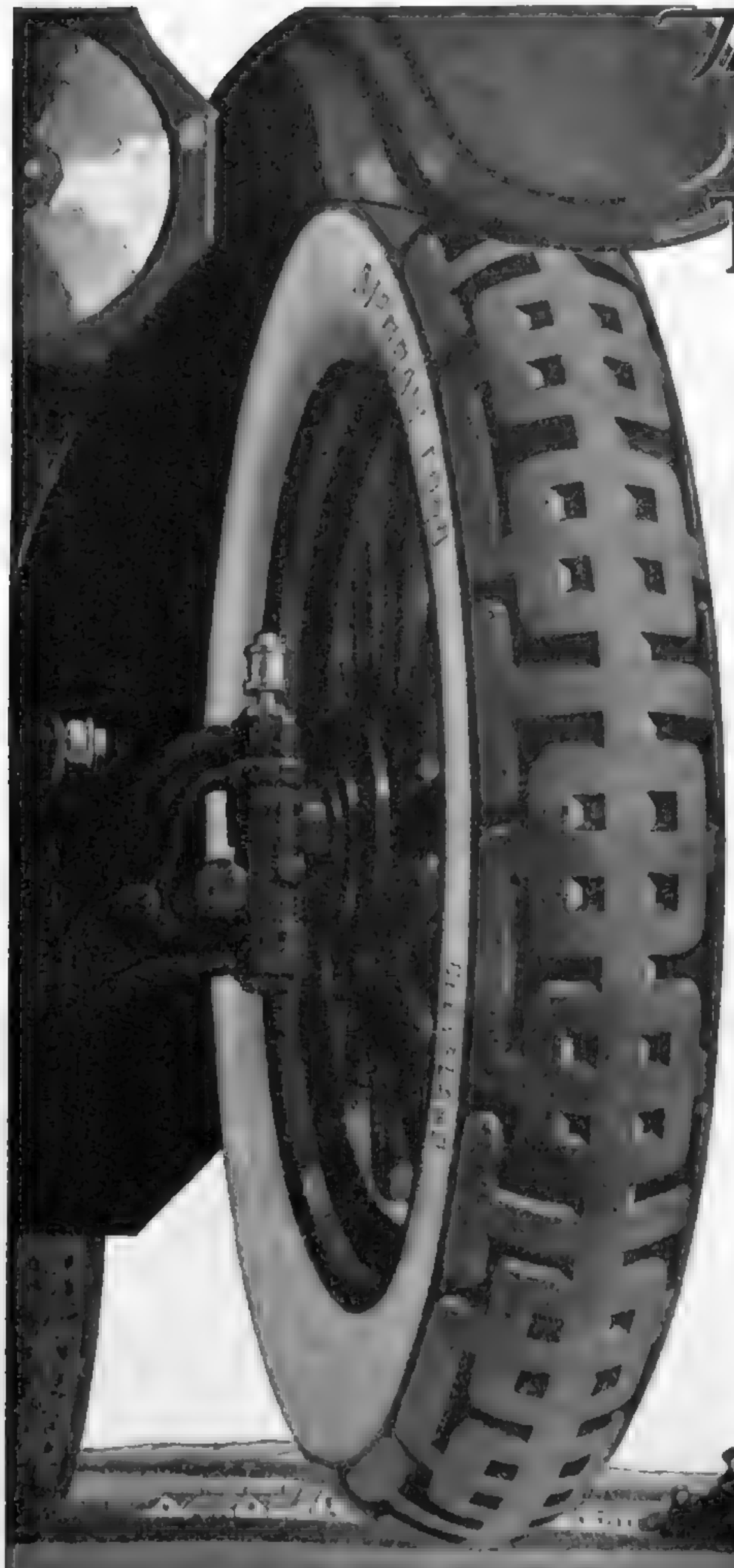
"Would you say that it has done any harm to me?" she asked in a still, small voice.

"Case dismissed!" thundered Judge Haroran, racing his eyebrows wildly as he turned his stern gaze upon some mythical book, supposedly reclining on the desk to comfort and to calm the judicial mind.

Already the gentlemen of the press were abandoning their table and swarming toward the door in a competitive effort to head off the Framms.

That day and the next were exhausting ones in the Angel Bloom parlors, where a rush of barter and trade kept Chester and Aunt Het jumping from counter to counter all day, and where, upstairs, Flossie was at the end of her keen little wits supplying the press with interviews sufficiently sensational to glut her sense of artistic values.

(Continued on Page 94)



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TIRES

McGRAW EAST PALESTINE, OHIO

(Continued from Page 91)

It was a dull season for murders, politics and divorce sensations; the evening papers had done the trial at length and in their best vein. The Spiggoty, who occasionally led off humorous news in the Blade with bursts of lyric rime, contributed the following:

There once was a girl in the social whirl
With an elephant on her hands.
She stopped to think: "I will paint him pink
And play to the big grand stands."
So she made a rush for a whitewash brush
And a bucket of Angel Bloom—
But, as soon as she painted, the elephant fainted;
So this is our tale of gloom.

The morning papers specialized on photography. Susie was again brought out, decorated again in rose and white, and posed in an upright position with Floss sitting on her forehead. Floss dictated The Story of My Life for a Los Angeles Sunday edition; and a remarkable narrative it was, relating how Angel Bloom had been handed to her grandmother by a dying Egyptologist who had stolen it from a sacred casket of Ra.

Floss got the hard words out of The Spiggoty's old set of encyclopedias. Editors all up and down the Coast telegraphed queries to their correspondents. Free advertising raged, and the effect on the market was instantaneous.

Next evening when Floss had got into her kimono and was resting her tired feet on a chair Doctor Holbetter stalked into the scene with his usual burden of ill tidings.

"Even the Chinese drug stores want it!" he barked. "Telegraphic orders all up and down the Coast. Six cases to Boston Drug Store. Window displays Mr. Framm Knows a Pretty Girl all over town. Too bad. Chance to get rich. No capital."

"Willie," chirped Floss, "if you went to heaven you'd kick about the music."

"Know nothing about heaven. Farthest north I've been's Seattle. But do know this: Only two hundred bottles not sold. No capital to manufacture more. No credit. What? What?"

He went off into a long succession of clicks.

"Aren't you a reputable citizen—aren't you one of those things? Can't you borrow something on your drug store?"

"Don't make me laugh." He stood and chewed licorice, his little chin beard going busily.

"I've tried all the banks," said Chester, who had never been so tired in his life. "They don't regard us as a serious concern."

"And I hope they never will!" cut in Floss. "But I should think you two great big brutal men would be able to raise a few thousand dollars without all that to-do."

"There's Applethwaite ——"

"He's mad at me," Floss informed him. That apparently was another story.

"Exhausted our credit with wholesale-drug concerns," Buffalo Willie chewed on. "Too bad. Can't fill orders." Click-click.

"Oh, well," yawned Floss, "I suppose I'll have to raise the money in the morning. And now please get out. I'm going to bed."

Next morning Chester, who had been mournfully seeking credit of an obscure savings bank in the Portsmouth Square region, was astonished by the sight of his Floss, dressed to kill—or at least to wound—entering a small Bohemian restaurant just round the corner from the Municipal Courts. Thus thrown into the position of a domestic spy he lingered at a corner and was further astonished to observe Judge Haroran step into the same restaurant by another door.

Unworthy jealousy raged in the heart of Chester A. Framm. Urged by the base instinct he waited a discreet few minutes, then followed in by the same door Floss had taken.

The place, which specialized in Mexican food, was divided into two small rooms. Chester took a table by the wall where, peering into the compartment beyond, he became an unseen witness to the latest comedy of Flossie's invention.

Judge Haroran was eating alone. At the table nearest him Floss was also eating alone. They were facing each other. The judge was reading a newspaper. Floss was reading another. Haroran ordered; Floss ordered. The judge, who was apparently in a forbidding mood, glowered into the paper, groping now and then for his food and pulling it round the edge. Floss lowered her paper now and then and peeped shyly over. Chester could not restrain a grin. Floss had met her match this time.

The grin was destined to linger only for the duration of one frugal course, for after the judge had emptied his plate he lowered his paper and glanced toward the table opposite him. Their eyes met. Haroran bowed coldly and resumed his paper. Floss again took up her reading.

After all, thought Chester, Floss was doing this for the Company Ink. Just how he could not fathom—but his sympathy drifted toward his peculiar little wife. It was with a sort of triumphant thrill, then, that he saw Haroran at last rise gawkily, pay his score and saunter over to Floss' table.

The meeting was cordial apparently, for they shook hands; and the judge, after the manner of men captivated against their wills, seated himself on the edge of a chair. Floss was going on in her animated way, using her eyes to advantage, gesturing with all the force of her eloquent frivolity. The judge got farther into his chair, and before Chester's astonished eyes was revealed the picture of a man being gradually charmed, entranced, hypnotized. All this took about fifteen minutes, at the end of which time a waiter interrupted the interview with a bottle of ink and a large sheet of writing paper.

Chester had seen enough.

A half hour later he met Floss at a Kearney Street corner. She seemed not in the least surprised.

"The old cherubim and seraphim!" she smiled through the heightened color of her excitement. "Being one of those lawyer things he couldn't take my word for it. So I gave him our note for ninety days at seven per cent."

Chester whistled, having no more adequate expression at his command. She had passed over to him a long blue check which mentioned the sum of five thousand dollars and bore the signature of Michael Henry Haroran.

"Well, you went to a peculiar place for it," was his last weak protest.

"Mister Geese! That's just where gold miners go for their gold—to peculiar places."

Thereupon she kissed him affectionately, much to the diversion of upper Kearney Street.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

BARTER—By Ralph Stock

BELLAIRS crushed a mosquito on his left cheek with the precision of an expert, and addressed the Pacific Ocean dispassionately:

"Do you mind telling me the fascination—or is it the lure?—of these storied isles of the Equator?"

The Pacific, except for flinging another lazy ripple up the wet sand, did not answer. Neither did Tritton.

"You are uncommunicative, my friend," observed Bellairs.

"What's the good of talking?" grumbled Tritton, who carried throughout life the air of one nursing a grievance.

"Talking is a recognized medium of intercourse," explained Bellairs sententiously. "It is one of the few proofs we possess that we are in any way removed above the beasts of the field. You surely wouldn't deprive us of our little conceit?"

"Then talk sense."

Bellairs sighed and drew his knees closer to his chin.

"I will," he said. "Now that we are on Ono what do we do?"

"I've got my trade," asserted Tritton with a touch of pride.

"Why, of course," said Bellairs hopefully; "I had forgotten; in fact, I have forgotten. What did you say ——"

"Bartender."

"Ah, yes."

"I can make a twelve-color rainbow with any man."

"Really!" mused Bellairs. "What a thing it is to carry at one's finger tips, as it were, an accomplishment that can be converted into hard cash at any moment. As for me—I wonder if they want a potman on Ono."

"Thought you was the educated sort," sneered Tritton.

"I am," admitted Bellairs; "very highly educated, I believe; hence my colossal uselessness."

It was this sort of remark that annoyed Tritton. It left nothing to be said. He considered Bellairs a fool, and Bellairs was the first to admit it, which rather takes the wind out of one's sails. But there was reason to believe that he had money, which in itself was quite enough to quell any outward signs of dislike on Tritton's part.

The two men, as strangely assorted a pair as ever drifted across one another's path, had been stewards aboard the Manara for the past month, and by some freak of fate both had seen fit to desert at Ono in the Lau group. They had come from heaven knows where; they were bound they knew not whither. They belonged to that restless band of world wanderers who appear for a space in the utmost corners of the earth, and are gone, unmourned and unsung.

"If a steward, why not a potman?" persisted Bellairs. "I believe I could be a potman; in fact, I will be a potman."

He rose deliberately and shook the sand from his shapeless ducks. He was a large man, inclining to corpulence, and of an age as uncertain as a woman's. But there was an air about him that in some subtle way demanded and usually elicited respect.

"There is a great deal in will power, Friend Tritton," he remarked as they trudged through the sand toward the settlement. "I have heard one can think oneself into almost anything. Potman!" he added with closed eyes.

The settlement proved to be the usual semicircle of weatherboard stores and bungalows facing the beach. Elephantine native women in gaudy wrappers drifted aimlessly about the thoroughfare, and dogs with their inevitable island heart disease lay sleeping at intervals along the wooden sidewalk. Apart from these signs of animation Ono's metropolis apparently contained nothing but yellow sunlight and the boom of surf.

"Looks lively, don't it?" observed Tritton.

Bellairs mopped his face with an already soaking handkerchief.

"Never go by outward appearances," he urged hopefully; "who knows ——"

But Tritton had left him and vanished through the swinging doors of the Polynesian Hotel. Bellairs seated himself in a weather-beaten cane chair under a screw pine and hummed a few bars of the Mikado. In a surprisingly short time Tritton emerged.

"Nothing doing," he said. "Whisky neat with chaser."

"But how nice!" murmured Bellairs.

"If you can pay for it; but where's the chance for a real live wire with a nigger-woman dispenser and nothing to dispense? This is what they call 'steamer day' in these parts, and as far as I can see the whole of Ono lives at the Polynesian until the shipment runs dry."

"Then a potman ——"

"Oh, dry up!" snapped Tritton.

"I am," returned the imperturbable Bellairs, moistening his lips. "Let us mingle with the giddy throng and trust to something eventuating. I can feel the lure of these blessed islands stealing over me already."

After something like an hour's contact with every known species of the human race south of the Line, Tritton insinuated himself through a medley of planters, traders and what not, to where Bellairs was carrying on a dignified conversation with the local magistrate. In answer to a nudged elbow Bellairs excused himself with an Old-World courtesy that left the magistrate agape and followed his companion upstairs.

"I've happened on to something," said Tritton, turning suddenly at the end of a murky passage and speaking in a tense undertone. "Have you got any money?"

Bellairs regarded him speculatively for a moment, and Tritton's eyes fell. He was physically incapable of sustaining a direct gaze, and he knew it; which always makes an affliction the harder to bear.

"A plain question deserves a plain question," said Bellairs ponderously. "Do I look as if I had money?"

Tritton was on the point of turning away in disgust. There was no getting nearer to this fool of a man. But he remembered himself in time.

"You're mighty cheerful for anyone who hasn't," he said with a feeble attempt at banter.

"Thank you for those kind words," beamed Bellairs. "And what if I have?"

"I know how you can multiply it by a hundred in two months."

"Really? How?"

Tritton's glance roamed the dim interior of the Polynesian for a space, and by the time it had reached his feet, where it usually rested, he had gained control of himself.

"See here," he said patiently, "if I told you how this thing is to be done you could do it without me, couldn't you?"

"I very much doubt it," said Bellairs.

"Well, that's how most people would look at it. I have the scheme; you have the money. What about it?"

"A partnership!" suggested Bellairs, with the light of inspiration in his rather weak eyes.

Tritton nodded.

"Lead on, partner," said Bellairs.

A doubtful-looking individual in soiled ducks and a battered pith helmet awaited them on the veranda overlooking the sun-soaked beach. Bellairs bowed gracefully and ordered three glasses of the Polynesian's invariable from a Solomon houseboy.

"It's like this," said the individual in unnecessarily subdued tones when the three heads were well over the wicker table: "Ono's no good to any man."

"I suspected as much," said Bellairs brightly. "In fact it's a case of Oh, no!"

The individual regarded him blankly until Tritton's foot came into contact with his own, when he contrived to laugh.

"Exactly," he said. "But to return to business: You mustn't judge the Laus by Ono any more than you can judge the Fijis by Suva; they're both about the last place on the map. It's the outlying islands that count. I've just come in from Taneba; had to—fever. And ——"

He stopped abruptly, produced a dirty bandana handkerchief, and untying a knot in one corner rolled on to the table three fair-sized pearls.

"Two hundred," he added shortly; "just had 'em priced. And all for a dud safety razor and three colored prints of a defunct monarch in medals. Fact is, they don't know. The Laus are not like the Paumotas or any recognized pearling grounds, where every Kanaka is a born judge of stones. Here they find them sometimes and just don't know what they've got. These were in a baby's rattle."

He said a great deal more, and the brief tropical twilight had descended on Ono when the partners emerged from the Polynesian.

"A most informative person," was Bellairs' verdict as he strolled along the beach toward the harbor with Tritton in anxious attendance. "I wonder what it was all about."

"Can't you see?" wailed Tritton. "There's money in this thing."

"Quite," agreed Bellairs. "I was merely wondering where our obliging friend comes in."

"He has a trading cutter open to charter. It's only a pound a day, and ——"

"Ah," murmured Bellairs.

This brief utterance had an extraordinary effect on Tritton. His thin mouth twitched at the corners and a glint came into his furtive eye.

(Continued on Page 97)

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DETROIT SALES OFFICE
1507 KRESGE BLDG.

(Continued from Page 94)

"You're not going to let me down," he accused in a tone half whine, half threat, "not after me telling you? Because ——"

For no apparent reason he stopped. Bellairs regarded him with the air of one studying the writhings of an insect.

"Because what?" he said, and receiving no answer resumed his way toward the harbor. "Try and remember that confidence is the foundation of successful partnership, Friend Tritton," he remarked airily. "My innocent observation was intended to convey that I had discerned the reason of our friend's magnanimity; and why should we, the firm of Bellairs & Tritton, pay one pound a day for a craft when —— Now, how would that snub-nosed atrocity suit us?"

They had stopped at the harbor wall of coralite bowlders and stood looking down on the Ono trading fleet, which reflected the characteristics of its owners to a halyard. The particular craft Bellairs had pointed out was a decrepit cutter of about ten tons' register, with the name Moana on her quarter and a board lashed to the port shrouds marked For Sale.

"I didn't know you meant to buy," said Tritton in surly apology.

"That is where you have to be so exceedingly careful," returned Bellairs.

"Can you sail a ship?"

Bellairs closed his eyes.

"I seem to remember a following sea off Finisterre when to look astern was to be lost. And haven't I—yes, surely!—some recollection of the Mediterranean when Lady Sibyl inadvertently dropped her 'pom' overboard, and I failed to retrieve ——"

"Then that's all right," said Tritton with dawning hope in his voice. "We shall want only some grub and a bit of barter."

"A bit of what?"

"Barter." Tritton winked knowingly. "You leave that to me."

"I will," said Bellairs; "barter shall be your especial care. I'll see about the ship. I suggest that we meet here about eleven o'clock to-night."

Tritton nodded almost cheerfully and departed on his mysterious quest.

He received something of a surprise about eleven-thirty that same night, when on raising his head from the task of stowing barter in the Moana's fo'castle locker he distinctly heard the ripple of water past the ship's side. On reaching deck he was still more astonished to find the decrepit cutter slipping quietly out to sea under mainsail and jib, with his partner in the steering well humming a contented little tune as he fondled the tiller.

The lights of Ono, mostly issuing from the Polynesian Hotel, grew fainter astern and presently they were alone with the sea and the stars and a light southeast trade.

It affected Tritton strangely. He had never done anything of the sort before, and he was vaguely awed by the mystery of it all—awed for the first time in his life by something other than money and brute force. He went aft for company.

"This is all right," he said, staring up at the towering mainsail. "What's it worth?"

"That is impossible to say," said Bellairs, "until we've tried her; as impossible as in the case of a horse or a wife."

"And how'd you know where you're going?"

"I don't," admitted Bellairs, "except that by the Cross and a pocket compass we're heading for Taneba."

"The Cross?"

"Yes; some of those curious little twinkling fellers up there. Ever noticed them, Friend Tritton?"

Tritton remained silent. He was thinking wonderingly if Bellairs was quite the sort of fool he seemed.

He was wondering much the same thing the next morning when the Moana was bowling comfortably along with lashed tiller, and Bellairs came below to consult the chart.

"As this was lent me by my particular friend, the magistrate, I should be obliged if you would refrain from sitting on it," he said, smoothing out the parchment on the fo'castle table, and studying its hieroglyphics with apparent understanding.

Undoubtedly Bellairs knew what he was about at sea. Tritton reached this conclusion on the second day, and when on the third Bellairs pointed out a blue smudge on the starboard bow and laconically intimated that it was Taneba, Tritton found himself holding his partner in much the same esteem as a child might a conjurer who produces a rabbit from a hat.

"According to direction," said Bellairs, when six fathoms of the Moana's rusty cable had run into Taneba Lagoon, "this is where we await developments."

It was not long before canoes put out from shore, and following a parley which neither side understood in the least the Moana's decks were soon crowded with Kanakas and their wares. These consisted for the most part of taro root, chickens suffering from malnutrition, and bunches of bananas swarming with white ants.

"Punk," said Tritton after a cursory inspection. "We'd better show 'em what we do want; eh, Bellairs?"

"I leave the commercial side entirely in your hands," replied Bellairs, seating himself on the stern horse and peeling a banana.

In impressive silence Tritton produced his barter, and arranged it with the tender care of a window dresser on the aft hatch. There were three *papier-mâché* belts, six jew's-harps, a packet of fishhooks, and, in strict accordance with instructions, several colored prints of someone or other in whiskers and a red cummerbund. Tritton then passed on to the gem of this collection, a few synthetic pearls of the curio-store variety, which he held cupped in his unclean palm and submitted for inspection with an interrogative raising of the eyebrows. Beyond a few nods and cluckings of recognition the audience remained unimpressed.

"He's right," Tritton told Bellairs excitedly when the last of the visitors had taken to their canoes and were paddling shoreward. "They just don't know."

It was late that night, and the partners were asleep, when a gentle rasping on the Moana's side brought Bellairs on deck.

"*Missi Turaga* [gentleman]!" came a plaintive voice out of the darkness; and looking over the side Bellairs saw an outrigger canoe made fast to the Moana's rail, with a diminutive dark person patiently on a stern thwart.

"Good mornin', *Missi Turaga*," droned the voice; "*um buli* [chief] of Niama say me go all along *Turaga* plenty quick. Me go."

"Madam," said Bellairs gravely, "I greet you. My bêche de mer is faulty but sincere. Come aboard plenty quick."

The visitor swung herself up the Moana's side with the agility of a cat, and stood on deck revealed as a native girl of perhaps twelve, with a mass of raven-black hair and soft brown eyes.

The reason of her visit was an engaging mystery to Bellairs for upward of half an hour, during which she inspected the Moana from stem to stern with cluckings of admiration and delight; then upon her happening onto the locker containing some of the remaining items of Tritton's barter it became apparent that she had paid a midnight call for no other purpose than to curl her legs under her and twang a jew's-harp.

Bellairs laughed. Tritton did not.

"Kick her out," he growled from his bunk, and turned his yellow face to the wall.

He may have slept, though it is doubtful. At any rate when next he turned and opened his eyes he lay for a moment rigid with astonishment. The child was on Bellairs' knee, industriously curling an end of his ragged mustache to the accompaniment of crooned *meke* air. It was a homely little scene under the yellow light of the swinging lamp, but Tritton hardly noticed it: his eyes feasted on the table, where lay ten fair-sized pearls.

"*Um buli* of Niama say *Turaga* like um plenty all right," the child was babbling between twirls of Bellairs' mustache. "Um say *Turaga* pay plenty all right."

"*Um Turaga, um*—maybe," said Bellairs with an air of splendid indifference.

It was too much for Tritton. He moved, and the child looked up. Instinctively she shrank closer to Bellairs and uttered something in her unintelligible jargon. Bellairs smiled.

"Pray don't disturb yourself, partner," he said: "the lady tells me she is not taken with you."

"Keep her talking," snapped Tritton; "that's all you've got to do." His hand went under the pillow for a moment, then he swung from the bunk, carefully striking the table with his foot so that the pearls rolled to the floor.

With a startled cry the child sprang after them, but Tritton was before her.

"There," he said, rising after a protracted hunt and studiously counting ten pearls into the waiting brown palm. "Now are you more taken with your Uncle Tritton?"

"You no want 'em?" inquired the visitor perplexedly. "*Um buli* of Niama say *Turaga* like um plenty all right."

"Not this time, thank you," grinned Tritton. "Good night; and mind the step."

A few minutes later a bewildered child of nature paddled off into the darkness.

Bellairs stood at the ship's rail for some time after the rhythmic plash of the canoe paddles had died away; then he sighed unaccountably and went below.

Tritton was hunched over the table, examining the pearls, as Bellairs came down the companion.

"Can you beat it?" he exploded. "Ten—ten! I don't know much about 'em, but they look as good as his; and at the same price it means a thousand. A thousand!" he added in an awed whisper.

Bellairs put the coffeepot on the stove and stood regarding it a while in silence.

"I confess to a misspent life," he said at last deliberately, "but in this case—I am not sure that I like it, Friend Tritton."

Tritton turned in a flash.

"If you don't like it you know what to do," he jerked out.

"I was wondering," mused Bellairs. "In a way it was excusable—the true commercial instinct can be held to account for much—but don't you think this particular transaction rather savors of robbing the kid's money box?"

Tritton sprang to his feet impatiently.

"You make me tired!" he stuttered. "We came out after pearls, didn't we? Well, we've got 'em. If they don't know what a pearl is, why shouldn't they be as satisfied with the curio-store brand as the real thing? Exchange is no robbery. If you want to pay for 'em into the bargain, you can, but leave me out of it."

Bellairs poured the coffee into a tin mug, drank it, and climbed into his bunk.

"There is something in what you say," he admitted, staring up at the Moana's dingy timbers. "To-morrow we will visit the *buli* of Niama; that may relieve my pesky conscience. And you spy out the land for further consignments."

After which enigmatic utterance he slept.

But Tritton did not. There was too much to think about. "A thousand!" He repeated the magic words many times before it occurred to him with something of a shock that his own share would be precisely half that amount.

There was certainly a good deal to be thought about.

The pilgrimage to Niama was not the pleasant excursion that it had promised to be. According to *bêche de mer* directions and copious gesticulations it lay "all along beach plenty far too much," and the beach led in turn through ankle-deep mangrove swamp, through primeval jungle and over a perfect switchback of red-earth hills. Even Bellairs had little to say, and Tritton trudged at his side in stony silence. He had ceased to speculate on things in general, because he had long since decided in his own mind what must be done to equalize the deficit in his calculations of the previous evening. Opportunity was all that he lacked, and toward noon it looked remarkably like coming his way.

They had reached a village of sorts, and Bellairs unexpectedly collapsed on the mats of the guest house, shivering convulsively.

(Concluded on Page 101)

TIMKEN

DETROIT

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Send for this book with de luxe color plates of home interiors

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ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY *Linoleum Department* Lancaster, Pa.

Armstrong's Linoleum

Circle A Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

For Every Room (A) in the House

(Concluded from Page 97)

"N-not to p-put too fine a p-point on it," he stuttered between chattering teeth, "I f-feel rotten."

Those were the last words Tritton heard him utter. The last sight of him was a bulky figure under a pyramid of mats that shook as with an earthquake. Then he ran. There was no need to, because fever always takes large men first and leaves them last; but for some reason Tritton ran. He boarded the Moana and contrived to set sail, and it was not until Taneba was a smudge on the horizon that his peace of mind was fully restored, which for Tritton was probably a record.

Perhaps even then his satisfaction was premature. Cities and men and women he knew how to mold to his own ends, but toward night, alone on a waste of waters, with no sense of direction, less knowledge of a ship, and some unhealthy-looking clouds banking up on the horizon, Tritton was compelled to admit that there was something baffling about the sea. The same distressing sensation of awe that had assailed him on leaving Ono crept over him now. He dispelled it by a glance at the pearls. They were all there, all ten; a thousand pounds' worth! The mere sight of them revived him like an elixir.

During the next few hours he inspected them not less than twenty times. It was necessary. The Moana was tearing through a jet-black sea mountains high before a hurricane; or so it seemed to Tritton. In reality she was probably doing a lumbering eight knots before half a gale; but ignorance has an unpleasant knack of magnifying. It was only possible to think of the pearls now; Tritton was too occupied with the tiller to do anything else, and even that was difficult. Seas were coming aboard—cold, unpleasant seas that lashed the face and chilled to the marrow.

Where was he going? He did not know, except that it must be away from Taneba. This was the Pacific Ocean; he did know that; and there should have been blue sea and sunshine and islands, many islands where one could land at will and barter with fools of Kanakas. There was something radically amiss with Tritton's universe. It was wrong, all wrong—except the pearls.

They were his last thought before the boom swung out of the night with a shriek of tackle and struck him on the side of the head. The long-suffering Moana had gybed, and gybing before half a gale was rather more than she had bargained for. Her ancient mast went at the deck, and when Tritton opened his eyes the ship wallowed, a dismantled wreck.

There followed days and nights which to Tritton were now vague memories of an ugly dream. He remembered that the storm had spent itself, and that a stark calm had followed, accompanied by a brazen wilting heat. He remembered the awful discovery that in his haste to leave Taneba he had omitted to fill the water breakers, and that half-ripe bananas held maddeningly little moisture. But over all a mist now seemed to hover, a mist that slowly grew more opaque, obliterating all things—except the pearls. They were all that had kept Tritton alive.

So the crew of a trading cutter found him, babbling quietly to himself in the fo'castle, with a chewed banana skin in one hand and something in the other that he thrust from sight at their approach.

The *buli* of Niama tugged a horny foot closer to his groin.

"I do not savvy, Mr. Bellairs," he said in his precise mission English, and with a perplexed wrinkling of the brow. "I send my daughter to sell you pearls because I run a curio store in Levuka for many year, and know how the white man love them. I learn many things at my curio store in the great city, but what I do not learn is why when I send you pearls you will not buy, but send me other pearls in exchange. Now that the fever is better maybe you will tell me."

"Certainly, *buli*," said Bellairs with the utmost suavity. "I could not pay you for the pearls because I had no money. My worthy partner was under the impression that I had, and is now paying the penalty by being afloat somewhere on the Pacific in a ship that is neither his nor mine. But that is beside the point. Now that he has seen fit to abscond I see nothing against giving you the facts, as a slight token of gratitude for all you have done for me."

"That is well said," commented the *buli* judicially.

"I'm glad you like it," said Bellairs. "Must say I'm rather taken with it myself; but here's the rub: You who have owned a curio store in a great city like Levuka should know that there are two kinds of pearls—real and imitation."

"I have heard so," admitted the *buli*.

"Well, not to put too fine a point on it, we took your pearls and sent you ours, which were imitation."

The *buli* of Niama glanced up at the high rafters of the guest house, then at Bellairs.

"So were mine," he said.

Mr. Swinney and the Lyric Muse

By Mary Brecht Pulver

LIBRARY," says the immortal Noah, "a considerable collection of books kept for use and not as merchandise"; also, "a building or apartment appropriate for holding such a collection."

Nobody in Midland would quarrel with Noah. When we say "the library" there springs to our mind a pictorial concept of a neat whitey-gray stone building, faced with trim Dorian pillars and packed with row upon row of those neatly bound tomes that cheer and sometimes also inebriate.

Personally I think this concept a little narrow on the part of both Noah and Midland. It would limit the corporeal essence of a library to the period following Johannes Gutenberg, and takes no account of earlier literary riches—the stored erudition of Alexandria, say, where Greek and Egyptian sages consulted their papyrus scrolls. It throws aside those treasured monastic parchments of the Renaissance on which Gerard Eliassoen and his brother painters lavished so much loving decoration. It—needless to say—discounts entirely the reading matter of ancient Tyre and Nineveh and Persia, wrought with chisel in that deadest of all dead languages—the good old cuneiform.

But we do not bother with these things in Midland. We know exactly what we mean when we speak of our library, and if we remember the *moyen âge* and Old Persia at all it is merely to thank God for the aforementioned Johannes Gutenberg, and let it go at that. Fancy staggering home with an armful of papyrus or sheepskin rolls, that we might peruse Les Misérables; fancy hiring a procession of trucks to carry home the etched rocks bearing the story of Joan and Peter!

No; in Midland we know what a library is, and what it's for too.

And yet——

Are there not here and there iconoclastic souls who protest at this narrowness of definition I have mentioned? Spirits who would mold our library to slightly differing uses—who would defy this curiously inelastic idea of books for books' sakes?

Just for example: There is the elderly shabby Russian in the reference room, who looks like Grigor Rasputin but who came out of a Polish village, who during cold winter days searches endlessly through files of old newspapers, apparently in quest of the philosophers' stone, and who is no nearer finding it this year than last. There is the man who sits near by with the dull introspective eye, idle magazine in hand, ranging in some *patrie psychique* of his own, and who it is believed gets his passport out of a little bottle of white powder. There is old Miss Brent, who crochets bedroom slippers for a living and who dwells in a gelid little top-floor room in the Francesca Block, where the heat doesn't rise until nearly noon. Yes, that's Miss Brent over there at the Encyclopædia Britannica. She has consulted it every morning this winter; she is at Hus to Ita now, and by March will reach Sai to Shu, probably topping off by April thirtieth somewhere at Vet to Zym.

Oh, if you use your eyes you can find some half dozen others tucked about in comfortable corners, usually near a register, intent on some baffling elusive trail.

"Of course we know it," says Miss O'Burke, one of the lady assistants, with a sharp little toss of her sunny head, "but what are we to do about it? It says 'public' library over the door—and besides, it may do some good. Literature's like alcohol—you can get an effect even if you rub it on the skin."

Still, I think there was one case where Miss O'Burke was wrong. Which brings me to Librarian Duke and the big idea.

It was during one of the cold waves of the winter of 1917 that he had his precious inspiration. War was on and coal was off. But you remember all about it—about that dark period when the local coal pockets hung empty, turned inside out like a yesterday Broadway rounder's—when coal, if there was any, sold by the teaspoonful.

To meet the exigent demand local clubs and churches turned warm cellars into rest rooms, and to this swelling chorus Librarian Duke added his voice.

"We'll give 'em our basement too," he said. "We'll put in camp chairs and a table with magazines. It ought to help 'em a lot—it's a good warm spot."

By "'em" he meant the poor—which—always ye have with you; and I will say that many such rose up and blessed Librarian Duke through the stiffest winter we had had in years. But this is not their story. We are concerned only with Mr. Absolom Swinney and his adventure.

It was at two o'clock that Miss O'Burke and Miss Keyes went downstairs in the full pitch of enthusiasm and rearranged the comfortable, heated basement into a cozy reading room. It was precisely one hour later that Miss Keyes hung a neatly stenciled sign on the outer library door:

LIBRARY BASEMENT OPEN

PUBLIC INVITED

A WARM REST ROOM FOR ALL

READING MATTER

She had just thrust in the last thumb tack when Mr. Swinney came along.

I suppose that at some point in his career Absolom Swinney had been a baby, but Mr. Swinney in his mid-forties had obliterated all trace of infantile origin—almost of human origin. He was grizzled, unwashed and unkempt, a ruby-nosed floater and a nondescript who lived by devious unordained methods. He was a well-known man about town, a carefree disciple of Khayyam, and one time and another had filled—literally—the shoes of most of our leading citizens.

On this cold day he wore a curiously mixed costume. Green old charity trousers, a discarded Prince Albert of old Judge Bingham's, a moldy-looking cap and a couple of unwholesome sweaters in lieu of linen made the sort of ensemble over which the welfare worker weeps gloating tears and the fastidious shivers. Miss Keyes was of these last.

"Now—just see our first haul," she sneered; "that dreadful old Ab Swinney!"

She was not wrong. Mr. Swinney, arrested by manipulation of the card, wavered in his track—stopped short.

He had left Tod Barney's Pool Parlor—on invitation—five minutes earlier; and Tolbert's Gilt Acorn Saloon, where a none too cordial welcome awaited, lay a good six blocks away. It was cold, infernally. And the card said "A Warm Rest Room."

"Warm! Rest!" There was potent allure in the juxtaposition of the two words. Rest and warmth were before all others the things Mr. Swinney's system craved. Besides, a faint spark of curiosity stirred. He had never been inside a library before. He turned and went unflinching up the steps.

Little Miss Keyes awaited him.

"The rest room is down these stairs," she directed, but Mr. Swinney brushed her aside like an impeding leaf and swept on. What is a public library for if its public may not enter?

In through the hall to the main floor went Swinney, impelled apparently by blind force. He saw the big plaster amphora on the pedestal in the rotunda, the desks back of it, the electric lights, the soft-shod librarians, a stream of people moving in and out of little swing gates. Novelty, all this! Then like a breath from the Elysian Fields he caught the library aroma that rich, dark-brown, stale, warm, musky-stuffy perfume that is peculiar to stored bindings. Mr. Swinney savored it hungrily. Stuffiness had an irresistible call for him. And the warmth—it was like a Palm Beach April or a true-love kiss! A comfortable heat ascended from the registers everywhere; extended promise of comfort.

At the left inside the first gate a lacelike stair of iron rises to a Juliet's balcony, where the finer literary effluvia are kept. Up these stairs went Mr. Swinney. It is a law of physics that the warmest air rises to the top, and in his rôle of heat hound Mr. Swinney accepted it instinctively. The little balcony was snug and cozy, right as a trivet. There was only one false note: Though there were many chairs about, they were slim, little, back-achy, dandified affairs—bent-wood coils of discomfort with rubber feet that offered scant repose to the weary and somewhat ample frame.

But in a far corner Mr. Swinney found what he sought. It was a dark uninvaded angle in the stacks, and here a stout oak armchair stood, with—just knee high—a bronze grilled register sending up delicious puffs of heat.

Mr. Swinney accepted the chair. He took out a tattered remnant of bandana handkerchief and wiped the frost from his mottled face. He looked about him. There was little of interest. Only books, slim volumes for the most part, that rose unaspiringly in dull ranks, flaunting wee paster tickets of white with cryptic numbers on them. Mr. Swinney settled himself for repose. He found he could lean back quite comfortably, his sodden shoes braced against the register. It was a comfortable nook—very. And suddenly he swore at himself for not discovering this haven before. On how many cold winter days might he not have refreshed his fainting person here in the temple of erudition! And unmolested; absolutely gratis too! No bouncer. Nothing but a few old frails who wouldn't bother him if he behaved himself. Why, he could nap all he pleased, and if anybody came—well, he had as good a right as anybody to come in and read. Read! That was it. He'd have to have a book of course, like the folks he passed. He reached over and secured one—a slim green-and-gold affair marked Poems.

He opened it, but the content irked him. Then he remembered something else. There was an orange in his pocket. It had rolled out of a box being carried into a grocery up the street. The book and the orange were like a set of wigwag signals. Mr. Swinney produced the orange, also a handy-andy of a knife, and using the book as a plate duly peeled and ate the orange. The peel and pith troubled him for a moment—how to dispose of them in a gentlemanly, unincriminating way? But the book again—astonishing to what uses books will lend themselves. Mr. Swinney opened the volume and with his handy-andy did a little amputation. He cut out two pages very neatly, pausing to cast a judicial eye on the text on top:

Go down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in lilac-time;
Go down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)
And you shall wander hand in hand with love in summer's wonderland;
Go down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London).

Mercilessly he twisted the pages into a little poke, tucked the orange peel into it and thrust it as far as human member might permit into the interstices of the bronze grilled register.

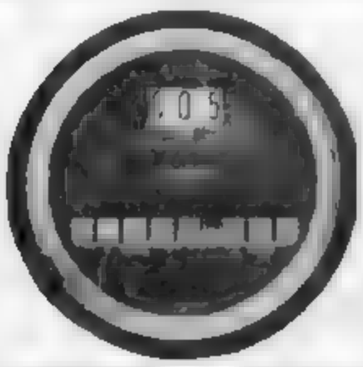
It grew warmer. Somebody, as though aware of Mr. Swinney's presence, must have gone into the cellar and freshly fed the many-tentacled iron octopus that dwelt there, for as time waned the monster radiated more and more of that intoxicating languor-producing warmth that Swinney so loved. From the register it rose

(Continued on Page 104)

Stewart

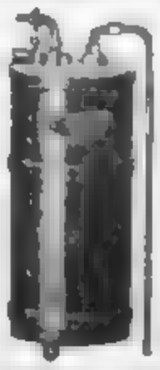
"Automobile engineers pronounce the Stewart Speedometer the perfect speed and mileage recording instrument. That's why 95% of all cars use it as standard equipment.

"The Stewart V-Ray Searchlight is equally popular with motorists who want to complete their car. And thousands consider it just as necessary as the speedometer."



Warner Speedometer

$50.00



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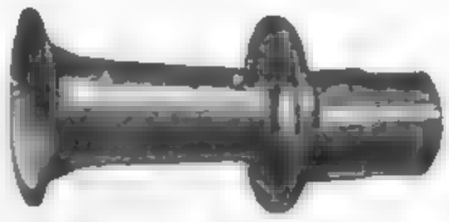

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"They're More Than Accessories"

Stewart Necessities Are First Choice With Car Makers and Car Owners

The average car buyer doesn't profess to know much about motor impulses, valve action, chassis construction or the many other technical points about a car.

There's one thing, however, he does know about and that's the Stewart Speedometer. He knows it's the standard by which all others are judged: that it costs a little more to equip; that if the car maker has not skimped there, he is giving good value throughout.

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No accessory has enjoyed a more rapid rise to universal popularity. From a so-called luxury it has become a real necessity. It furnishes the ideal illumination for motoring after dark.

A concentrated, intense beam of light is thrown a thousand feet ahead, immediately in front of the car or to either side of the road, at the motorist's will. Thousands of drivers today use it for country driving to the exclusion of their head lights, which have been rendered more or less ineffective due to the necessary use of diffusing lens.

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Don't confuse the Stewart with an ordinary "spotlight"—it's a real searchlight.

Stewart V-Ray Searchlight
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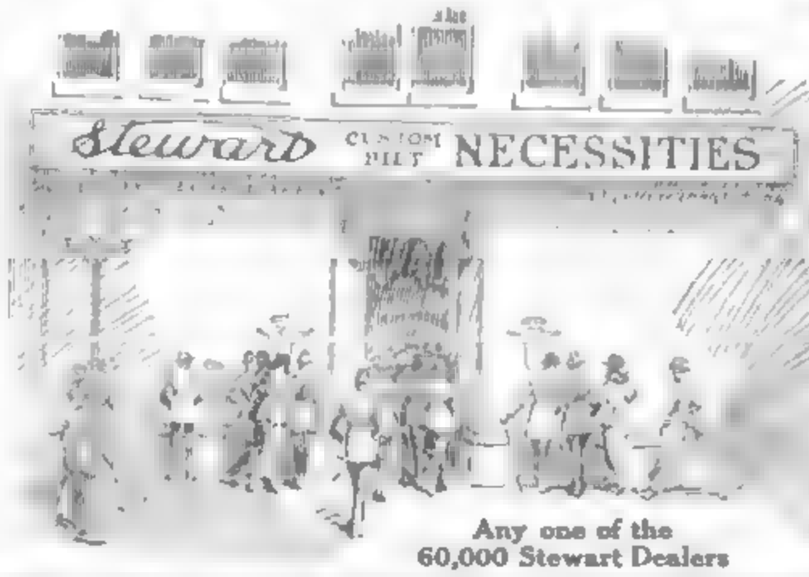
They are built the better way. Nothing has been spared in engineering, materials or workmanship to make them the best. Large quantity production on a strictly quality basis.

You need a number of the Stewart "Big Ten" pictured below. Procurable at any progressive accessory store.



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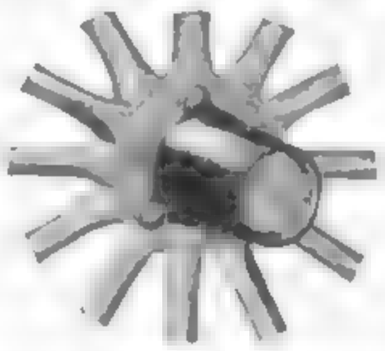

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$11.00

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$35.00

Each as Noteworthy as the Famous Stewart Speedometer

(Continued from Page 101)

like an intangible balm to permeate his entire being. It crept pleasantly up his legs and encircled his besweatered body with invisible and caressing arms. With scarcely a struggle Mr. Swinney yielded to the mood it engendered. A delightful compound of *mañana, dolce far niente, laissez faire*. Then these, too, faded, blurred to spiritual Nirvana.

He must have slept some time. Perhaps an hour or more, during which time no one had apparently investigated his nook. But now Mr. Swinney realized that he had been awakened rather rudely by someone entering his corner and seating herself on one of the little dandified chairs.

He recognized her at once. She was Miss Elizabeth Rodgers, daughter of James P., who owns Midland's big tool works. He knew Elizabeth—a tall pretty girl with nut-brown hair and large molasses-colored eyes—from having saved his life so many times in front of the roadster in which she endeavored to prove the survival of the fleetest. He knew James P. from having saved his life from him also, on an occasion some years earlier when, entering the Rodgers side yard to secure a hand-out, he had encountered Mr. Rodgers, a nervous, hair-trigger sort of man, returning from a business conference where matters had gone adversely, and had in a moment of folly touched him for a quarter.

On the whole he had no cause to love the Rodgers dynasty, yet even his dull eye rendered tribute to Miss Elizabeth.

She was very lovely. Lovely and utterly uninterested in the little book she had taken out and was now holding upside down. There was about her frankly an air of suspense, of nervous expectancy quite inexplicable to Mr. Swinney, analyzing her so closely between half-closed eyes. There was, he felt, no reason for Miss Elizabeth's being here at all. She did not care for the book and she had a good warm home, filled with radiators. Why, then?

The answer came almost immediately. Miss Rodgers bent to her book quickly with profound interest as a young man came round the corner of the stack—a tall personable-looking chap in not particularly well-brushed clothes. He wore a soft flapping black tie and had soft flapping black hair that fell down on his roll collar. Barring hair, tie and a certain slovenliness, he was very good-looking in a rather romantic fashion.

"Comrade Betta!" he cried softly, holding out one hand.

Miss Rodgers looked confused. She got up, spilling her book and a number of silver trifles.

"C-comrade Paul!" she said in a strangled little voice.

"You did come!" cried Comrade Paul obviously. He had taken both her hands. He turned then and looked at Swinney. Mr. Swinney closed his eyes.

"But I—I ought not to be here." Miss Elizabeth faltered and bit her lip.

"You mean you would have disappointed me? Not after yesterday, little comrade? Your promise! I haven't thought of anything else since then."

"Really—haven't you?"

Comrade Paul still held her hands. She turned now and looked at Mr. Swinney. Mr. Swinney closed his eyes.

"N-no, I don't mean that exactly; but you see—oh, let's sit down! Why are we standing here like this?"

She burst into an excited little laugh and looked over at Swinney once more. He did not close his eyes this time because he did not see her. He was thinking—quite intently.

"Comrade Betta"—"Little Comrade." Absurd diminutives! Her name was Elizabeth and she was a great tall girl. And why "comrade"? Then Mr. Swinney got it suddenly. It was the socialistic stuff, or anarchistic, or even I. W. W.! The last words stirred poignant memories.

Years ago while he was debouching down an alley from Hogan's Rainbow Saloon a woman had come out of a narrow doorway and accosted him. A little, wiry, red-haired woman with burning yellow eyes, she had laid a detaining hand on his arm.

"Comrade," she had said gently—he remembered yet the redolence of garlic overlying her phrases. "Comrade, you are not happy."

He was not happy, for Pete Hogan had just bounced him, but he wondered how she knew.

"Comrade," she had said earnestly, "it rests entirely with you. You can be happy, prosperous, successful—part of our movement if you will. I will teach you. Come!"

Hypnotically she had compelled him at her heel through the narrow door into a dark and dusty purlieu of old canvas, flies and scaffoldings—the back of some small hall of meeting.

There was a platform with wings, a back drop of a faded kitchen scene, a table with a chair and a stone-china pitcher. A man with uncombed hair gesticulated and talked to a scattered handful of listeners.

The woman interrupted him very coolly.

"Comrade Isaac, I have found one," she said, and pushed Swinney into a chair almost midstage.

The speaker gave her a nod. "Very providential, Comrade Olga," he had said; then swinging about had cried impassionedly: "Here, comrades, here is the matter in a nutshell brought to our very door! We see here a living example of the present injustice! This man, this fallen man brought in by Comrade Olga, may appear at first blush to be merely a moral suicide the victim of self-inflicted wrongs, of injurious lack of self-control, but he is more, much more than this! I indict society in his name! I cry his wrongs aloud in the one word 'capital'! Broken upon the wheel of life, wrecked by the Juggernaut of class, destroyed by the mad ambition of an unmoral few! The wounds of life are strong upon him; his very rags and poverty are eloquent! I cry his injuries in the face of our capitalistic taskmasters! They have made him what he is—this living Awful Example."

With a low cry and an oath Swinney had broken the hypnotic complex. The limelight, the epithets, had been too much. He staggered from his chair, the speaker, the female guide, one or two of the audience, vainly attempting restraint.

"Fool," the little woman with the garlicky breath had hissed; "fool to trifle with your industrial salvation!"

He had won free into the alley with some effort. Example he might be, and awful, yes, truly—scion as he was in the remote past of honest Pat and Bridget Swinney, who had done their best with him before they died—but he was not a comrade! Never in his life, no anarchy, no I. W. W. for him!

And now here sat the long-haired young man calling Elizabeth Rodgers "comrade!"

They were sitting very close together, apparently examining a book, but their eyes turned his way—cried him for an interloper. Indignation welled into Swinney's heart.

"If her papa knew he'd put the spats on her; and she'd ought to have 'em."

For the whole thing was clear as daylight. She was falling for the long-haired one, and had to meet him by stealth, he being an I. W. W. and she an heiress and a member of the capitalistic taskmasters

And the long-haired one! Well, it shouldn't be hard for any young feller to mosey up to Miss Elizabeth. She was pretty enough in all conscience. Yet the fellow had a crooked look to Mr. Swinney. Out of a profound knowledge of human nature at its worst and a lifelong ability to assess human voice and physiognomy, the I. W. W., he decided, was a bogus chap, all trimmings and no back. Plated. He'd probably play a crooked game on Miss Elizabeth That type! Now, though, he seemed greatly taken with the girl.

They had got a little table and were pretending to examine one of the poetry books very carefully, Miss Elizabeth's hands moving nervously among the silver dewduds in her lap Yes, if her papa knew about it he would surely put the spats——

"You like poetry?" asked Comrade Paul. He had to look at Miss Elizabeth very closely to catch her answer.

"I love it"—a little gaspingly—"but I'm not clever and well-read—like you. You told me yesterday you even wrote!"

"A bit now and then," he deprecated. "I've been doing verse"

"Doing verse! How wonderful!" she sighed.

"It is—when you've a proper subject." He glanced over at Swinney, who closed his eyes imperviously. "I know one right here."

Comrade Paul picked up the girl's hand and laid it against his lips. She drew back in her chair with another little gasp, then drew her hand away.

"Don't—please—you mustn't."

"I'm sorry." He half turned from her. "But—you are so lovely."

"You promised me yesterday, Mr. Troboff, that you——"

"Paul," he corrected reproachfully—"Comrade Paul. I thought we had agreed on that."

"Comrade Paul—that you wouldn't"—wouldn't be—be so p-personal."

"That was when I spoke of your eyes, wasn't it? That thing I quoted from Thompson——"

"You said my eyes were—wild."

"'Two wild brown bees,'" he quoted.

"But that's being personal, Mr. Tro—Comrade Paul."

She laughed a little feverishly, putting up one hand to her hair. The quick color had flamed into her face again. She looked young, moved, lovely, ready to dissolve of helplessness—no trace of the young-lady demon who hunted down mankind with her car. Such is the transmuting power of love!

"Am I to blame if the poets choose to sing about a beautiful woman?"

"Now you're just kidding me, Mr. Tro—Comrade Paul."

"Little comrade—Comrade Betta—Lisabetta"—he had snatched up a tassel on her fur and toyed with it playfully—"I could find you a hundred pretty names—right here in these books. I'll do it too. Whenever we come here, Betta, I'll take down book after book and read them to you——"

"But I couldn't come—really."

"Not when we've found this—this little spot, just for ourselves?" He eyed Swinney coldly.

"It isn't right. My father——"

The voice lowered; there were some fragments Swinney did not catch. Out of the tail of his eye he saw Comrade Paul take her hand again.

"You mustn't. Sh!"

The girl glanced quickly in Swinney's direction.

"Why the devil doesn't he go away? Who is he?"

"Oh, nobody—a tramp round town. His name's Swinney."

"A tramp! That's what your father would consider me, Betta. You don't understand, dear child. It's your father and men like him"—the propagandist drowned the lover for a moment. "If you'd only come to a meeting or two," he finished.

"Perhaps I can later. But my father would never let——"

"Lisabetta"—he caught her arm—"say you'll meet me here to-morrow. I've never met a girl like you before. There are things I must talk over with you—teach you."

"Perhaps." She turned to him with a little impulsive gesture. "It isn't right, though."

"That's one of the things we must talk over later—right and wrong. They're so elastic—every generation has a different code. Let's not be narrow-minded. Lisabetta, little comrade, be here to-morrow—listen to me!" He put out both hands, and the girl glanced over at Swinney. He closed his eyes.

"I don't know—perhaps. Oh, please, he'll see—hear you."

"The old bounder's asleep."

It was the hand he kissed again. There was a soft footfall, and Mr. Swinney opening his eyes saw that the girl was alone. She would wait a few minutes of course. She had resumed her seat, her cheeks brightly pink, sat dabbing at her eyes with her handkerchief.

What limbs women were, mused Mr. Swinney. Here was Miss Elizabeth looking prettier than a rose; flushed and sparkling with happiness, and yet actually engaged on nefarious emprise, which if her papa heard of—— No, you couldn't judge a gell by her looks; they were a deceivin' lot.

After five minutes Miss Elizabeth got up and left. But Mr. Swinney did not follow her for some time.

What a cruel contrast was the biting winter world that met him when he emerged from the library as dusk was beginning to fall. What a contrast the cold, keen, ruthless breeze to the warm, musky-stale Elysium of the library. He had a mind to turn and flee back to it, but restrained himself. He mustn't overplay a good thing. Tomorrow—to-morrow—he would come again! Every afternoon of winter. To that quiet armchair by the register. There he would seek Morpheus and relaxation through the dreary afternoons.

He might bring a Policeman's Gazette or two. It should be his club and he would hold it against all comers.

He frowned suddenly, thinking of Miss Elizabeth and Comrade Paul. They were the only things threatening his comfort. But they might never come again. Something might happen! Miss Elizabeth's papa might find her out; Fate might deflect the course of their love affair.

But Mr. Swinney had not resumed his armchair by the poetry stack by more than a half hour next day, with a small copy of A Dome of Many Colored Glass in his hands, when there came a hesitant footfall, and Elizabeth Rodgers appeared. She bit her lip on seeing Mr. Swinney, then with a little toss of her head pulled up her bentwood chair, helped herself to a book and—waited. She waited but a short time. Once more Comrade Paul came slipping round the stack.

"Like a sneakin' alley cat," reflected Mr. Swinney. "He'd like to have me put out but he wouldn't darst give 'mself away."

Comrade Paul gave him a lurid glance, then bent to Comrade Betta. As before, he stood holding her hands, looking long into her eyes.

The color ebbed and flowed in the girl's face, then they both sat down. To-day they whispered.

Mr. Swinney could not catch their phrases—intimate compelling phrases, whose delivery necessitated a very close bending of lip to ear, a very great deal of *sotto voce* laughter. They had out a little book on the table again, and Comrade Paul seemed intent on showing Comrade Betta some printed treasure.

It was a matter requiring elucidation. When he had pointed out a line, his hand still touching it, she would indicate a certain word with a slim forefinger, and for some odd reason the two hands remained in contact. Once Comrade Paul covered her hand very quickly with his, and Comrade Betta flushed fiery pink and snatched hers away, and ended by laying her hand on his sleeve.

It bored Mr. Swinney. It was a poor way to court a gell. If they couldn't keep from touching each other, why didn't they touch each other and be done with it? If you wanted a gell and she liked you, a few hugs and kisses only cleared the atmosphere, brought matters to a head. If these two got their affair to a head they might get through fooling round in this place and leave it to him. But it didn't look as if they would get through very soon, not with their foolish tactics—mere hand-touching and whispering and laughing and Comrade Paul playing with the tassel of Comrade Betta's fur, or getting up to pull out one of the little books to show her something, once even disturbing Swinney in his chair, to find a book beside him, and treading on his foot heavily.

They gave him no chance to nap, and equally they afforded no diversion. Only an incessant metallic whispering, a scraping of chairs, scrabbling of paper leaves. It annoyed him so excessively that he nearly rose and left—nearly, but not quite. Not for a mere trifle, he felt, was he willing to yield his warm corner.

So he sat on in his interrupted comfort, angry, disgusted—sat on until the tryst was ended. A goodly tryst, too, it was today. They went round the corner of the stack together and Swinney wished heartily he might never see their forms again. Oh, how he wished that James P. Rodgers, of the Rodgers Tool Works, might happen into the library and climb the little iron stair to the poetry corner at that moment.

But James P. Rodgers never read anything but Dun and Bradstreet and The Mechanic Age, so on the third day, with Midland still locked in the cold wave, the lovers climbed once more to their literary aerie. Mr. Swinney had been tucked up by the register about ten minutes when Comrade Paul appeared, this time with a thick roll of white paper under his arm; and on Comrade Betta's joining him shortly Mr. Swinney discovered he was in for a fresh horror.

Hitherto any contact with this literary fudge had been optional. One didn't have to read the stuff in the books, but now Comrade Paul was going to force it down his throat, so to speak. He was going to read aloud—from his own works. After the first greetings he pulled up the little table, twirled open the sheaf of white papers and clearing his throat, with a sideward glance for Swinney, as though he were not unwilling to-day that he should give ear, said:

"I've brought those things we spoke of yesterday—that stuff of mine."

"Oh, have you, really? How lovely!"

(Continued on Page 107)

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(Continued from Page 104)

Comrade Paul selected a folio and began to read. Its title was Vair Leeb and Mr. Swinney could make nothing of it at all:

"*Outward flinging crystals!*
Pale hands upbringing
White morning whitely calling
Alone! Alone!
Drifter of purple tides,
Leaves in ocher smears against the window sill
Salute to morning.

"Some people say it's like Whitman," Comrade Paul finished with bitter pride.

"It's wonderful anyhow—simply wonderful!" gasped Miss Elizabeth.

There was more. Folio after folio was produced. There was one called Lisabetta—something about a lady who cut off a dead gentleman's head and put it in a flowerpot and watered it with her tears until a plant grew out of it. Miss Elizabeth wept over it.

"That moves you?" Comrade Paul asked. "Yes—that would be like you—you have the temperament. How I should like to read Boccaccio with you."

There were others. Strange conglomerations of words to Mr. Swinney. Some that voiced woe—misery, sharper than the serpent's tooth. Others that mentioned the usually unmentionable. Freudian wants and wishes. There was one called Passion, and another called The New Freedom, that stirred even Mr. Swinney to protest. This long-haired one was worse than any I. W. W. he had ever heard of. That any well-raised young gell would sit and listen to him! But Miss Elizabeth seemed to think it was inspired. And after the reading was finished the twain went on with their interminable amorous muttering.

A dull rage stirred Swinney's soul. Neither sleep nor meditation was possible before these human gnats. Yet doggedly he resolved to outstay them. Surely everything comes to him who waits. And this must come to a crisis—if he waited. And at last it came, but not until Swinney's soul was almost completely macerated.

At first the victim of darkling glance, pointed innuendo, even open contumely, the lovers and he himself came presently as the days passed to accept the situation. He was as much an inevitable part of the surrounding furniture as the walls, the chairs, the books themselves—a brooding silent human Buddha of resignation and immutable fixity of purpose.

What time he could hear what they were saying he cocked an ear; what time he could not he mercilessly observed. They were more or less careless of their audience, and he gathered that Comrade Betta was exhibiting some sort of recalcitrancy. There were periods when Comrade Paul pleaded with her—long persuasive arguments that juggled such terms as "freer life," "individual right," "right to self-expression."

Plainly Comrade Betta was balking at some fence toward which Comrade Paul would lead her, and Mr. Swinney felt stirred by a faint bored speculation. Not that the gell could ever hold out! She was too frankly in love with the long-hair. In the end he would have his way!

As I say, the affair reached its crisis. The first cold wave broke, was succeeded by a warmer spell, in turn beset by a period of dropping mercury. On the coldest, most ruthless day of winter Comrade Paul shamelessly took Comrade Betta into his arms and kissed her, saying, "You shall think with me—you must!"

The shock startled Swinney so that he became Buddha aroused, bringing both feet heavily to the floor.

"Heart's beloved! Precious beautiful!" the I. W. W. was saying feverishly.

Miss Elizabeth clung to him impassionedly, weeping. And presently Mr. Swinney realized the hideous truth. They paid no attention to him. There was not a quiver of shame here—not an atom of restraint. The deliverance he had expected was not forthcoming. He had had a misplaced faith in human nature! Normally when a fellow began kissing a gell they did it alone, by themselves. It was one of the conditions of enjoyable kissing—aloneness. But this long-haired atrocity had passed beyond all rules of human shame or conduct. They meant apparently to inaugurate a new régime—bring fresh suffering for himself. He would have to bear the nauseating spectacle of open love-making. Oh, if her papa could only see Miss Elizabeth! He would surely put the spats ——

Like a spark upflying from the forge was born Swinney's idea. Her papa should know!

Fool that he was, not to have thought of it earlier! A mere tip was all that was needed. Once bring the fiery James P. upon the scene and there could be but one dénouement. He saw his snug haven suddenly rescued from these pests, himself thanked, made much of—yea, even enriched.

Ah, if Swinney's motto had only been "Do it now!" If he had not been so saturated with the spirit of *mañana!* If he had gone forth at once to claim the ear of James P. Rodgers—this tale had had a different ending! But it was so cold. And he saw now that the lovers were about to leave. Swinney saw them depart, still clinging to each other, and he smiled malevolently in his sleeve. Yet a little longer, enough for a snatch of nap, say, and then—vengeance. The snatch of nap was somewhat longer than Swinney had anticipated.

It was well past four when he left the library and turned southward to the tool works. It was a moot question whether they would let him get through the front lines there; but if not he meant to try James P.'s residence at suppertime. Anyhow, James P. would hardly offer him physical violence before his employees.

The tool works lay a matter of eight blocks away—a longer walk than Mr. Swinney had perhaps realized. His finger tips and his nose were cold as he approached the small red building marked Office.

A high-powered roadster stood at the door, and a Western Union boy was disappearing into the building as Swinney approached. He followed the boy with shambling haste, found himself in a small corridor giving on a double office provided with low-railed partitions, a row of chairs, desks, clerks, bookkeepers, office boy—and at the end a door marked Private.

The Western Union boy was nowhere visible, but from behind the closed door came a peculiar sound of confusion—of a chair being hurled violently, expletives! The office force was distributed in petrified arrested pose. Because of this Mr. Swinney got in behind the railed passage an appreciable distance before he was even noticed.

He proffered his request to a blond stenographer whose mouth hung slightly agape, whose ear was cocked toward the inner door.

"I gotta see Mr. Rodgers—James P.," said Mr. Swinney.

She closed her jaws violently, eyed him consciously.

"Good night! Well, you can't. He won't see anybody now. He's had bad news, I think."

"But I gotta see 'm ——"

The inner door flung open, a white-faced Western Union boy was spewed forth, and James P. Rodgers stood in the doorway, his face livid and working.

"—— 'bout his daughter." The words jerked unconsciously from Mr. Swinney.

The word was like the Open Sesame. So must Ali Baba have felt when the mountain parted and made a way for him.

Mr. Swinney found himself assisted violently over the strip of carpeting and through the private doorway. James P. Rodgers closed it meticulously, confronted him, panting.

"Speak out, man! What have you come to tell me?"

A chair had fallen backward upon the floor, a crumpled letter lay on the mahogany table, and James P. Rodgers looked like one struck by lightning; but Mr. Swinney knew naught of deduction. He delivered his news unctuously.

"I gotta tell you your daughter's meetin' a I. W. W. reg'lar down to the public liberry. They been at it two—three days now," he lied virtuously. "To-day I see 'm huggin' an' kissin' her. Thought mebbe you'd ought t' know."

But James P. Rodgers met the tidings like a Duse with the death travail on her.

"Meeting her? Kissing her?" He lifted both hands toward the ceiling. "Why, you're too late! My God, man, what am I to do! Read that!"

He had forgotten Mr. Swinney's status entirely, spoke to him like a brother. He thrust the letter under Swinney's eyes.

"*Dear Father:* This is to say good-by. I am leaving for Saulsbury on the four-ten with Paul Troboff, my affinity. It is no use to pursue. I am of age and claim the right to express myself in the freer life.

"Please forgive me. "ELIZABETH."

Mr. Rodgers walked the floor in anguish. Like Shylock he cried out for his daughter; and in less degree for his ducats. He spoke of ingratitude, referred to serpents nourished in one's bosom, to money lavished upon her education; clothes account. He had heard a little of this Troboff—a socialist loafer! He was a Bolshevik, a bad egg all through! And now—for quite five minutes the passion of James P. spent itself in an orgy of invective. Then sanity claimed him.

"Tell me," he cried, "would you know this—this Troboff?"

"I'd know his hide in a tanyard," pronounced Swinney hoarsely.

The effect was magical. James P., as we have intimated, was a hair-trigger man. He sprang to a closet and produced a fur coat.

"Put this on," he commanded. "You're going over to Saulsbury with me. I'll drive the car myself. By the Lord Harry, I'll put a spoke in his wheel! I'll stop him if I have to shoot his dirty lights out. I'll get him under the Mann Law—or if she's past the age I'll get him somehow. If he marries her we'll have it annulled! If he doesn't I'll have him jailed! You watch me! And I'll have her whipped—the young fool! I'll stop it—that's the trick! I'm going to call Saulsbury police headquarters now. I guess I've got some pull. And I'm going over there—and take you for witness. We'll do it quietly, no talking! I won't have it on the town. If the girls in the office got wind of it they'd spit it everywhere! I'll have him jailed and the thing hushed up."

Mr. Swinney stood feebly gathering his wits together.

"Don't stare like that. Get into your coat, man. You're going with me, I tell you—and you'll keep your mouth shut! Oh, I'll make it worth your while. Five hundred, say! Five hundred dollars to go over to Saulsbury with me and pick out this skunk. What does he look like?"

With febrile fingers James P. caught up his desk telephone. In a few minutes he was in touch with Saulsbury police headquarters—with Tiscombe, the chief.

Mr. Swinney stood by, supplying a detail now and then, some personal titbit appertaining to Troboff, while the outraged father made his plea for assistance—a discreetly applied assistance. But Swinney did not listen to the conversation particularly. He was busy like Alnaschar of old selling his bottles, spending his enormous profits on the particular paradise he fancied.

"We're off!" James P. cried suddenly, hanging up, and Mr. Swinney found himself propelled out through the office to the waiting roadster. James P. Rodgers dismissed his chauffeur and bundled Swinney into the car.

It was pitilessly cold. Four-thirty of a January afternoon, with the mercury six below. Four-thirty with already a faint blue haze over the city—a tremor of piercing icy wind rising that promised to send the thermometer even lower. Four-thirty and he was outward bound over a frozen state road to a city seventy-odd miles away.

A sudden panic seized Mr. Swinney. Not for this had he forsaken his warm library nook—not even the prospect of riches!

"Sit down into that coat, man," advised his captor. "It's dam' cold and getting worse. I might have phoned for the town car, but this is speedier. We ought to make Saulsbury in an hour and a quarter."

It was cold.

James P. threw in the clutch and the car spurted forward blithely. The cold air struck with stony impact into Mr. Swinney's breast.

"I dunno ——" he began miserably, but James P. was not listening.

The motor roared and sang, and James P.'s eyes stared sternly out between the rim of a sealskin cap and the top of his otter collar. The man had no bowels of compassion. He had the liver and blood of a fish; or perhaps his parental choler gnawed at his vitals and set them blazing. But the cold did not faze him.

Mr. Swinney gazed about him in dull despair. They were leaving Midland rapidly, had spurned Gay Street, High Street, the first river bridge—won fairway from the cop on Stevens Avenue, set bit to teeth into the Mullinsburg Turnpike.

The houses had thinned! Bare ball park flashed by—bleak, empty bleachers; forsaken canal lock; a leaden river; some tattered wash whipping against a dun sky with a misshapen gnarled tree; a faded hoarding; a dump with rusty cans; a scummy frozen pool; gray factory buildings with cinder dumps and sidings. Suddenly not even these! They had swung into the open country—into the teeth of the blasting wind. The car was flying over smooth miles of frost-locked macadam.

Like Nemesis the grim James P. settled down, wordless in his seal and otter. Only his beaklike nose and his steely intent eyes were visible. Implacable purpose armed, infuriated him. But Mr. Swinney had no such purpose. He was in agony. The bearskin coat was as muslin. It was full of chinks and interstices through which the keen air literally poured. It riddled him, whistled through him. Even his stomach was full of cold air. His face had lost all sensation; his jaws locked together; his gums felt frozen; and through his set teeth he swore long and wretchedly. Loudly, too, for James P. Rodgers was lost in his own fury and the rush of air and the throb of the engine drowned all human sound.

The water ran down Mr. Swinney's face from his reddened eyelids; his nose outpurpled itself. He felt that if he lived to reach Saulsbury it would be sheer miracle. He tried to pluck James P. by the arm, but to no avail. He was caught as in an inescapable net. Wriggle, writhe, fume or curse—he must fly on and on inexorably. He was, he felt, taking an epic ride. He had never heard of Pheidippides, John Gilpin or How We Brought the Good News From Ghent to Aix; but these would have seemed as nothing. For he was not only racing—but dying! By the time he reached Saulsbury he would be stark in death—in *rigor mortis.*

And perhaps in his agony he cried out to the God he worshiped, the God of the Hobo, Grand Royal Patron of the Order of Mulligan, who looks after his gypsy sons. At any rate something, someone heeded his intercession. They had reached a point in the open country twenty-five miles from Midland when there came a ringing report like a pistol shot, a sudden jar, and James P. smashed on the brake and brought the car to a standstill.

He lifted both arms and claimed the Deity as his own personal possession. It was the left hind tire.

"There's nothing for it," he said, raging, "but to put on the extra tire. It's on a demountable rim and won't take long. Jump out of your coat, man, and lend a hand."

Mr. Swinney jumped out. James P. was already in the road at work with his tool kit. He had lit a cigar, and offered Swinney one.

"Better smoke," he advised. "It's a bit of a chilly job, but we'll make her."

Swinney's part at making her was, it seemed, to handle the jack, to work free the bolts on the old rim, while James P., still in his seal and otter, handed him the tools, fetched the new rim, gave directions, advice.

"I've watched Ryder put them on a dozen times, and I can tell you just how," he supplied. "Come, get a move on! There—that's it! You work that lever. Now the wrench. What's the matter? Try a little harder. To the left, man; to the left, I tell you!"

Mr. Swinney kneeling on the frozen road, his stiff lips too cold to manipulate his costly Havana, plied his wrenches. The water still ran out of his eyes; his breath caught and strangled in his throat; his numb fingers turned to ice when they touched the tool.

"Faster, faster!" cried James P. "Use a little force, man! What's the matter? Can't you hurry?"

Swinney gasped and puffed and trembled. The wrench bit, squeaked, slithered off again; somebody seemed to be pouring gallons of ice water down his neck. He could hear his ribs chattering together. When he looked up at James P. it was with stricken eyes of a dying houn' dog.

"Mister," he gasped, "'tain't no use. Youse can't budge 'em—they're froze."

"Froze!" echoed James P. anxiously.

Down on his knees he went and took the wrench himself. But Swinney was right. Particles of snow had packed and frozen solid over the bolts, and after a minute their owner sprang up again.

"Hot water!" he cried bitterly. "That's what we've got to have, and have it quick! We're losing time like the devil!" He caught Mr. Swinney's elbow. "Swinney," he cried, "do you see that smoke coming out of the hollow behind the hill over there? There's a house there and they've got hot water. You run over there and ask

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WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY

Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation

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To give still more definite assurance of reliable and efficient battery service to car-owners, every authorized Willard Service Station has subscribed to the following

Willard Service and Adjustment Policies

1 We insure every new Willard Battery for 90 days from the date of purchase, provided the battery is registered immediately at the nearest Willard Service Station. If any repairs are necessary during this period, the same will be made without charge to the owner. Recharging is not considered repairs and the owner is expected to pay for any recharging that may be necessary.

2 During the fourth, fifth and sixth months of ownership, if a battery needs any repairs the same will be made on a basis satisfactory to the customer.

3 During the seventh, eighth, ninth, tenth, eleventh and twelfth months of ownership, if repairs are necessary the owner will be given the option of paying the regular charge for the same or he may exchange the old battery for a new one by paying a fractional part of the retail price, based on the number of months of service received from the old battery. For example: If the battery has given eight months' service, the adjustment price for the new battery would be eight-twelfths (8-12) of the retail price.

4 Willard Service Stations will keep dealers' stock batteries fully charged at a minimum cost to the dealer, and will register and accept responsibility for them under our service policy, provided they are not over six months old at the end of the storage period.

5 All questions concerning batteries which have not been registered or which may have attained some age at the time the car is delivered are to be settled in the customer's interest between the car dealer and the Willard Service Station dealer.

6 Batteries shipped bone dry with cars and prepared by the Willard Service Station at destination will be registered by them at the same time. Bone dry batteries prepared by the dealer himself are to be registered at the nearest Willard Service Station in the regular way.

7 With motor car dealers located in places where there is no Willard Service Station, the nearest service station will make arrangements with the dealer whereby all Willard Service and Adjustment Policies will be handled through the dealer.

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Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation

BEACON

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SHOES

FOR FIT FOR STYLE FOR WEAR

F. M. Hoyt Shoe Company, Makers, Manchester, New Hampshire

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for a pail of it. Here, tip 'em—tip 'em well." He thrust a ten-dollar bill into Swinney's hand. "Now run, man—get a move on you! 'Tisn't more than a couple hundred yards. No, you won't need the coat. You've got that fence to get over and you can run faster without it. I'll stay here and hold things down—only hurry—hurry, man, for Lord's sake!"

Mr. Swinney began running blindly toward the first fence. He had lost all initiative—knew no power of motivation save what the merciless James P. supplied. He had no volition of his own—not even power to swear. He had forgotten where he was going—had forgotten Saulsbury, the very name of Troboff, Miss Elizabeth.

He was dazedly conscious of only one thing—that he was going for hot water! Hot water! "Hot" implied a fire, warmth. The curl of smoke coming up from the hollow meant a house. A house was a place where people kept fires, where one outwitted the stinging cold.

The curl of smoke seemed quite near at hand. There was a slightly hilly field covered with a film of hard frozen snow in the foreground, and the smoke mounted, curved, alluring as a swan's throat, behind these.

Mr. Swinney hobbled over the low fence and started to run up the hilly field. It was a plowed field—frozen into cruelly sharp ridges that turned and jarred the alighting foot. Running across it was a painful enough process of itself. Accompanied by the cold wind that tore at his chest it was literal torment. Yet on ran Mr. Swinney. It seemed to him he ran hundreds and hundreds of miles. He sobbed and panted and stumbled his way up the hill, one eye fixed on that life-saving frond of white smoke. And at last he reached the crest. He took one look over and almost died. The smoke that had seemed so deceptively near lay a good three fields' span away. The expanse between bristled with fences, with patches of woodland and a little frozen creek, covered with heaped crusts of snow.

Mr. Swinney turned and looked back. He saw a dancing dervish down in the road gesticulating at him. There was no refuge there—no use turning back! Death either way he turned. He moaned aloud as he climbed the second fence and thrust a leg hip-deep into a mound of snow on the other side. Rescuing himself he lost his balance and fell on his face in the engulfing snow. He was whimpering like a baby when he freed himself of this. His numb hands no longer had feeling, his pockets were interstices in frigid granite. His nose and ears he knew were going utterly frozen—he would probably lose them entirely—if he lived to reach the house at all. By morning he would more than likely be found stuck upright and lifeless in some snow bank.

I cannot dwell on his sufferings. Mr. Swinney was more or less of a hothouse product. He had not been in the country for years. A dweller in the crowded marts of the city, where glowing stove or hissing radiator was found, there whenever possible was found Mr. Swinney.

The scene before him was exquisitely beautiful. A ripple of countryside in dull blues and grays in the gathering gloaming, with the sharper notes of silvery snow ledge and slim bare trees. But Mr. Swinney was dead to its appeal.

On he toiled. Twice he fell, and once he gave up and sat down on the frozen earth, rocking his body wretchedly, moaning, rubbing his tortured hands

Crossing the little brook—unused as he was to the ways of brooks—he miscalculated and set one wretched foot through an ice hole, drenching his extremity in the icy water. On the other side of the stream there was more plowed field like rows of sharpened sword blades, leading up to a low wall surrounding a comfortable barn and low red cottage. The smoke curled from the chimney here, and as Mr. Swinney staggered up the last few yards to the wall the door opened and a woman stepped out on the porch. A tall, thin, spinsterish lady—but now the most beautiful woman Mr. Swinney had ever seen.

"Lady ——" he began, fighting for breath.

"Go away!" She made quick little shooing movements with her apron. "Go away at once. I saw you coming up the field. I tell you I won't give you a thing. And if you don't go I'll call out my dog."

"Lady," moaned Swinney, "I—I been sent here. I'm most froze to death too—if I could jus' get warm—an' some hot—water."

"Go away. We don't feed tramps." She shooed him again.

"I gotta git a pail o' hot water, I tell you—an' git warm. Lady, I can pay you. See!" He drew out his ten dollars.

"If you come one step nearer I'll call my—my husband. He just stepped out. He's just stepped behind the house. Not another step I tell you—not one."

"Lady—fur Gawd's sake, here's the money—see! Lemme in a minute—just to get warm."

"Why, Ellen, why, sister—what is it?"

A second lady had emerged—a lady as small and round as the first was lank and long. She had a flat round white face like an underdone cooky, and two intelligent little raisinlike eyes that studied Swinney shrewdly.

"Lady," he sobbed at her, "I was just tryin' to tell her I want to buy some hot water—and come in to warm myself. I could pay fur it all too. See, I got ten dollars here. I'll give it to you fur the pail o' water—an' just fur a chance t' git warm."

"Ten dollars—for a pail of hot water! What do you want it for? To bathe?"

"It's fur the aut'mobile," he chattered. "The bolts is froze."

"Phœbe, he's a lunatic! An automobile! Look at his looks. Go away—we won't give anything to a tramp."

The little cooky-faced woman laid a restraining hand on her sister's arm.

"Where did you get that ten-dollar bill?" she asked with a thoughtful look.

"Mr. Rodgers gimme it, lady. There's plenty more, too—if 'tain't enough. I got it offen him—off Mr. Rodgers."

A most curious look had come into the cooky-face. Mr. Swinney did not know whether to hope or despair. And well he might not. It was a smile like Mona Lisa's.

"Why, sister—why, Ellen, we can give him a pail of water, surely. And let him come in to get warm. He's so dreadfully cold. That's not much for—for—ten dollars."

"Phœbe! Are you insane? A tramp!"

"There's a gate at your left, man. Open it and come in—that's it."

Swinney opened the gate, dragged himself across the yard and staggered up the porch steps. Through the opened door he saw a heaven of cheerful rag carpet, deep rockers, bright geraniums and a monster stove, glowing cherry red.

"Gawd," he sobbed.

"Step this way—you're pretty cold, aren't you?" The Mona Lisa lady drew him gently into the heavenly room. "Well, you'll have plenty of chance to rest and warm up here, while—while I draw the hot water—no, don't take that chair, please. I've got a better place. Just this way just a minute—I want you to be very, very comfortable. It's terribly cold out, isn't it?"

She drew him to a doorway at her left.

"Just in here. Go right in, please."

She had stepped behind Mr. Swinney and allowed him to precede her. He put out a foot, faced a dim oblong apartment—drew back hesitant. Too late. With a violent prod the Mona Lisa propelled him through the door. There came a quick slam, a metallic click, and Mr. Swinney was alone. Alone! Locked in. Where?

In a dark cold room. A small room! No, a closet. He thrust out his arms and met shelves on all sides. They had some kind of paper frill on them—he felt smooth hard surfaces. Jars, cans—a storage room of some kind. He turned and rammed the door hard, beat upon it, flailing desperately.

"Lady, lemme out—fur Gawd's sake."

A clear voice saluted him from outside:

"I would advise you not to struggle. The door is very strong and my sister Ellen is guarding it with the shotgun. She will shoot on the slightest provocation."

"Lady—listen to me—lemme out, I tell you!"

"You had better keep quiet. It will be less troublesome in the end."

He heard a whirring sound, a tinkle—a click. A voice speaking staccato—telephoning:

"I want to speak to the sheriff at Greenville. At Greenville, please. . . . The sheriff, yes, please."

Mr. Swinney beat madly on the door. The sheriff—the police—cops—and a furious James P. Rodgers waiting in the road.

"Lady, listen here ——"

"Yes—the sheriff. Is that the sheriff at Greenville speaking? . . . Yes, Mr. Caleb? . . . Well, this is Miss Phœbe Rice, of Piney Echo Farm on the Old Hudson Road. . . . Yes. . . . I called you to say I have a suspicious character locked up on my premises. . . . What's that? . . . A suspect, yes; on the James Rogers robbery case day before yesterday. I understand you haven't found the robber yet. . . . Oh, I think I'm prob'ly right. . . . Yes, sir, a tramp—a terrible person. And he had a great deal too much money. He used the name too; he said he'd got it of Rogers himself, so you see. . . . He acted like somebody was after him, and wanted to get in the house. He offered me a ten-dollar bill to let him come in—bribe me—so I got him in. . . . Yes, sir—in my pantry. . . . Yes, sir. As soon as you can, please."

It was here that for a little Mr. Swinney went partly unconscious. And when he had rallied his faculties once more he realized his predicament was almost hopeless. He had no faith that his innocence before this awful complication would avail him much. He was an enemy to law and order, fundamentally the natural prey of a policeman. And though he knew nothing whatever about country policemen he had no reason to believe that he could impress them.

For a little he was minded to run amuck, to beat his ill-fated head against the pantry door until he fell insensible or riddled by the bullets of the sentry, Ellen. Or in fury of retaliation he might dash the jars on the shelves to the floor, leave destruction behind him. Or he might set the place on fire—burn his way out!

He felt in his pocket for matches that he might at least see what manner of place he was trapped in. He found only one and husbanded its flame carefully. He was in a pantry—a place too small even to stretch out upon the floor. There were brooms, jugs, a kerosene can, pails standing about, and from the shelves rose rank upon rank of preserved and canned provender. Just as the match flame died he saw that each jar was labeled with a white paster ticket—a very library of canned food:

"Cousin Martha's Dill Pickles."

"Aunt E.'s Green Tomato Mincemeat."

He hunkered down against the door and shook it.

"Lady," he implored piteously, "listen here! Jus' lemme get out a minute to talk to you!"

"I won't listen to you; and if you shake the door again—I shoot," a curt voice said.

There was nothing to do but wait. Wait and cry out in dumb misery to his god, who now heard him not. A few days earlier he had lost his luck piece—a bit of the rope that had hanged Red Barney back in '96. If he had had it with him this evil hour would never have befallen.

How long he waited in cramped anguish he never knew. He heard a harsh-voiced clock strike six—then seven.

For a while he half expected James P. Rodgers would appear, but he felt it unlikely James P. would get beyond that first field. He wouldn't care to leave his car—he would only think he, Swinney, had run off and stolen his money. Perhaps he might meet the cursed sheriff and prefer a fresh charge.

The clock struck eight, and shortly after there came a sound of wheels outside. A wagon had driven up. There came a clump of feet on the porch, a stamping indoors. He heard a female sigh of relief as Miss Ellen went off sentry-go.

"Thank God!"

"Why, Ellen!" a shocked voice protested. Then: "Come right up to the fire and warm yourselves."

Warm yourselves! Mr. Swinney could hear the sounds of audible physical relief before the sparkling stove

"Bitter night. I had to fetch a friend, Mr. Morgan here, along. I'm the dep'ty sheriff. Caleb's had the grippe and can't leave home. You got this feller penned in somewhere?"

"He's in the pantry there—behind that door."

Mr. Swinney came to life, then beat and howled together. To no avail. They opened the door and hustled him out without ruth.

"Lady—mister—I ain't done nothin'. God's my witness! Listen here! My Lord, I ain't got an overcoat even. Mr. Rodgers, he gimme the ten dollars."

"Where is the ten dollars?" the deputy inquired.

Swinney tendered it, and when the deputy had examined it on both sides he pocketed it.

"Not another word!" he barked. "We ain't goin' to listen to no hobo's stories this time of night. You can tell it to the judge to-morrow. We're tired o' your kind, goin' round the country robbin' farmers' folks like you done on ol' man Rogers. Even if you ain't done it you can prove it. From the looks of ye it might easy be."

He collared Swinney with ruthless hand and dragged him along to the waiting spring wagon.

"Set up there on that seat. Give him a hoss blanket to wrop in. We'll just carry ye over to Greenville calaboose. It may be"—he turned back to Miss Phœbe—"it may be ye've done the law a good turn catchin' this hobo."

"Oh, I hope and pray it may be!" the false cooky-faced lady cried.

They drove over eight miles of frozen rough dirt road. Mr. Swinney had sunk into a species of coma. The ride in the wagon was the last word in torture, but he was beyond noticing.

When they finally drew up in the heart of a small country village and stopped before a crude wooden building they had literally to lift him out. The second man, Morgan, used a big key.

"You'll be fetched up fur arraignment to-morra mornin', but here's where you bunk to-night. Fire's gone out, but you can git right to bed; and no dam' monkey shines, neither! The night watch'll be lookin' after you pretty steady."

Dazedly Mr. Swinney looked about the bare cell-like room into which he was thrust. A cot with a few scant blankets, a broken chair, a small cold iron stove, a narrow window, iron-grilled!

He sank upon his knees. Not prayer but sheer inability to stand up in the face of his dreadful misfortune urged him.

At five o'clock of the day following a man trudged painfully over the last mile of state road leading into Midland from the Greenville Turnpike. A shabby, weary, slouching figure, head despondently low, shoulders hunched against the biting cold. It was Mr. Swinney, and as he plodded he chewed bitterly the cud of his reflections.

Early that morning he had been wakened and dragged from the calaboose down the street to the village hall before the local justice, a half dozen children, three or four citizens, a couple of dogs tugging curiously. He had been taken into a small dirty office and haled before a whiskered individual sitting at a low table before a pile of typed and printed papers. He had kept Swinney standing a long time before he attended to him. A dyspeptic-looking man, there was considerable paprika in his manner as he heard the deputy sheriff present his claim, and went through his preliminaries. Then he scrabbled among his papers, bent to examine a folio closely, sniffed, snorted, bored Swinney with a gimlet eye, looked disgustedly at the deputy.

"You can't hold this man on the Rogers case—Jim Rogers' complaint here says distinctly the man who held him up in the woodshed was a colored man—a tall slender negro. Why, it says so here on the posters, and the notices for the county papers. Where are your wits?"

The deputy claimed the Adam prerogative:

"That little woman over there ——"

"Hell! Turn the man loose."

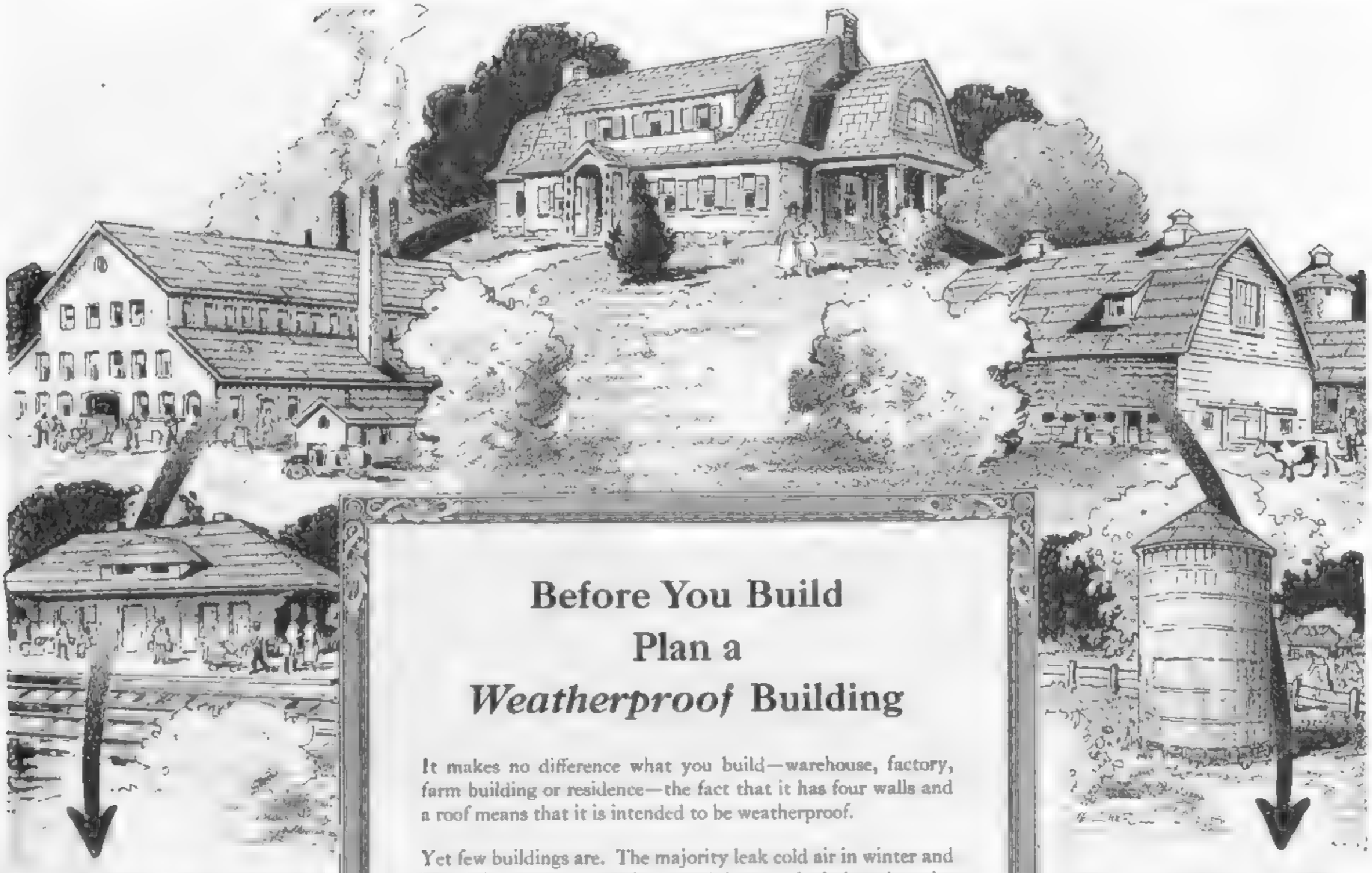
He added a few pungent words to Mr. Swinney on the score of vagrancy and suspicious loafing, and bade him shake the dust from his feet. Swinney would have uttered some protest, raised some cry for redress, but he was hustled forth. Then he recalled James P., and cried aloud

"I had ten dollars, mister," he protested to the assisting deputy. "I gotta have them ten dollars back."

"That'll be 'bout enough for costs." His captor thrust him into the street. "They was likely hooked from somebody, an' if he turns up he can call here and git 'em. You beat it now."

So Swinney had been ejected into the street penniless. He was, he learned, about eighteen miles from Midland, and there being no other course he had set out for it afoot. When he had walked until he had well-nigh dropped he found by a road sign that he had covered two miles. Thereafter he had had two lifts that had brought him appreciably nearer—in return for the second and a bite of dinner, stopping at a farm and sawing wood, until his normally protected hands had burned to solid blister.

(Concluded on Page 115)



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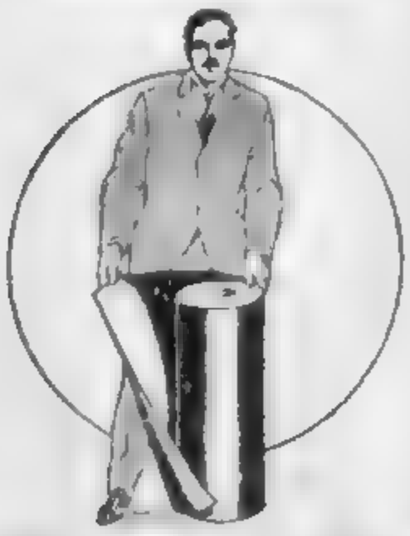

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S-P-C Rosin-Sized Paper

Pat Hennessey of the Prest-O-Lite Clan

Pat Has Seen Hundreds of Stalled Cars Block the Traffic

AND when HE holds up his right mit, the only moving thing that doesn't halt is the sun.

As you can guess, Pat is one ace-high authority on blockades and their causes.

"The trouble maker in front of these blockades," says Pat, "is in nine times out of ten a bum battery, or just as likely the owner of a bum battery, who is trying to keep it running on a guess.

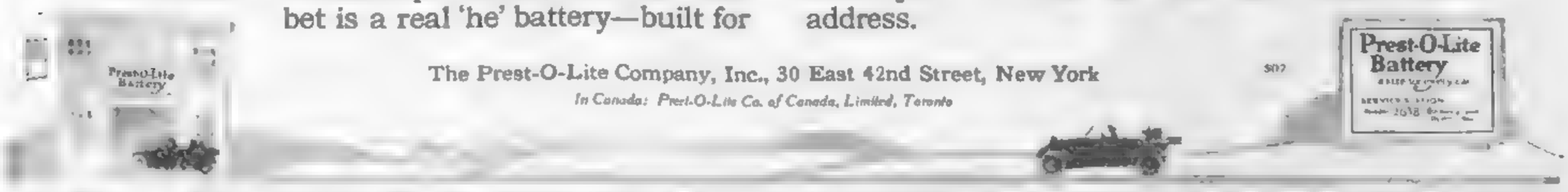
"They sure are my pet peeves—bum batteries.

"That's why I always say for a car owner who wants to side-step trouble, the one best bet is a real 'he' battery—built for us auto folks who don't know anything about the secrets of a battery's insides.

"A PREST-O-LITE? Sure! I've got one myself, in my own little car, 'cause I know it's one battery that'll stick to its job spinning the engine and feeding the headlights.

"Like all regular Prest-O-Lite owners, I never give the care of the little black box of power a single thought—all that re-charging and distilled water business I leave to the Prest-O-Lite Service Station down the street."

There is a Prest-O-Lite Service Station near you. Write us for the name and address.



The Prest-O-Lite Company, Inc., 30 East 42nd Street, New York

In Canada: Prest-O-Lite Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto

The Oldest Service to Automobile Owners in America

Look for the name Prest-O-Lite on Service Station signs everywhere

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When your friends drop in they'll enjoy dancing to your Gulbransen

Put on a lively fox-trot, kick the rugs aside, push the furniture against the wall—and you'll start something.

Watch the party brighten up. The Gulbransen never fails to "break the ice." Cheers up the stupid. Gives the live ones a real time.

You can get all the latest music in player-rolls. Brilliant jazz and rag tunes that just make the piano talk. The Gulbransen makes ideal music for home dancing. Wonderful tone and smooth rhythm.

Here are the latest song dances—words printed on the player-rolls. Ask the Gulbransen dealer for these rolls:

Come on, Papa—One Step
Ja-Da—Fox Trot
Italian Nights—Waltz
I'll Say She Does—Fox Trot
Smiles—Fox Trot
Beautiful Ohio—Waltz
Ching-Chong—One Step
Tell Me—Fox Trot
Mary—One Step
Dreamy Hawaiian Moon—Waltz
Singapore—Fox Trot
Mammy's Lullaby—Waltz
Blutn' the Blues—Fox Trot
Navy Waltz
I Am Always Chasing Rainbows
Don't Cry, Little Girl, Don't Cry—One Step
When the Old Boat Heads for Home—One Step
Everybody Shimmies Now—Fox Trot

Everybody wants a turn at the Gulbransen

It's so easy to play. Pedals without effort. Responds so delightfully. It's half the fun to take a turn at the Gulbransen.

You can be breathless from dancing—all tired out—yet find it rests you to play this remarkable instrument. You have never tried a player-piano that required so little effort.

Try the Gulbransen at our dealer's store. Play it yourself, don't merely listen to it. You will find it's great fun—simple and easy. The Gulbransen is so easy to play that a creeping baby did play it as shown in the picture, and gave us the idea for our trade mark.

The Gulbransen dealer near you displays this baby at the pedals in his store window and newspaper advertising. If you do not know him, write us for his address and our catalog.

Gulbransen-Dickinson Company, 3232 W. Chicago Avenue, Chicago

Nationally Priced

Four models, all playable by hand and by roll. Sold at the same prices to everybody, everywhere in the United States.

White House Model	$600
Country Seat Model	535
Town House Model	485
Suburban Model	450

Gulbransen Trade Mark

Pronounced Gul-BRAN-sen)

GULBRANSEN Player-Piano

(Concluded from Page 111)

Now all the afternoon he had been stolidly trudging in his bitterness. The day was a replica of yesterday, gelid as a miser's charity. But presently he saw a light or two pricking out on the horizon, heard a far-off whistle. The outlying settlements of Midland were creeping near.

He had only two desires: To hide himself and his blistered frozen hands and feet away in some sequestered nook, and to evade forever the retaliating fury of a suspicious James P. Rodgers. For the first he meant to seek a warm hallway next Tony Rosa's cobbler shop, where the good Tony sometimes permitted him an old couch and quilts. For the second—well, it would mean a future of watchful waiting, of wary side-stepping not to be contemplated in his present misery.

Tony was sitting in his little shop eating a sausage when the door opened and Mr. Swinney almost fell inside. He threw himself down on a low chair, took out his rag of bandana and wiped his face.

"You been—a-away—yes? I no see—a sev' day. You tak a leet' veesit?"

"Yes—I been—away," Mr. Swinney answered slowly. Then his eye fell on a daily paper lying at his feet, to-night's Midland Journal. There a flaring headline caught his attention.

LABOR AGITATOR ARRESTED IN SAULSBURY

TROBOFF, "VERLAINE OF SOCIALISM"

TAKEN INTO CUSTODY AS HE LEAVES TRAIN

"As Paul Troboff, wanted on the charge of creating I. W. W. disturbances in the West and of figuring in German-propaganda movements in Chicago, stepped from the Niagara Express yesterday afternoon, he was arrested by the Saulsbury police on serious charges. Extradition papers will no doubt be granted and he will be taken to Chicago for trial as speedily as possible. There are also warrants out against him in at least two states on the charge of violating the white-slave laws. Troboff, who writes verse of doubtful quality, is famed in newspaper columns for his collection of affinities. It is said that he brought with him to Saulsbury a young woman companion from Midland, but it has been impossible to learn her identity."

On, on read Mr. Swinney, slowly, fascinated. Well, James P.'s pull had served him. Miss Elizabeth had been saved. At least he could not hold that against Swinney.

There was more of the Rodgers family in the news sheet if Mr. Swinney had but turned a page. A little paragraph:

"James P. Rodgers is lying sick at home with an attack of grippe. Mr. Rodgers was called to Saulsbury on a business matter yesterday. He made the trip by auto alone, and because of a blowout was compelled to wait until a passing car overtook him.

"The exposure to the severe weather was too much for Mr. Rodgers and he is laid up temporarily."

Also in a very inconspicuous personal:

"Miss Elizabeth Rodgers, who called on relatives in Saulsbury yesterday, returned home this morning."

For a week Mr. Swinney lay perdu—and his old haunts knew him not. In all that time if you had uttered the word "library" it would have served only to produce a violent nausea of the soul. But there came a day when memory stirred, when he recalled the delights of a certain dim, drowsy, tropic corner, freed now, happily forever, from certain disturbing presences.

Back then to his old haunt by the poetry stack went Mr. Swinney on his seventh afternoon. He found it lone, warm, cozy; and secure in his utter dominion he sank into his oaken chair gratefully, his feet propped on the register.

Someone, as though aware of his presence, must have gone into the cellar and fed the octopus again, for it grew warmer—warmer. From the register heat rose, an intangible balm to permeate his being. It crept pleasantly up his legs and encircled his body with invisible caressing arms. A delightful compound of moods seized him. *Mañana, dolce far niente, laissez faire*—faded, blurred, fused into spiritual Nirvana.

He must have slept some time. Then he awoke suddenly and saw that he was not alone. With horrified eyes he perceived that a young lady had entered his corner, had drawn out a book and taken one of the little chairs.

She was a willowy young lady, Miss Isabel Bailey, the Presbyterian minister's daughter, whose papa's suits Mr. Swinney sometimes inherited. And the longer he watched the more acute became his horror! She was palpably waiting for someone! He could scarcely believe his eyes! Was he to suffer again! To endure all over his former aggravations! He watched the corner of the stack wildly. As the minutes passed his agitation grew. So, too, did Miss Isabel's.

Then he presently perceived that she was rapidly writing a little note, tucking it into the book, restoring it to the stack. She went out, drooping like a broken lily.

Mr. Swinney sprang up then and sought the clew. Hastily he took out the book, extracted Miss Isabel's note and read:

"*Fred dear:* You didn't come! I wonder why you couldn't get here. And you said yesterday you'd be here on the dot. I couldn't wait any longer to-day because of papa, so you'll find this after I've gone in our Love Anthology. But to-morrow, Fred, come a little early. Oh, I want to see you! You know we can have this corner for our own every day. Don't forget what you told me yesterday and what I said. See Page 85—this book. "ISA."

Frantically Swinney turned to Page Eighty-five. A verse faintly bracketed in pencil:

Be a god and hold me
With a charm!
Be a man and fold me
With thine arm!

Mr. Swinney moaned. Then—inspiration! He drew a stump of greasy pencil from his pocket. Painfully he added on the margin in thick black scrawl a suggestion—a life-saving hint:

"this plaise no good fred wine hell cant yous mete me sumers ela."

He restored the book—leaned against the stack in sharp relief. If he must, he would fight to the last ditch for his stronghold—win somehow, anyhow.

Yet I think in his heart he realized the truth. I think he knew that he was doomed. I think he must have realized that Cupid and the Lyric Muse conspire forever against the intruder; that you can as easily keep young love and poetry apart as the river from the sea.

PREVENTABLE POVERTY

By WILL PAYNE

A STUDY of the subject made some fifteen years ago led to the conclusion that about one-fifth of the population of the chief industrial states lived in poverty—poverty being defined as lack of a sanitary dwelling and sufficient food and clothing to keep the body in good working condition; in other words, lack of the essentials for really wholesome physical existence, to say nothing of intellectual or spiritual existence.

These last two years of full employment and high wages have no doubt reduced the mass of poverty; yet all we know to-day of wages, of distribution of wealth and income, of dependency upon organized charity tends to show that if one-fifth isn't the actual figure, the number who live in poverty runs up into the millions. Even the new, predominantly agricultural states have their poverty. And more millions, the country over, live not very far above the poverty line as defined above—on a margin so narrow that any considerable misfortune, such as the death of the breadwinner, protracted illness or an extensive period of unemployment, drags victims down to a pinch for the essentials of wholesome physical existence.

In the twenty-five years ending with 1914 population of the United States increased only sixty per cent while the production of minerals, measured in value, multiplied by four, farm production multiplied by four, production of manufactures multiplied by two and a half, bank deposits multiplied by five. Production of wealth far outran increase in population, yet it made comparatively little impression on the mass of poverty and near-poverty.

But there are some other counts in the indictment, to wit: Two hundred and fifteen families in 1916 with four hundred and seventy million dollars of net income. The trained economist will tell you that this four hundred and seventy millions is, after all, but a drop in the bucket of national income; that if it were distributed evenly over the population nobody would feel the difference. But the bald fact of poverty on the one side, in spite of increased production of wealth, and of enormous wealth in a few hands on the other side, sticks in the average man's gizzard.

And it ought to. It is a blot on the picture of democracy. Men's conscience and women's conscience will never be satisfied until its proportions are greatly reduced.

Now there is no good reason to doubt that poverty in the United States, in its present mass and extent, is as preventable as smallpox or typhoid—and in substantially the same way; that is, by scientific, systematic, energetic social engineering and hygiene. There will be poverty as long as men are born incapable of earning a living, or are shiftless, lazy or vicious. But that poverty in the United States can be reduced about to that irreducible minimum—and all under the capitalist system of private ownership—I believe to be certain. The means of doing it are already, in good part, formulated, ready for use.

I shall come back to that later on. For the moment, let us say we have reduced poverty in the United States to its irreducible minimum, which would mean a big reduction. Even then we haven't disposed of our pressing social problem by a long shot. Say that something like, or within gunshot of, a fifth of the population of the industrial states live in poverty. Say that for the greater part of them that is not at all due to their own conduct, but that they apply themselves to the task of getting a living with the best ability they possess. It is still true that on the whole, and by and large, they are the least capable and efficient part of the population. To abolish poverty would not satisfy labor or anybody else—meaning by poverty lack of the essentials for wholesome, decent physical existence. Everybody ought to want more than what is strictly necessary to keep his body in a good state of efficiency. Every normal person does want decidedly more. Now first of all, to satisfy that normal want in a really adequate way, it is necessary to produce more wealth.

I have here a recent quotation from a radical Englishman who reminded his hearers that production must be increased because "the real available net income, distributed evenly among the population of the United Kingdom, would not yield more than a hundred and thirty-six pounds for the average family of four, so the amount of national productivity is not adequate to supply the full requirements of a progressive people."

As to the United States, according to a calculation mentioned in a former article, if the total income in 1910 had been divided equally among all families—counting single, self-supporting men and women without dependents as families—each would have received rather less than eleven hundred dollars. Cost of government, national and local, would have had to come out of that, such cost being estimated at eight and a half per cent of total income.

Moreover, total product cannot be consumed each year if industry is to advance. Something must be saved out of it for extension of the plant. About nine hundred and fifty dollars would have been the net spendable average. No doubt, at prices then prevailing the average family could get the essentials of decent, wholesome physical existence for that; but there would have been no such margin for the recreation, diversion and quest of intellectual and spiritual stimulation that every family ought to want. A family that can't "blow itself" a bit now and then is either abnormal or dissatisfied.

We must increase production. One great means of doing that is steady, hearty cooperation of labor with capital in the productive processes. Very largely our increased war production was just the result of hearty pulling together. If you go over the United States to-day and ask the managers of all important productive enterprises what one gift they would choose in order to be sure of maximum production the next twelve months, probably two-thirds of them would choose assurance of steady, hearty coöperation by their labor forces. If you go among men whose views of the future are commonly regarded as valuable you will find that a great many of them mention the labor situation, first of all, as a doubtful point. Ask one of them what an assurance of labor's steady, hearty coöperation with capital might be worth to the United States in the next ten years and he will probably draw a long breath and refuse to commit himself lest he compromise his reputation for conservatism.

Labor wants decidedly more than just elimination of poverty. It would never be satisfied with just that—assurance of sufficient food, clothes and a sanitary dwelling. It will never stop striking and never function at its maximum efficiency until it gets something more than that. There will be no industrial peace and no maximum production of wealth until some of labor's demands—entirely aside from a question of poverty—are reasonably satisfied. That they can be reasonably satisfied under a capitalist system is not open to serious question. The plain fact is, they've got to be, for we've got to have the maximum productivity that we cannot get any other way. Neither poverty nor some fundamental causes of labor unrest nor permanent concentration of great wealth in a few hands is any more essential to the capitalist system than a wart is essential to a nose.

If you turn to the causes of labor's dissatisfaction one thing stands out all over—aside from the question of wages. The last national convention of the American Federation of Labor emphasized it. It continually crops out in labor's actions and utterances. The gist of it is that labor is not satisfied, and never will be satisfied, to be treated just as a commodity—something taken into the shop at the market rate when the shop has need of it, used impersonally in the processes of production, and dismissed whenever the shop, at the moment, has no further need of it, with nothing in particular to say about the industrial conditions under which it is used except as to the price it shall get, very much as so many carloads of raw cotton or pig iron are taken in.

Labor is decidedly not satisfied with that rôle. Innumerable quarrels and strikes over shop conditions, discharges, discipline, and so on, have their root in labor's resentment at being treated like commodity instead of like sentient humanity. The best efficiency engineers—formerly "scientific managers"—understand that and have worked on it with good results. For example, it is found that delegates elected by the workpeople and meeting frequently with representatives of the management to talk over common interests promotes harmony. It is found that such delegates, under free and friendly discussion, very often accept the management's view. Or, leaving it to a committee of workmen to pass on faulty work gets fair judgments in the main and the working force accepts them, whereas it was always protesting against the judgments of a managerial committee. The rule is that to bring shop

(Continued on Page 119)

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For the finishing coat, ATLAS-WHITE Cement is used with white sand for all-white effects. When used with color aggregates ATLAS-WHITE pleasingly accentuates the various color tones.

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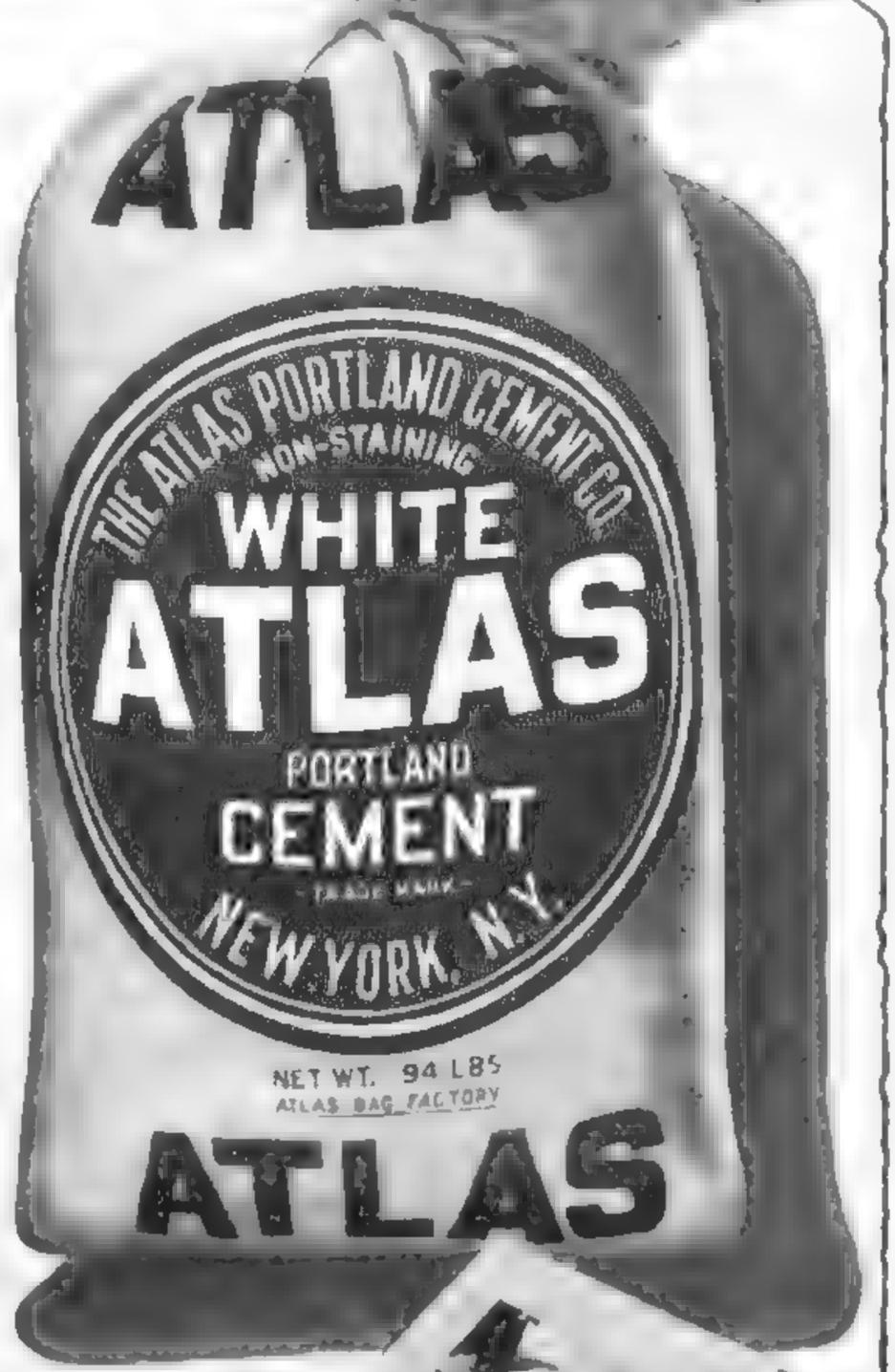

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This book costs nothing to get; it's worth something to have. There's one for you. Send for it. We also send, on request, information and literature covering every kind of concrete construction. Address our nearest office.

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In these and many other ways Zinc has long served many useful purposes; but it remained for The New Jersey Zinc Company to see and develop its greater possibilities. As a result of research and experimental work Zinc is now used for bottle caps, thimbles, clocks, buttons, shoe lace tips, building hardware and hundreds of other articles in daily use.

The working out of these new uses in the interest of manufacturers is typical of the completeness of the service this organization offers. The work of its laboratories is as much a part of its activities as the operation of its mines and smelters and is available to all manufacturers who use Zinc products.

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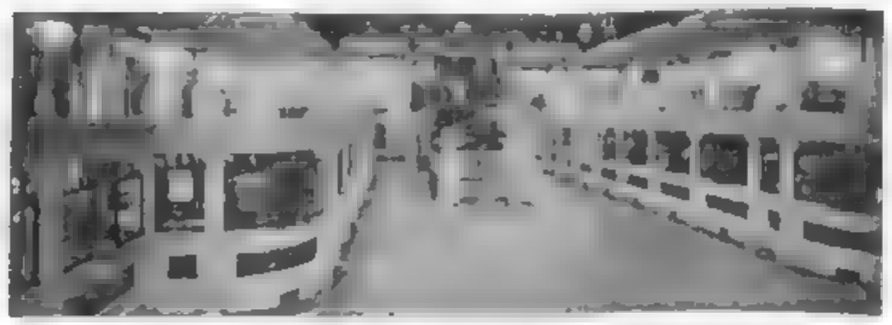
There is a Brascolite for you

Preserving in high efficiency the Brascolite principle of reflecting and diffusing light, the new Brascolite—plus the silk shade in color selected to enhance the beauty and elegance of its surroundings—is specially adapted to decorative purposes and color schemes in drawing rooms, reception rooms, tea rooms, high-class shops, mezzanine parlors, or other settings where soft tonal effect must be achieved.

A light that illuminates yet subdues and blends —the new decorated Brascolite widens the scope of utility that has made Brascolite the servant of night throughout the land.

Phone your electric shop, or mail request for free demonstration. Over one-half million Brascolites serving every commercial purpose.



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Philadelphia, Land Title Bldg
Minneapolis, Plymouth Bldg
Atlanta, Fourth Nat'l Bank Bldg

Canadian Distributors: Northern Electric Co., Ltd.

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and office into closer touch and a steady practice of sitting down and talking things over makes for harmony. To give labor a say, to hear its side—not once a year when a wage scale is to be fixed, but all the time, by frequent meetings—makes for harmony.

A little over a year ago the British Government set up an Industrial Reconstruction Council, largely for the purpose of encouraging organization along lines laid down in what are known as the Whitley Reports. That is part of a big movement to give labor more direct representation and a larger voice in industry. The Whitley idea is to form joint councils or committees in which employers and employees are equally represented—not primarily to discuss wages, which are mainly left to collective bargaining between unions and employers, but to talk over shop conditions, improvements in processes through "scientific management" or otherwise, methods of fixing, paying or adjusting wages, and all broad conditions that affect labor in the industry or the industry itself. As a government report puts it, the primary object is to "regularize the relations between employers and employed." But the government itself has another important object—namely the organization of a body which represents the whole industry and is capable of speaking for it as a whole, both the capital side and the labor side.

Joint Committees

Mainly this is to be done by purely voluntary action—voluntary agreement between employer and employees. But in some industries where the labor force is not sufficiently organized to coöperate, the Ministry of Reconstruction helps to set up a provisional body to act until labor can get a sufficient organization to choose its representatives, and so on, when the coöperation will become voluntary. And in some cases of sweated and wholly unorganized trades, councils have been imposed from above by the government.

Both employers and employees have quite generally fallen in with this plan. A recent dispatch to the New York Journal of Commerce said that such joint councils or committees had now been formed in seventy trades or groups of trades. It is a recognition of labor's demand to have its say, to be consulted, and for a broader, more direct look-in on the industry by which it lives. It is a protest against the idea of labor as a commodity, with nothing to say except as to what its market price shall be. It is a move in the direction of partnership between capital and labor.

In detail no British plan might suit here. Details, for the present purpose, are unimportant. What is important is the main idea of giving labor a bigger look-in, of decidedly closer coöperation. Labor will not be a commodity, to be bought at the market price, paid its wage, turned off when the market is unfavorable and there an end, on the principle that its interest in industry begins and stops with the weekly pay check. Yet the commodity idea is the prevailing idea in this country.

It is true a host of particular exceptions may be taken to that general statement. A vast deal of so-called welfare work and of other exhibitions of lively interest in labor as sentient humanity may be cited. But even there all those things are generally planned, determined upon and handed out to labor from the front office. That is no real partnership.

Now partnership is the true relation between capital and labor. Neither can get on well without the other. Both prosper or decline alike from the same general conditions. Employers are always preaching that, especially when threatened with a strike. They must put it more extensively into practice. You don't take a man into partnership when you sit down alone and decide what you are going to do for him and then open the window and tell him—while he, peradventure, is sitting down alone and deciding what he is going to do to you and then throwing a brick through the window to let you know.

Not a great while ago I heard a large employer of labor—who has enjoyed an especially lively strike since then—say the great trouble was just lack of understanding: that if labor could only know the situation and difficulties of the boss, as one boss knows the situation and difficulties of another, and if the boss could know the situation and difficulties of labor as one laborer knows those of another, two-thirds of the trouble would disappear. The only way for them to know is to talk it over together—not once a year or so, but all the time. That is the only way to partnership.

What the country wants is coöperation between capital and labor. The idea that labor's legitimate interest in industry begins and ends with the pay check and with knowing whether or not the shop is sanitary does not promise well for steady, hearty coöperation, for it isn't coöperation. Two men don't coöperate in selling apples when one says to the other that he will buy his apples at the market rate whenever he finds it profitable to do so and for the rest manage the business as he sees fit. There must be a freer, broader contact than that.

As to this question of management of business and of industry, there has been a very great change. Twenty-five years ago hardly a big concern in the country told anything about its affairs except as it was compelled to. There was a time somewhat back of that when even the railroads favored the public with very scanty glimpses of their inner doings. The general idea was that the business—whatever it was—belonged to and concerned solely those who had invested capital in its shares and elected its directors. It was theirs to manage as they pleased, exactly like a corner peanut stand. How they saw fit to manage it was no affair of anybody else. Very often the directors, in practice, carried the idea a step further and gave stockholders little enough information of what they were doing. In medieval times the handicrafts were commonly called "mysteries," but they were never half so mysterious as the typical American corporation of a quarter of a century ago. Directors made a great deal of the supposed necessity of keeping the business very dark lest competitors find out what they were doing and take advantage of it. Possibly in some cases there was something in that plea then.

But big business was then generally passing out of the stage where the credit of a few individuals could carry it. It was beginning to rely more and more on the general investing public, and the investing public was more and more demanding information. A big company was borrowing money, not of three or four banks with which it had intimate relations, but, through flotation of its commercial paper, of hundreds of banks all over the country. The banks demanded information. Various government investigations, as in the case of the Standard Oil, rolled up the window shades. Nowadays there are very few extensive businesses as to which fairly full information concerning condition, earnings, indebtedness, property holdings, and so on, is not readily obtainable by anybody who wants it. Investigation of business and industries is constantly going on. To a very great extent business has moved out into the daylight in the last twenty years and opened its books.

Open Doors—on One Side

But mostly the door has been opened on the capital side—on the investor's side. As a rule the typical big company nowadays is anxious that the man who puts money into it, in large amounts or small, shall feel that he has every reasonable opportunity to know how it stands and what it is doing—in short, to understand it. No pains have been taken to make the man who puts labor into it feel that he has a legitimate interest in knowing its situation and that he should understand it. The reason, of course, lies on the surface. The man who puts money into it, even if it is only for a hundred-dollar baby bond, is treated as a partner, while labor is only a commodity.

All this is far enough from implying that labor should elect the management of the company—which is no more a partnership or a cooperation than the other arrangement—or that its delegates need to vote on numberless questions that belong to the sphere of capital, any more than the management's delegates need to vote on questions of labor-union officers, discipline, dues and what not. It means simply giving practical recognition to the need of hearty, steady cooperation between capital and labor by treating labor as a cooperator, to be consulted, to have its say and weight in all joint questions. Capital and labor relations have drifted here far too much toward the socialist pattern. The general picture is of two suspicious camps sitting apart, making their decisions apart and then fighting it out when the decisions do not match. Of course organized labor does finally have a decided say, but too often only after it has presented an ultimatum and both sides are at the fighting point. There must be closer contact, continuous consultation and matching of minds, a more real partnership and coöperation. Suitable details can be easily worked out.

Labor is organized in the United States to a much less extent than in any other important industrial nation. Probably something less than a quarter of the total number of industrial wage earners belong to unions, whereas in England, Belgium and Germany the great body of such wage earners are organized. The United States has also been behind all other important industrial nations in adopting a class of legislation for the benefit of wage-earners, such as sickness insurance, unemployment insurance, minimum-wage laws. The reason, of course, is that the condition of labor here has, on the whole, been better than in other important industrial countries. Real wages have been higher and opportunities for employment freer. Labor has not been driven to organize, nor been in need of special legislation to the same extent. But it isn't good to bank on that. An energetic movement to set up a better relationship between capital and labor is in order now.

Concentration of Wealth

Our industry is not only organized far too much on the idea that labor is a commodity, but—what is perhaps even more important—it is sometimes capitalized on that basis. And therein lies one of our most fruitful devices—probably our most fruitful device—for the concentration of wealth in a few hands. Wherever we find a device that operates steadily to concentrate wealth in a few hands we ought to view it with decided suspicion. An enormous inequality in distribution of wealth is a fact that everybody is more or less familiar with. It is a bad fact too. Nobody worth listening to will disagree with that.

Wall Street's sin against sound democracy and sound economics arises from concentration of wealth. Its system of capitalizing industry is a prime device for that purpose. To explain what I mean, turn back to an example that the public is fairly familiar with. Back in 1899 half a dozen or more groups of plants in the iron or steel industry were consolidated, under Wall Street auspices, in so-called trusts. Then in 1901 these several trusts were again consolidated in a sort of supertrust known as the United States Steel Corporation, also under Wall Street auspices. It may be necessary to explain that in saying "Wall Street" I do not mean a strip of ground on the lower part of Manhattan Island. In fact, some of these consolidations were carried through mostly in Chicago and Pittsburgh. I mean "high finance," which happens to have its head office in Wall Street.

The tangible property that went into these consolidations was valued at seven hundred million dollars in round numbers, against which the promoters, first and last, issued four hundred million dollars of bonds, five hundred million dollars of seven per cent preferred stock and five hundred million dollars of common stock—using only the round numbers. The promoters expected that certain benefits would result from consolidating all these many plants—comprising roughly about sixty per cent of the country's steel industry—in a single concern.

First, they would eliminate the risk of unprofitable competition among the various plants themselves. That was probably the chief motive, for threats of a disastrous trade war impended at the time. Next, because of the consolidation's powerful and dominating position in the industry the risk of profit-destroying competition from other plants would be minimized. Any one would think twice before attacking so formidable a concern. Then it was expected, first and last, that very important economies in production, management and selling would be effected by the merger. The consolidation would own a large part of the most important supplies of its chief raw materials—iron ore and coking coal—so it would be independent on that side. Duplication of effort in selling could be avoided. By circulation of ideas and matching experience fullest advantage could be taken of all mechanical improvements and inventions. With its great resources the consolidation could maintain a big, efficient organization for foreign trade and take advantage of all opportunities in that field in a way that would be beyond the reach of a smaller concern.

Broadly speaking, these anticipated benefits have been realized. The consolidation has justified itself on the whole, and been as profitable as reasonable forecast indicated.

But the promoters did not expect that any of these benefits should accrue to the labor employed, nor, in a general way, to the ordinary, run-of-mill investors of capital. On the contrary, the promoters expected to skim off, realize and pocket a great part of these anticipated benefits themselves. The active promoters of these various consolidations, culminating in the Steel Corporation, comprised, relatively speaking, but a handful of men—more or less the same handful figuring in the various steps of consolidation. In the first place, following them through the various consolidations, they handed over to themselves in payment for their services in bringing about the consolidations and for advancing twenty-eight million dollars cash for expenses and other preliminary purposes, stock of the par value—and present market value—of one hundred and fifty million dollars in round numbers. That went to the ground-floor and smallest group of insiders. After their claims were thus satisfied, there remained four hundred million dollars of common stock which represented no tangible contribution to the consolidated company but only anticipation of benefits to accrue in the future. That four hundred million dollars was distributed, first and last, to a somewhat larger but still relatively very small group of second-story insiders or underwriters.

After these two groups were satisfied there remained for labor just its market price as a commodity and for the ordinary run-of-mill investor there remained the opportunity of putting in his capital at five to seven per cent. The lion's share of the benefits to accrue was skimmed off, realized and pocketed by relatively few people. One effect was concentration of wealth—a rather picturesque crop of steel millionaires.

This concern conducts its share of so-called welfare work, and for many years it has encouraged its industrious employees to invest their savings in the shares of the company, offering them certain inducements in the way of partial payments and even a slight concession from the market price. At present they may buy the common stock at ninety-two dollars a share.

I believe these steel combinations were a good thing for the industry and for the country. The men who brought them about were entitled to handsome remuneration for their services. Moreover, combination was something of a venture. It has justified itself, but nobody could really tell that it would justify itself. The first underwriters who furnished capital or credit to carry the combinations through were entitled to chance of a profit above the ordinary rate of return on capital, because they took the risk of a loss. But these two comparatively small groups were not entitled to the rake-off of more than half a billion dollars which, as the books now stand, is what they got. The trouble is that high finance fixes its own compensation and is entirely too liberal a paymaster.

Capital and Values

After the corporation had been in operation ten years the Government investigated it. If it had been capitalized at the value of its property the situation would then have stood roughly as follows: Four hundred million dollars of bonds paying five per cent interest, three hundred millions of stock earning, after all charges, depreciation, and so forth, an average of a little more than twenty per cent a year. If that old true-value capitalization had stood over to the present time, net earnings in the last three years—after paying income and excess-profits taxes in 1916 and 1917 and deducting two hundred and seventy-four million dollars as a reserve against taxes in 1918—would have averaged about seventy per cent on the capital stock.

Dividends paid on the common stock in the last three years amount to slightly over two hundred million dollars. It is true that if you add that sum to the company's pay roll the last three years, distributing it equally among the employees each man's share would amount to no great increase of his yearly income. It is true also that the company has put many hundreds of millions of surplus earnings back into its

(Concluded on Page 123)

For Furniture and Woodwork as well as Floors

NOT only under the rug, but on furniture and woodwork of all kinds, is "61" Floor Varnish famed for its *toughness* and *long-wearing* qualities. "61" Floor Varnish possesses an unusual distinction as being an extremely *long-lasting* varnish.

You May Dent the Wood-but the Varnish Wont Crack-

The varnish and color are so proportioned and intimately combined that "61" flows smoothly off the brush, producing beautiful, semi-transparent wood-stain effects, without showing streaks; an important factor in securing perfect results.

And, of course, "61" Floor Varnish is waterproof, as well as heelproof and marproof. The next time you do an odd job of finishing, try a can of "61." You'll get a lot of pleasure and no trouble out of it.

Send for Color Card and Sample Panel finished with "61." Try the hammer test on the panel. You may dent the wood, but the varnish won't crack. "61" *stands* the hammer test.

If you are building or decorating, engage a good painter. He knows Pratt & Lambert Varnishes, and will be glad to use them.

Pratt & Lambert Varnishes are used by painters, specified by architects and sold by paint and hardware dealers everywhere.

Our Guarantee: If any P&L Varnish fails to give satisfaction, you may have your money back.

PRATT & LAMBERT-INC.
83 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N. Y.
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Vitralite
THE LONG-LIFE WHITE ENAMEL

Although designed for the finest of interior work, Vitralite is so *durable* that it is coming into wide use as an *exterior* coating, where an extra fine and long-lasting white finish is desired.

PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISHES

What Lysol does in our shaving cream

Before we say what Lysol does in a shaving cream, let us remind you what Lysol is. Lysol is that very efficient disinfectant that is used in hospitals. The few drops of dark red liquid which the doctor puts in the water when he cleanses his hands or instruments, is Lysol. It is a solution of Lysol that factory owners employ to keep their places sanitary. It is used as a household disinfectant in thousands of households, and there may be a bottle in your medicine-cabinet this minute. *Ask your wife.*

Lysol in a shaving cream makes the lather, which you *rub into your face with your fingers*, completely antiseptic. It prevents infection from chance cuts. It kills any germs that may lurk on face, hands, strop, brush, razor, towel, or any other part of a shaving or traveling kit.

Price, 25c a tube

Lysol

Antiseptic Shaving Cream

Only a very small quantity of Lysol is necessary in Lysol Shaving Cream. There is no other shaving cream like it. It helps give a wonderfully pleasant shave and makes infection practically impossible. If you believe in germs you will believe in Lysol Shaving Cream and the other Lysol products.

During the Influenza Epidemic, in the fall of 1918, the value of Lysol and the Lysol products was demonstrated time and again. If there is someone sick in your house, you have no idea what a true sense of security the use of Lysol Disinfectant and Lysol Soap can give.

Sold by Druggists Everywhere

All druggists know and sell Lysol, and most of them sell the other Lysol products. If your druggist is out of stock, he will gladly order.

Lysol Disinfectant
Three sizes, 25c, 50c, $1.00

Lysol Disinfectant
In bottles, 25c, 50c, and $1.00

A 25c bottle added to five gallons of water makes five gallons of powerful disinfectant.

Lysol Shaving Cream
In tubes, 25c

Not just another shaving cream, but one unlike any other because of its antiseptic quality.

Lysol Toilet Soap
25c a cake

Does all that a good soap should do, and in addition is antiseptic and healing.

Samples of Lysol Shaving Cream and Lysol Soap are free

A sample of Lysol Shaving Cream will be sent free on a post-card request. We believe that you will be as delighted with its value as a shaving cream as you will be with its assured antiseptic quality. Sample of Lysol Toilet Soap will also be included.

Makers of Pebeco Tooth Paste

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120 William Street

LEHN & FINK, Inc.
120 William Street, New York

Please send me FREE SAMPLES of LYSOL SHAVING CREAM and LYSOL TOILET SOAP.

Name_____

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Gillette

The Shaving Service for Every Man—Everywhere

The Meaning of "No Stropping—No Honing"

HERE is the famous Gillette Diamond-Trademark—the mark of the one great shaving invention in all history.

"No Stropping—No Honing" brands the blade as the highest type of shaving edge ever developed—a Blade new in principle, in steel, temper, finish and use.

The term "No Stropping—No Honing" will appeal to every man anxious to eliminate unnecessary labor and save valuable time.

It calls on him to *think* why he hones or strops, needlessly.

"No Stropping—No Honing" signifies the application of *science* to razor-blade making—just as strop and hone represent the persistence of out worn rule of thumb ideas.

It characterizes a *hard-tempered, long-lasting blade,* which has supplanted the blade that you have to strop and hone to boost it up to its work.

Gillette Safety Razor Company
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

MONTREAL CHICAGO NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO LONDON
COPENHAGEN PARIS MILAN PETROGRAD

(Concluded from Page 119)

properties, building new mills, and so on, so that now its tangible property is worth the whole amount of its capitalization. Thus the common stock, on the basis of tangible property and earnings, is worth round par and sells round that. Its purchaser invests in a solid vested interest and is entitled to his average return of six or seven per cent, or more in an exceptionally good year. But by this arrangement the situation with respect to labor is kept as tight as it ever was. The margin over what capital can legitimately claim on the basis of solid vested interest is kept narrow. The whole arrangement contemplates that labor shall be a commodity to be paid for at the market price and that, by and large, the price shall be kept as low as possible.

Now suppose, when the Corporation was organized, the promoters had been fairly paid for their services in bringing the plants together—which might have been two or three per cent of what they actually got. As a matter of fact many men, year in and year out, render services to industry as valuable as their services were for two or three per cent of what they got. Suppose the underwriters who shouldered whatever risk there was had been rewarded with a bonus of twenty-five per cent in common stock, instead of a hundred per cent—and that would have been plenty. In that case the Corporation would have been constantly accumulating a margin that might very well have been set aside for the benefit of labor. That margin might still have been invested in the company's business, in building new plants, and so on. But title and benefit would have belonged to labor. Labor's stake in the industry would have been concretely acknowledged. It would have had its say in all common interests. There would have been an actual partnership and coöperation. Incidentally, there would have been less concentration of wealth in a few hands.

Several years ago some of the Corporation's own stockholders rebelled against its practice of working men in certain processes for seven days in the week, sometimes for twelve hours a day and sometimes in a long shift of twenty-four hours at a stretch. They said it was abominable; that it shortened life, wasted humanity. The Corporation pointed out that the seven-day week applied to but a comparatively small part of its labor force, that it was necessary to keep some processes going continuously, every day in the week, that its competitors did the same thing, that it was difficult to arrange this labor in shifts so as to avoid seven days' work a week. All of which, simmered down, meant that it would be quite a bother and expense to eliminate the twelve-hour, seven-day week. Now if there had been any sort of real partnership or coöperative contact between office and shop that situation never would have arisen. Office and shop would have sat down together and figured out some way to avoid it. But the prevailing theory was that conditions should be figured out in the office and labor should simply be informed what they were.

Future Benefits Capitalized

Of course the Steel Corporation's watered stock is an old story. The common idea is that all the juice was squeezed out of it long ago. Back in 1899, before the Corporation was organized, a long list of industrial consolidations were promoted on substantially the same plan. Figuring them up at the end of the year and taking only those which were realized, going concerns, the Financial Chronicle found that they had issued two and a third billion dollars of common stock. A great part of this was bonus stock, going to promoters and underwriters—a capitalization of expected future benefits. It is a common idea that that gorgeous era of trust promotion is a thing of the past; but in fact the same principle of industrial capitalization continues in active operation. It is one of Wall Street's stock devices for concentrating wealth. A great many industrial combinations, or recapitalizations and reorganizations have been carried through since then, on the same principle of a huge rake-off to comparatively few promoters and underwriters. The business is so profitable that in ordinary times enterprising men are constantly looking about for something to promote. Several years ago, but much later than the Steel era, Wall Street drove a very brisk trade in smaller industrial promotions. Since that time there was nationwide activity in promoting combinations of public-utility concerns, generous issues of bonus stock being a feature of it all.

Promoters and underwriters set the price on their own services and as a rule set it much too high. They say: "We don't lower wages; we don't raise prices to the consumer; so what's the harm?" As a rule, that is probably true; but the effect of their operations is to skim off, realize and pocket the benefits that are expected to accrue in the future—benefits in which labor might well share. If relatively few capitalists are always to realize all the benefits they can see in the future through combination, better organization, improved processes, and so on, by capitalizing and pocketing them now, what can the rest of us see in the future? On the whole, it is a means of concentrating wealth and of shutting labor—and the public, for that matter—out of due benefits. It is based on the idea that labor shall be a commodity with no interest in industry beyond getting its market price. If conservatively managed the promoted corporation sets aside liberal reserves in every good year for the general purpose of stabilizing dividends so that capital shall be provided for when a poor year comes along. It makes no such provision for labor in a poor year. When it has been capitalized up to the limit of expected earnings it hasn't anything left to make such a provision for labor with. Taking care of the capitalization is all it can do. In a poor year labor must shift for itself.

Magnifying Capital's Claims

It is often said that if the Steel Corporation, for example, had issued only three hundred millions of stock that stock would have sold in the market for as much as the quantity it did issue. As a matter of fact and of stock market experience, that isn't true. Split one share of stock paying twelve per cent into two shares each paying six per cent and by and large the two shares will sell for more than the one—especially if one of them is preferred stock, with prior claims to a limited dividend, and the other is common to which all the speculative chances of the enterprise attach. There is also a psychological difference. If labor says to the one twelve per cent share "Raise my wages, give me shorter hours, take me into a more real partnership," it stands a rather better chance of being accommodated, on the whole; for the two six per cent shares will immediately answer: "Why, I can't do that. I'm getting only the modest rate of six per cent on my capital now." At any rate, in the former case, the books are kept straight. Labor and the public know what they are dealing with. And unquestionably one motive for overcapitalization is to queer the books and make capital's claim look larger than it really is

In January, 1919, the war-lid being partly removed, the total capitalization of companies chartered in the Eastern States, taking only those whose capitalization reached or exceeded one million dollars, was three hundred and twenty-seven million dollars. In 1917 total capitalization of such companies in Eastern States was three billion, seven hundred million dollars. Now except by a long and careful analysis, with power to examine books and witnesses, nobody could form the least idea as to what that meant with regard to the real investment in industry. In fact, it means nothing at all. Broadly a company fixes its capitalization at any figure it pleases. The states have different laws. If the law of one state doesn't suit the incorporators they simply mail the papers to the capitol of some other state. If a company has a capital of two million dollars another company may be formed in the same state or another state to take it over on a basis of ten millions capital, or any other figure.

Over eighty per cent of all the manufacturing in the country is done by corporations and the Census Bureau is obliged to give warning that its report of the amount of capital invested is only in rough approximation. Perhaps three-quarters of the total business of the country is done by corporations. We have a different story as to one big class of corporations—namely, banks. In their case, state and national laws require a dollar of tangible assets behind every dollar of stock issued, which hasn't at all prevented banking from being a profitable field for capital. Of late years many states have taken means to prevent overcapitalization of railroads and public utilities generally.

I believe the Federal Government should require Federal incorporation, or at least Federal licensing, of every concern that does an interstate business of any sort and thereby prevent the bad, chronic habit of overcapitalizing.

It should not say that capital is entitled to only seven per cent, or only ten per cent, or any other fixed figure. There should be the most liberal margin, within reason, for profit as compensation for risks taken. The Steel underwriters, for example, did take something of a risk. As a matter of fact, it wasn't a very great risk; yet a risk, and they should have had the chance to make a profit sufficient to compensate them for it. But they shouldn't have been permitted to fix that compensation at their own sweet will. There should be the most liberal margin, within reason, for profit as compensation for exceptional skill and ability. We want the very ablest, most progressive management of industry that we can possibly get. We want to offer rewards sufficient to call out the best ability there is and keep it at work at its best pace. But there is no reason at all why we should hold out that reward in the shape of a basketful of watered stock. If a man can go into a free field, with no unfair advantages, and earn fifty per cent while his competitors are earning only five, give him every reasonable encouragement to do it; but don't let him capitalize his expectations of earning it for the next ten years. Let him keep his books honestly and not falsify them with allegations of an investment which does not exist.

Profit Sharing Possibilities

The other day a big automobile concern announced a profit-sharing plan on the following basis: The labor in the plant to get fair wages as measured by the going market rate; the capital employed to get fair return as measured by the going market rate; all profits above that to be divided fifty-fifty between capital and labor.

Now there was a time in that concern's history when it would not have done that—a newborn, experimental, doubtful, formative time when there was no certainty about its future, when it had very little capital and that not half enough for its immediate needs. There will always be concerns in that first unproven growing state when they can very well be left to themselves until they get on their feet. But suppose, in the last thirty years, every concern that was fairly on its feet had made some such proposition as the above—fair wages to labor according to the going market rate, fair return to capital according to the going market rate, and remaining profits divided half for capital and half for labor. Everybody knows that the result, in thirty years, would have been a huge labor fund. The Census report on capital invested in manufactures—admittedly only a rough approximation—shows twelve billions in 1904 and twenty-two billions in 1914, a gain of ten billions in ten years. A very large part of that is undoubtedly accumulated profits over and above bond interest and dividends.

It is commonly said that labor is very little interested in profit sharing. But the common explanation—that labor can't look ahead to a benefit which it is not going to receive until the end of the year—doesn't sound reasonable. A more reasonable explanation is that labor is very little interested in it because it has had almost no experience of it. If labor had a big tangible stake in the profits of industry its interest in industry would certainly widen beyond the question of the week's pay check. Closer touch, better understanding, real coöperation would come about of themselves. A great many difficulties of detail immediately arise.

Real Cooperation

For one thing all this would probably imply more extensive organization of labor than now obtains in the United States, for if labor is to have a more direct voice in the constant adjustments of capital and labor, or if there is to be closer coöperation between office and shop, labor must be organized at least to the extent of electing its representatives. If there is to be a big labor fund labor must have some organ to represent it. Now a great many people don't like more extensive organization of labor. They say that generally, as soon as labor gets organized, it begins to make trouble; that management often falls into the hands of demagogic agitators. They point to England. There is a decided shortage of coal in England. The nation is struggling to get itself reconstructed on a peace basis. Its immediate problems are many and heavy. As I write, a mighty organization of mine and transport workers threatens to strike and paralyze the country industrially from end to end unless its peremptory demands are immediately granted. It proposes to grab its own advantage regardless of society in general—to hold up the nation.

Why are those unions doing that? First of all, because they have been taught that they would get out of industry just what they fought for and won, mainly, sitting apart in their separate suspicious camp while capital sat apart in its suspicious camp, each taking its decisions separately. British capital has talked partnership and coöperation, but done little enough until recently to promote it. The fewer fair grounds for dissatisfaction labor has the less chance for the agitator and trouble maker. If unions are hostile to the management what has the management really been doing to remove that hostility?

True, what labor wants above all is better wages. Most of its demands run back to that. But it will always be wanting better wages just as any normal man wants means of satisfying his desires and is always evolving new desires. The thing is to give labor convincing evidence that it is getting fair wages—all it can reasonably claim from the product of industry. To that end a more genuine partnership arrangement is necessary.

American life cannot correspond to American ideals without greater production of wealth. A chief means to that end is steady, hearty coöperation of labor with capital in production. No other thing would be worth more to the country, socially and economically, than that. The only way to have real coöperation is really to coöperate.

The World's Most Scientific Shaving Cream

Perfected in
The Great Laboratories of
Johnson & Johnson

NOTHING less than our great laboratory resources could have produced Johnson's Shaving Cream Soap. For it is on a par with the 400 superior preparations we make for physicians and nurses. We marshalled all our chemical skill and our thirty years of experience to give it the Johnson & Johnson scientific accuracy recognized the world over.

Improves the Skin in *Two Ways*

It is interesting to note that thousands of physicians were the first users of Johnson's Shaving Cream Soap. They were delighted by its soothing effect, and realized the importance of its antiseptic properties—qualities that help rid the skin of blemishes.

Johnson's is a great beard-softener. It does its work so well that shaving is *eased* immensely. Facial irritation is lessened. Thus the skin is again benefited.

Try Johnson's Just Once

You never saw anything like the moist richness of its lather—and "The Lather's the Thing." Your brush whips it up in a jiffy—no rubbing in with the fingers. Johnson's saves lots of time—its users never miss the morning train. Works equally well with cold water. Get Johnson's Shaving Cream Soap today from your druggist. Every shaving-morning thereafter you will *thank* Science.

Johnson & Johnson
New Brunswick New Jersey, U. S. A.

Makers of Surgical Dressings, Gauze, Absorbent Cotton, Bandages, Toilet and Baby Powder, Medicated Soap, Plasters, Zonas Adhesive Plaster, Synol Soap, Lister's Fumigator, Dental Floss, and other Red Cross products for use in hospital and home.

JOHNSON'S SHAVING CREAM SOAP

CARBORUNDUM PRODUCTS

SHARPEN THE TOOLS OF THE WORLD

CARBORUNDUM Sharpening Stones, Grinders and Strops sharpen the tools of the world.

In the shop, the home and the field they are keeping the tools of the mechanic, the householder and the farmer on edge.

Carborundum is very hard and very sharp.

It cuts clean, free and fast, putting a keen, true edge on the tool.

It is absolutely uniform in grit and hardness. There are no hard and soft spots or pits in Carborundum Sharpening Stones They wear evenly and last for years

And there is a Carborundum Sharpening Stone for every sharpening need.

There is the knife sharpener for household use—a round or octagonal shaft of Carborundum, with wood or stag horn handle for household use.

The Carborundum Sharpening Stone, round or oblong for carpenters and mechanics' use

The Carborundum Razor Hone and Razor Strop—guaranteed to put the Razors in prime condition and keep them so.

The Carborundum Niagara Grinder for shop or home use—mechanically right, strong and durable, equipped with a fast-cutting Carborundum Wheel—made in four sizes.

The Carborundum Niagara Scythe Stones for the farmer and gardener

Carborundum Sharpening Stones, Razor Strops and Grinders are sold by leading hardware dealers everywhere. If your dealer does not keep them write direct

THE CARBORUNDUM COMPANY, NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

The Carborundum Bench Stone is just as necessary the manual training student's kit as a saw or hammer

Carborundum gives the Carpenter's and Mechanic's Tools a better edge in less time.

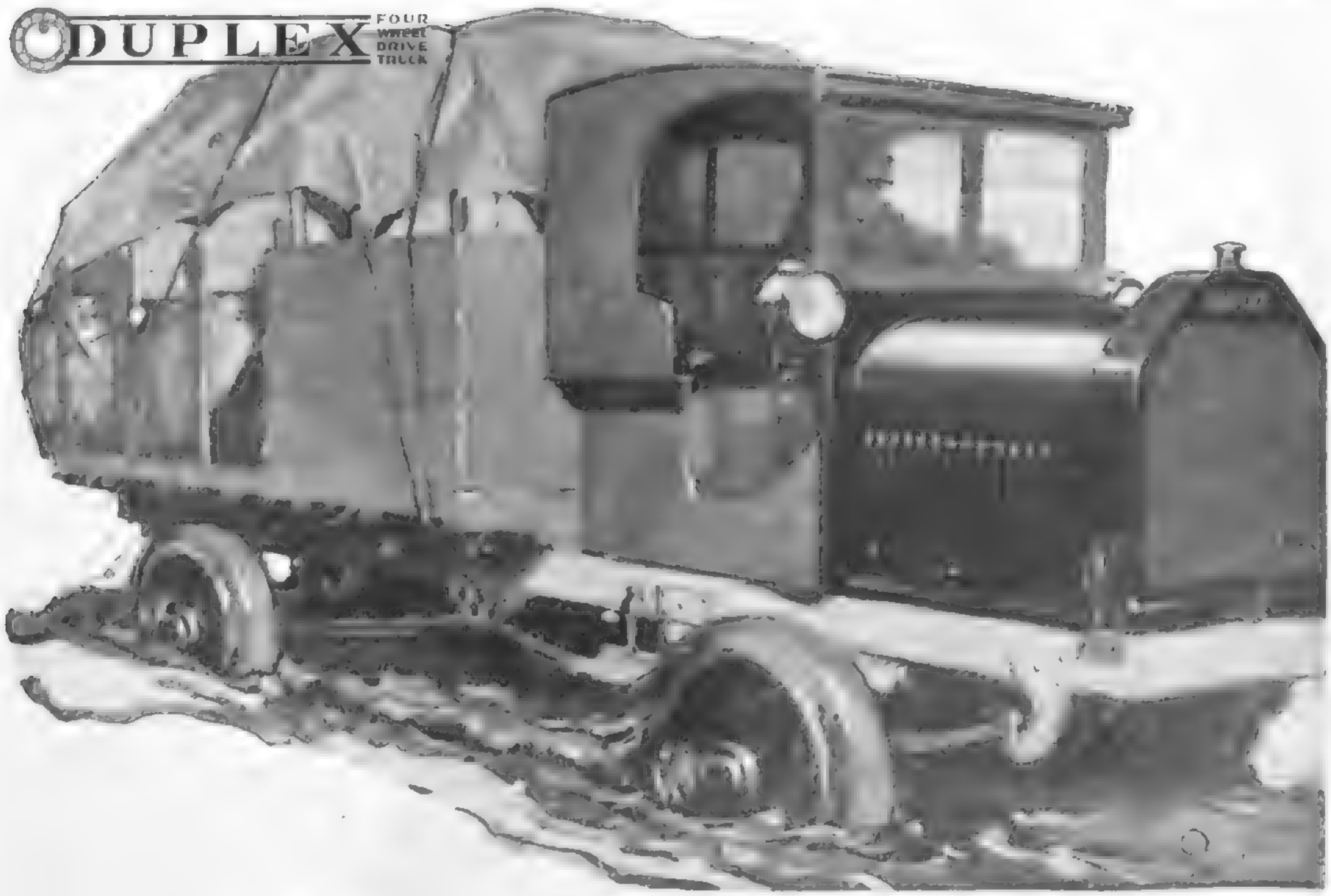
A Carborundum Niagara Grinder for shop, home or farm

The Carborundum Scythe Stone gives just the edge the Scythe should have

For every man the Carborundum Razor Strop

Every Knife a Sharp Knife in the home that has a Carborundum Knife Sharpener.

DUPLEX FOUR WHEEL DRIVE TRUCK



The Duplex *Always* Saves

We can learn of no single instance wherein the Duplex 4-Wheel Drive has not reduced hauling costs.

Its savings run as high as 60 per cent. The lowest figure is 20 per cent.

But there is *always a saving*. That is the point that interests business men.

When we say Duplex ton-miles average 20 to 60 per cent less, we are simply reporting the net experience of Duplex owners.

The Duplex costs less in comparison with horses and mules. It costs less in comparison with other trucks.

It costs less on city cobbles and in country mud —in the best going and the worst.

"In the sand deserts of Florida, the Duplex has reduced our hauling expense 30 per cent," writes G. C. Pringle, Betts Naval Stores Company, Compass Lake, Fla. "It takes the place of 12 mules by day, and at night we make one or two extra trips."

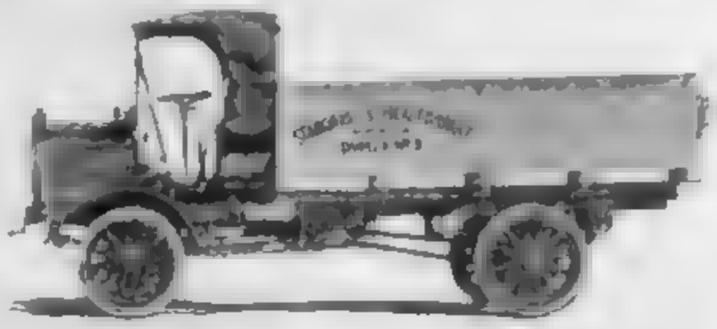
The Duplex has four times the pulling power it would have with two instead of four driving wheels.

That means continuous haulage; tire saving; power economy—all contributing to its lower ton-mile cost.

"We have never had less than 3½ tons of green lumber on our Duplex truck," says Reichley Bros. & Co., St. Clair, Pa., "and frequently haul seven tons. We have never had it stall, no matter how bad the roads nor how deep the snow."

Upkeep costs are lower because driving strains are evenly distributed. That is another factor in Duplex lower cost per ton-mile.

"The savings over teams and wagons replaced by three Duplex trucks will pay for the trucks in less than a year," writes W. C. Hill, superintendent of the Department of Parks and Public Works, Lansing, Mich. "Our saving per yard of gravel is practically 70 cents; on 18 yards—a day's work for a Duplex—approximately $12.60, or over $3,125 for a 250-day working year."



Duplex savings are positive. They have been proved wherever the Duplex has gone. They average 20 to 60 per cent.

They can be counted on with the same certainty that Duplex four-fold pulling power can be counted on to take the load through.

Business men can do no less than ask a Duplex dealer for a comparative demonstration, and comparative figures.

We can tell them beforehand that the Duplex is *sure* to win; that the figures are *sure* to show a *lower ton-mile cost*.

The Duplex dealer is ready and anxious for your call.

The rated capacity of the Duplex 4-Wheel Drive is 3½ tons.

Duplex Truck Company, Lansing, Mich.

DUPLEX TRUCKS
Cost Less Per Ton-mile

HOW BRITISH LABOR SEES IT

(Continued from Page 16)

Barnes, the labor member of the War Cabinet, to the Engineers.

While the trade-union wing of the party increased and strengthened its connection with the war administration the socialists pursued an opposite course, forming an aggressive left wing, which was bitterly assailed by the public in general and more especially by the trade-union leaders of the party.

Then came the December, 1918, election. You may buttonhole a dozen different individuals and the certainty is that you will get about as many individual explanations as to what the general election in Great Britain really signified. You will soon give up hope of getting anything that might be called a consensus of opinion. There is no such animal.

Lloyd George fathered and headed the so-called Coalition ticket. The Coalitionist will tell you that the country showed that it wanted the Prime Minister in and the "old gang" out. The veteran Liberal maintains that the people have been pushed off their feet by a forced election, sprung when nobody was looking and when there was no real issue before the country. Labor asks you to look at its two and a half million votes, with two-thirds of the soldiers unable to cast their ballot, and say if things are not looking up.

There is no question that labor on the whole expected a larger result, though the gain is, as we shall see, one to be most respectfully considered. Fewer seats were won than showed in the prospect. To some extent labor campaigned on anticoalition lines, which meant, for all practical purposes, anti-Lloyd George. Shortly before the election Labor Party delegates in an all-day conference decided to withdraw from all participation in the Lloyd George administration. This act, coupled with the fact that it carried among its candidates fifty known to be left-wing "radicals and pacifists," placed the labor campaign under very obvious disadvantage so far as the contest before the country was concerned.

Nevertheless the Labor Party made a showing which promises to make it the principal opposition party in the next Parliament, a rôle full of interesting possibilities. Only about half of the total electorate went to the polls, and out of that number labor secured nearly one-quarter—that is to say, two and a half million votes out of ten million. The whole of the left socialist wing was wiped out. There were sixty labor candidates elected out of the 361 in the field; no fewer than twenty-eight of these come from the miners' unions; the unskilled workers won five seats; shipbuilding and other crafts, eleven.

The outstanding fact is the return of trade unionists and the defeat of all others. Mr. Henderson's defeat despite his war record—the loss of one son in action and the service in the field of his two other sons—was the undoubted result of a misunderstanding of his loyalty and intense desire to see Prussianism destroyed.

Now one reason for stressing this election result is its bearing on the international drama which is about to open both in the Paris Peace Conference and in the labor conference also to be held in Paris.

The Will of the Country

BY THE trade unionists just elected there is no misapprehension as to the country's intentions so recently registered. Women, six million of them, newly enfranchised, helped to emphasize the decision. The country has swung toward the right, expressing its determination for a clean finish to the war job, still incomplete. There is no escaping that conclusion, whichever way the figures are studied, and whatever may be one's personal feeling as to the justice or injustice meted out in the case of sundry unsuccessful candidates. Where there were 290 Conservatives in the old House of Commons there are well over 390 in the new House. The Liberal Party has been squeezed out of existence, and though the Labor Party representation has greatly increased its strength it is distinctly more conservative or moderate in complexion than it was with its mixture of right and left wings in the House.

On the last Saturday night in December, when the returns showed how the country had voted, a discomfited candidate declared: "The people have not been heard from yet."

His friend quietly remonstrated: "Well, there must have been a few people among that five million which went Coalition."

Mr. Clynes judged the situation more wisely. "Of course we accept the verdict of the poll," he said. "Labor needs no other weapon to secure its ends. The masses of wage earners form the greater part of the electorate, and there is no change in our social order, no economic alteration which organized workers desire which they could not obtain from the floor of the House of Commons if they preferred to send their representatives in large enough numbers.

"Labor, as we desire to see it, should stand for order; it should stand for the law, because the time may come when labor may have to make the law; and if labor wishes to see that example followed labor must not hesitate to set the example. The verdict of the poll for the time being is a verdict which labor men should accept, and I protest against these open invitations to the wage earners to use the weapon of the strike and seek to menace either the public or Parliament with the threat that men will come out in the street and leave the workshops because the men have not been returned to the House of Commons. I do not think that any labor man at any time need fear the loss of anything worth having by indulging in a little candor. Certainly, it is more than possible that in the early years to come public confidence in the capacity of labor to legislate will increase. I hope to see the unity, which in such large degree was shown among all classes for the purposes of the war, continue for the purposes of peace and for the attainment of mutual benefit in the future."

The Premier's Position

DOUBTLESS the words I have just quoted represent what may be called the normal view of labor, both as regards the election and the spirit in which the industrial policies of the near future are to be framed. And yet it must be pointed out that from a survey of the labor viewpoint the present position is both satisfactory and unsatisfactory. Labor has strengthened its position in the House of Commons. This is clear enough. But it has not strengthened it in any reasonable proportion to the increase of its voting power in the country. That means that what may not inconceivably be a dangerous situation has been created. Labor has made up its mind that certain reforms shall become law, and that its voice in the affairs of the nation shall be effective in the carrying out of these reforms. It is committed to the carrying out of these reforms. It is committed to the constitutional method—a large portion of labor is. Another section shows impatience with this legal procedure. They advocate direct action, the weapon of the strike and industrial paralysis.

On the present moderate group in the House will fall the burden of demonstrating the parliamentary advantage in fighting, for example, for a general eight-hour day. During the election strong labor leaders said that an effective Labor Party inside the House was the surest guaranty against outbreaks of Bolshevism outside. They have now to make their claim good.

What may be expected to happen? That depends on two or three uncertain factors; on whether, for example, Mr. Lloyd George holds his followers or parts company with them. On the face of it the Prime Minister's position is impregnable, for he will have behind him five-sixths of the House of Commons. The Prime Minister's pace is somewhat faster than is usual to some of his supporters, and he may decline to slow down or they to speed up. Such a development may arise, particularly when questions like land nationalization come to be tackled.

An early approach by the government to the most urgent social-reform problems is certainly to be looked for, with the qualified support of all parties in the House. The Labor Party will support such reforms in principle, but urge that they be made more sweeping. How far the Prime Minister's majority will go with him is but guesswork at present. But the Prime Minister's words the other day have a special significance—if the government did not do its best to fulfill the promises made he would no longer be the head of the government, but would go back to the people and ask for a renewal of their confidence.

On a good many questions the labor members may find themselves very largely at one with the government. On others they are sure not to be. In such a matter as railway nationalization, for example, differences are certain to arise on at least two points. The first will be on the issue whether the state shall acquire the railways or control their management, as it has done throughout the war. There are a number of railroad directors in the House of Commons who will resist state ownership and stand out for control exercised through commissions. Labor will be in solid opposition to any such proposal. It is out for full ownership, and demands, moreover, representation for the workers in the management.

The Prime Minister has pledged himself to full nationalization of the railroads. But then will come the second battle—on the question of the price to be paid to the present stockholders. Proposals that touch men's pockets are apt to be looked at from different angles.

That is one example of the differences that are bound to arise between labor and the government all along the line. They will arise beyond any question on the first budget the Chancellor of the Exchequer presents, for labor is pledged to the proposition of a tax on capital—a proposition which the whole Conservative Party will fight to the death. On Ireland there can be little agreement. Tariff questions will not produce quite so acute a division, for labor is not solid on this matter. On tariffs, however, the official labor policy is to press for a system of international industrial legislation which will make measures for the shutting out of "dumped" goods unnecessary. That policy is to be pushed at the Paris Labor Conference.

But the question on which the most serious attention is fixed is whether there will or will not be a manifestation of what is known as "direct" action—that is to say, strikes and violence—as a means of enforcing the will of labor. All the responsible labor leaders have denounced such action repeatedly and emphatically. Mr. Henderson has condemned the suggestion again and again. So has Mr. J. H. Thomas. So has Mr. Clynes. Practically the whole of the sixty labor members just returned to Parliament would be against it. But that does not wholly dispose of the danger. The recent election, as Mr. Ramsay MacDonald declared amid a thunder of cheers at one Albert Hall meeting, is an open incentive to direct action. A volume of votes that should have given labor 170 seats in the House of Commons has, by the chances of the ballot box, given it sixty, and those sixty are ranged against a solid majority that constitutes the Prime Minister an unchallenged dictator if he chooses to use his power in that way. Certain sections of labor are taking the view that since the road of political action is barred against them the only hope left is to try some other.

But at present the sky is clear. Bolshevism, however that term is interpreted, has taken firm root nowhere in Great Britain. In 1917, when the Soviets in Russia were in the first flush of their career, a great labor conference was held at Leeds with the object of establishing a system of workers' and soldiers' councils throughout Great Britain. The conference had little support from the moderate men in the labor movement and it left no permanent result behind it at all.

But though there is no Bolshevism in Britain to-day that does not mean that the recurring symptoms of Bolshevism can be ignored. The madness that has made havoc of Russia has a tendency to blow westward. It may stop at the Rhine, but it will not stop even at the North Sea or anywhere else if it is not checked.

The Albert Hall Episode

FOR that kind of manifestation two or three danger spots have to be noted. One is the South Wales mining valleys; another is the shipyards of the Clyde; another the machine shops in the Midlands. So far everything is quiet enough, though there are signs and omens on the Clyde and elsewhere to which all those who are qualified to judge attach importance. Bolshevism may or may not increase; that will be determined largely on industrial grounds. If demobilization is well organized, employment is good, wages are high and management open-minded, there will be no serious fears of grave labor troubles. But if there is any breakdown in the restarting of industry, if there is cause for knots of unemployed to gather at street corners and organize red-flag processions, British ministers may find themselves faced with about as big a problem as the war itself.

One vital factor in the situation is the worker's realization of his place in industry. That is true to-day as it has never been true before. Hitherto the potentiality of power has been there, but it could never be realized for lack of efficient organization. The labor movement has passed beyond that point now. Just before the war broke out a huge trade-union merger was effected. An amalgamation was carried out bringing into one association the federated unions of the miners, the railwaymen and the transport workers—carters, dockers, tramwaymen and others—throughout the kingdom. This "Triple Alliance," as it is termed, embraces something like a million and a quarter workers.

It cannot be forgotten that there has been some foretaste, even during the war, of arbitrary labor action. Last November a big labor demonstration was to be held at the Albert Hall, London's largest auditorium. When everything had been arranged the trustees of the hall canceled the contract on the ground that "no revolutionary sentiments would be encouraged."

The organizers of the meeting appealed to a certain government department. The department said it could not interfere in the matter.

At this point the electricians' trade union heard what was happening. They forthwith cut off all the electric light in the hall while a big concert was in progress. That was only a beginning. The second step was to see that all the trains on the Underground Railway passed the stations serving the Albert Hall without stopping, and the third to arrange that no omnibus and no taxicab should put down passengers anywhere within a mile of the hall. There was no need to carry these latter projects into effect, for the

(Continued on Page 131)

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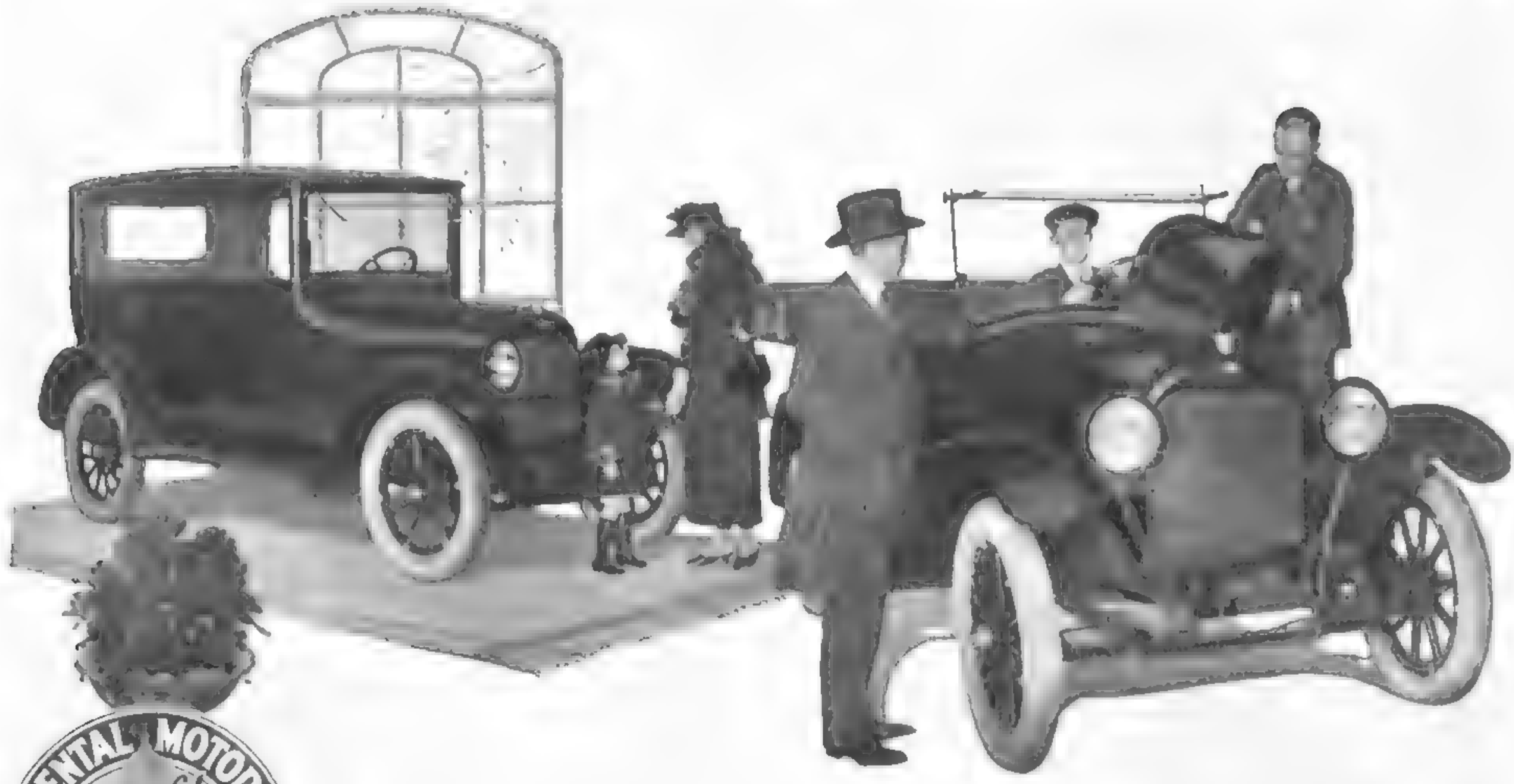

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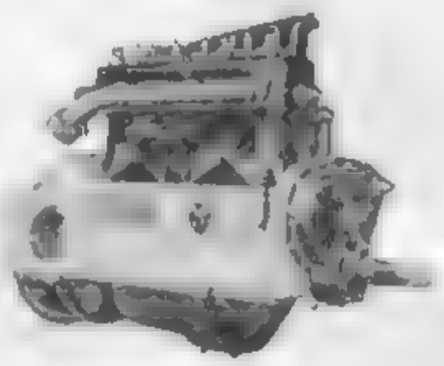

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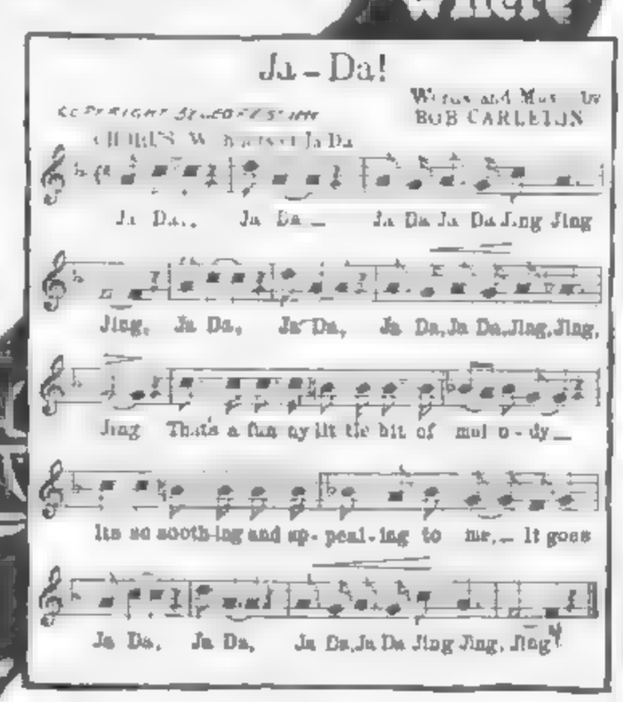
Ja-Da!
Words and Music by
BOB CARLETON
CHORUS
Ja Da... Ja Da... Ja Da Ja Da Jing Jing
Jing, Ja Da, Ja Da, Ja Da, Ja Da, Jing, Jing,
Jing That's a fun-ny lit-tle bit of mel-o-dy
Its so sooth-ing and ap-peal-ing to me,... It goes
Ja Da, Ja Da, Ja Da, Ja Da Jing Jing, Jing

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You'll Find Old Dixieland in France
Dreaming Sweet Dreams of Mother
Everything is Peaches Down in Georgia
I'm Sorry I Made You Cry
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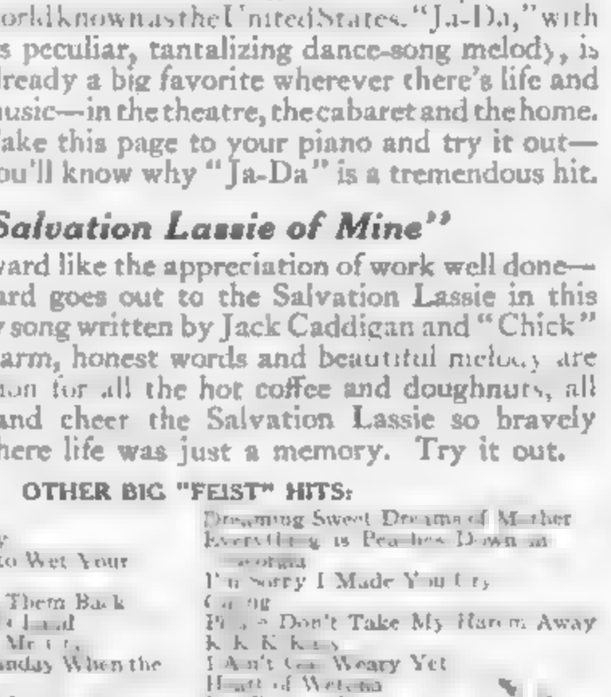
Salvation Lassie Of Mine
By CADDIGAN and STORY
A sweet lit-tle An-gel that went o'er the
sea, With the em-blem of God in her hand— A
won-der ful An-gel who brought there to me, The
sweet of a war fur-rowed land— The crown on her
head was a rib-bon of red A sym-bol of a... that's di-
vine,— Tho she called each a broth-er she
more like a moth-er, Sal-va-tion Las-sie of mine—

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(Continued from Page 127)

government department that had been unable to interfere got busy. The trustees were told they had got to carry out their contract, and the end of the affair was that instead of one labor demonstration two were held, on successive evenings. There was an element of British good humor in the situation that kept everybody cheerful, but no one who had any knowledge of the situation was blind to the significance of such an incident.

At present, as has been said, the sky is fairly clear, and if there is a disposition to meet labor's program fairly there is no reason why it should not remain clear. But the situation is emphatically not one that lends itself to bungling or insincerities.

With the end of the war there came a revival of interest in the idea of labor internationalism. Labor is naturally anxious to bring the full weight of its influence to bear upon the making of peace and intends to present to the Peace Congress a comprehensive statement of its view upon the problems of the settlement.

Labor asks in the first place for direct representation in the official Peace Congress, but is not likely to get it in the form for which it asked. It is probable, however, that labor will be represented in the Industrial Commission which this country is expected to set up in connection with the Peace Congress, as it has done already with the establishment of a League of Nations section under the chairmanship of Lord Robert Cecil. Its appointment is an earnest on the government side that labor questions will receive a proper share of attention in the Peace Congress. Both the British and the French Governments have shown a disposition to consult organized labor on the question of international labor legislation, and even seem prepared to associate labor representatives with their own plenipotentiaries in preparing proposals for submission to the Peace Congress. The Paris conference is intended to focus labor opinion on the problem of peace, especially upon two points in regard to which labor is extremely anxious to make its influence felt. One point is the formulating of a charter of international labor legislation. Henderson, the leader of British labor, who is chiefly responsible for the promotion of the conference, has stated in the course of the last few days the labor view on this matter as follows:

"Labor's view is that the adoption of the charter of international labor legislation which it will be the task of the conference to formulate is one of the necessary safeguards of future peace. Economic antagonisms between nations, unfair competition in trade, all help to intensify national jealousies and sow the seeds of war. The way to deal with this problem is to work for an approximate equality of conditions in all countries and to maintain these conditions by the authority and influence of the League of Nations."

An International Labor Program

These are the ideas with which labor men approach the question of peace. The purpose of the coming conference is to give effect to labor's conception of a satisfactory settlement of the war. In this conference all the working-class organizations of the several countries will be represented. It will probably sit in two sections. A trade-union conference composed of representatives from national bodies like the American Federation of Labor, the Confédération Générale du Travail, the British Trade Union Congress, possibly also the British General Federation of Trade Unions, and other bodies from Scandinavia, Belgium and elsewhere; and a political section of the conference, organized to some extent on the basis of the old International Socialist Bureau. Joint sessions are to be arranged between the industrial and political sections in order to compare notes and present a common program to the Peace Congress. Together the two groups or sections will produce a program of international labor legislation which the Peace Congress will be invited to incorporate in the Peace Treaty, and will suggest machinery for maintaining and extending these international provisions in connection with the League of Nations. The program has yet to be worked out. What is in the minds of the leaders is first of all protection for the women and children in industry, measures against sweating, and the limitation of hours of work, and factory legislation for the protection of the workers generally under international auspices. What is expected to result from the discussions upon this phase of the peace problem is some form of international machinery for purposes of supervision and control, in connection with the League of Nations, over the national industries.

It is obvious that labor attaches to the League of Nations power to deal with questions not usually regarded as coming within its scope. Ultimately, it is evident, labor expects to see the league become the great authority in the world, dealing not only with political matters and questions of foreign policy but with economic problems and the trade relations of one country with another and the world at large.

In any international program or body representative of labor forces the dominating influences will doubtless be the British and the American contingents. The purposes and the organization of the American Federation of Labor are well known, the policy thus far pursued being one of straight trade-union activity, free from national political affiliations.

In Britain, on the other hand, the labor forces always present a dual character, as we have seen—the political and the industrial. There is no such simplicity either of purpose or of organization so characteristic of the American labor movement, and because of this fact there is a good deal of bewilderment in the mind of the average onlooker here; one is never sure of unanimity, never sure that the pronouncement of one group one day will not be offset by the counter manifesto of other groups on succeeding days.

Various Movements in Alliance

The truth is that there are several labor movements in Great Britain, held together by the slenderest of threads and presenting a united front mainly for the accomplishment of specific ends. All the while these movements and forces are contending for mastery. To be sure, one's reliance is always on the trusted and tried leaders, who represent the prevailing moderate spirit of the British worker and the tendency of most people here to seek to win whatever ends they have in view through constitutional methods.

But an appreciation of labor's view of the industrial future in the country, of its coming activities in the larger arena of European politics and industrial policy, requires a brief explanation of what the British labor movement really is.

The total trade-union membership of the country is five million and a quarter. The General Federation of Trade Unions includes about one hundred and fifty unions belonging to some twenty industries. The more important unions outside of this federation are the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, the Miners' Federation of Great Britain, and the National Union of Railwaymen, with a membership of more than a million and a half.

The General Federation is an industrial body looking after purely trade-organization interests. The Trade Union Congress, with a more complete trade-union representation, is the general forum and policy-declaring body for the labor movement, with a Parliamentary section, in which matters of legislation and relations with various governmental agencies are considered.

Within the unions themselves vital differences of opinion prevail. There is the endless contest between organization along craft lines and along industrial lines. The question of labor merged into large groups is a source of much controversy; and finally the reverse question of splitting up into smaller units, such as shop-steward groups, a tendency away from strong central control, constantly threatens the stability of the bigger unions.

A special instance of the movement toward large units is the Triple Industrial Alliance I have already mentioned, of the National Union of Railwaymen, the Miners' Federation of Great Britain and The National Transport Workers' Federation. This body is designed to insure joint action where joint interests are concerned, and though its members are not bound to support each other in a strike it is planned that all members should be informed of any strike which is contemplated and all should then discuss the desirability of joint action. There is, in fact, a tentative step toward the "one big union"; and though its power would be almost invincible if joint action occurred it shows no sign of absorbing other unions, and it therefore stands outside the main conflicts of the trade-union world referred to above. It may be noted that the three members of it are already practically industrial unions in the full sense. The cotton industry and the mining industry are almost unique in being able to draw for their officials on men who have had any kind of special training. In the cotton industry the complications of price lists has led to the appointment of experts in every district, who are chosen practically on the basis of a competitive examination. In the mining industry miners' agents and check weighers also require considerable technical knowledge beyond that of mere industrial skill.

This is perhaps the reason why the organization in these two industries has been so complete and effective. Again, in the mining industry certain districts, in particular South Wales and Lanarkshire, have shown a tendency in their industrial organization to adopt extremist leaders and to press on the national organization an extreme industrial program. The fact that in both South Wales and Lanarkshire conditions of life are exceptionally bad is probably more than a coincidence, and though certain propagandist efforts cannot be left out of account the evil conditions which made these districts a fertile field for the agitator must be considered as one, at least, of the factors in their irreconcilable attitude.

To sum up, therefore, labor industrially is represented by a very complicated set of organizations. There is a tendency in them toward larger units, but there are forces which tell powerfully against it and which at least will make it a slow process. There is a weakness in the lack of trained administrative officials and there is a grave danger in the overcentralization of the machinery of many of the big unions. There is, in brief, a lack of cohesion in the movement as a whole, even on questions of purely trade-union policy.

These weaknesses are not new. They were, in fact, inevitable in the condition in which trade unions took their birth and grew to their present stature. For that reason there have been those periods during which industrial labor has oscillated between the two methods of attaining its ends—the industrial and the political. A perfect industrial organization would be supreme at all times but the weaknesses of imperfect organization gave success to the industrial struggle only when other circumstances were favorable to its ends. When, however, such conditions told against it and its efforts resulted in failure there was a natural reaction toward those who insisted that greater results might be obtained by the political method. The story of labor in this country may be regarded on the broadest lines as falling into three stages, of which two are complete. It had first to fight for the right to organize. Only a short time ago trade unions were illegal associations, and leaders of such illegal movements were liable to deportation and were actually deported for their activities. When the right to organize had been gained, the next step was to organize up and down the land. The legal position of a trade union is still a somewhat indefinite thing. But it may be said that substantially trade unions have a large measure of freedom. Now that that freedom has been gained, the next stage, of which we have seen only the beginning, is the stage in which the masses are groping for the effective control of industrial power.

Industrial and Political Elements

Labor's organization has grown out of a myriad scattered organizations, each jealous of its own rights; its political machinery is based on the acceptance of candidates by an affiliated union or other affiliated body and by the local organization of the party. These considerations once more emphasize the importance of continually bearing in mind the dual organization of labor, the two phases, industrial and political, which continually react, neither of which can be appreciated without a consideration of the other.

A word must be said concerning connections with organized labor outside the United Kingdom. Here again the two phases of industrial and political organization are apparent. Industrially, international organization has not yet become of much importance. International organization exists in some thirty-two British trades or crafts, of which the most important are the International Miners' Federation and the International Textile Workers' Federation. Besides these there is the general body known as the International Federation of Trade Unions, which covers twenty-one countries, including practically all those in which there is a trade-union movement. The functions of this body are mainly confined to the holding of an annual conference and to an attempt to arrange for an interchange of industrial information between the organized workers of the various countries. It has also attempted to produce a uniform set of labor statistics, though without much success. Great Britain is represented on it by the General Federation of Trade Unions, which, as has been seen, covers only a portion of the organized workers in the kingdom and does not include some of the biggest and most powerful unions. It seems possible, however, that this body may gain a new importance and may wield more practical influence in the future if, as is anticipated, international labor legislation becomes a regular function of a League of Nations.

The political organization of labor internationally is of much greater importance. The origin of the International was due to Karl Marx, and it is interesting to remember that its genesis took place in London in 1864, though it is only since 1889 that regular meetings have been held and it was in 1900 that was formed the permanent body known as the International Socialist Bureau. The connection between the bureau and the labor and socialist organizations of Great Britain is secured by a joint committee known as the British section of the International Socialist Bureau. This body consists of five delegates from the Labor Party: Two from the Independent Labor Party, two from the British Socialist Party and one from the Fabian Society, together with the three British delegates to the central body. The apparent collapse of the whole international movement when faced with the outbreak of a European war can easily be exaggerated; strong common elements on which it could be rebuilt subsisted, except in the case of the Germans; and the efforts which were made from time to time to secure its resurrection have not been without their effect.

Serious Difficulties

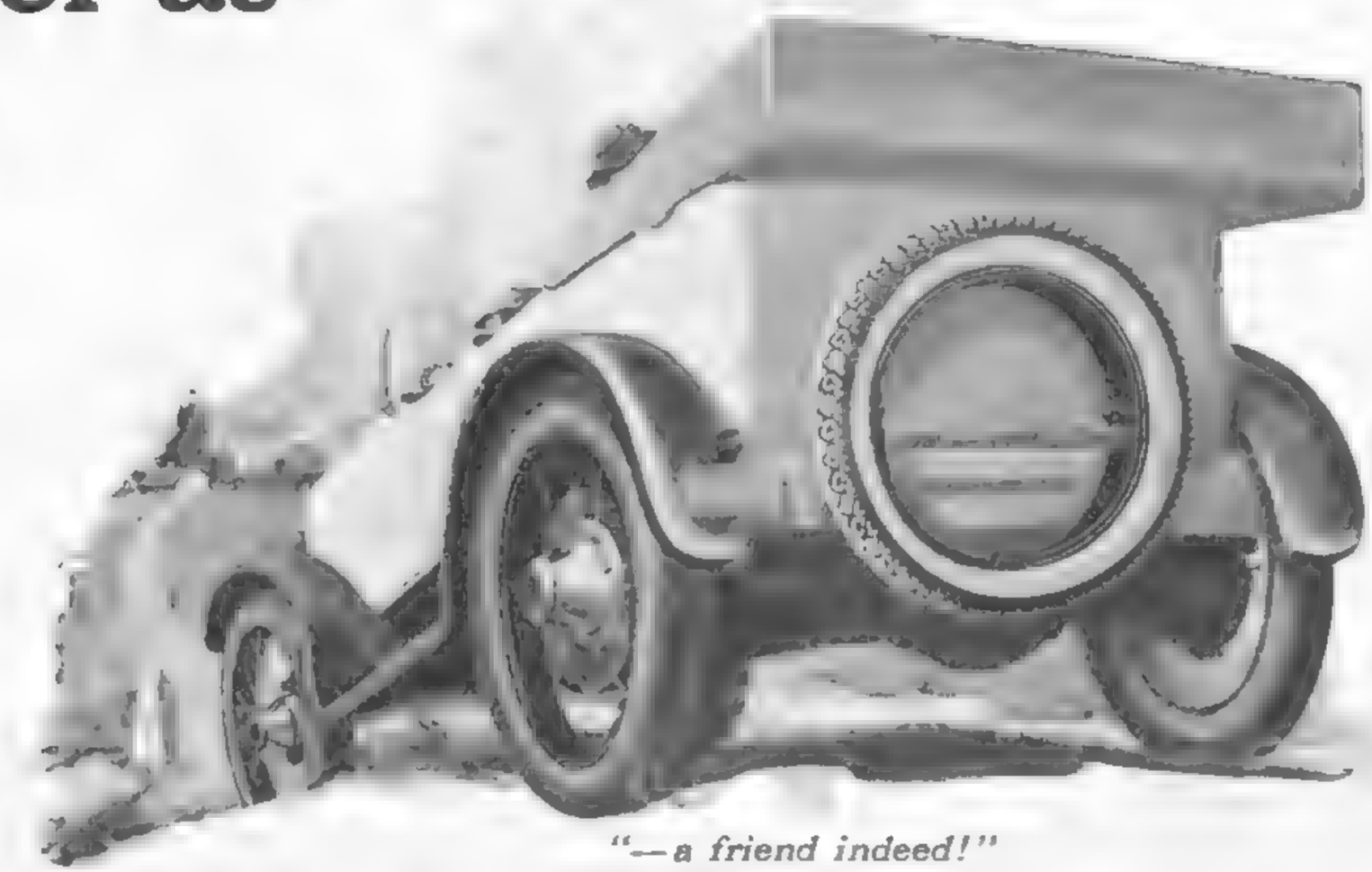
Many circumstances now continue to secure for it a new and more promising future, though it has also to face new difficulties. On the one hand there is the increasing feeling of solidarity among the workers of the various nations, on the other the sharper differences among the labor and socialist bodies; and just as the Labor Party in Great Britain has had to find a working arrangement with the industrial organization, so too the International on the question of international labor legislation will have to secure coöperation with the International Trade-Union Federation. In Great Britain the coördination was easy since the personnel, industrial and political, is so largely the same. Internationally there is greater divergence, and the great labor movement of America, though represented on the International Trade-Union Federation, has not so far a separate political organization, and if it had it would probably find the atmosphere of the International much too extreme. Hence the International will find it difficult to secure a real coherence on industrial matters.

A much more serious difficulty in the way of international solidarity is the split within the national organizations as regards the attitude toward the Russian Bolsheviki and their claims to represent the Russian people. So far as this country is concerned, its verdict is on record. The moderate and dominant sections of the labor movement, opposed to anarchy, have carried the day, and credentials from Bolshevist sources will be most critically examined. It is the conviction of more than one leader here that the greatest menace to the success of the Russian Revolution has been the terrorists who seized the reins, kept the people in check by a liberal sprinkling of funds and machine guns, and who have no hope of remaining in control except as they can duplicate the Russian chaos, destruction of industry and capture of all labor organizations in other countries. Hope lies in the solid *centre bloc* typified by men like J. H. Thomas and Clynes and Henderson. The lurking danger lies in the smaller revolutionary bodies, often fortunate in clever political leadership, and their power to exploit industrial friction or political discontent.

(Concluded on Page 135)

Tires Differ as Principles Differ

Policies and Standards Determine Merit



"—a friend indeed!"

EXPERIENCE has proved this great principle: Super-tires depend on standards. A perfect tire is chiefly a matter of care and skill and cost. Formulas, fabrics and standards vary tire costs greatly. And they vary tire endurance fully as much. Reinforcements, plies, thickness—all are a matter of expense.

In every tire factory, therefore, the great question is, "How much can we give for the money?" The product depends on the policy adopted.

For nearly a century the Brunswick policy has been to give all that is possible—all that anyone can give—all that any cost can buy.

That accounts for the supremacy of Brunswick products. As we have built our success in other lines, so do we adhere to these policies in making tires and tubes.

Men cannot be fooled on tires. Only *better tires* can win.

The Brunswick organization of tire makers includes a brilliant staff of technical experts. Not a man among them has spent less than 20 years in tire-making.

Each is a master of his craft. And the new ideas they bring to the attention of the Brunswick directors receive sincere consideration.

Every suggestion for improvement, every betterment, is adopted unanimously.

All this means added betterments—*and costs*—some of which might have been excluded had we not learned so well that first principle of tire-building.

We speak thus frankly of manufacturing ideals and Brunswick ideals because they interpret the greater satisfaction that motorists are finding in Brunswick Tires.

The Brunswick Tire is the combination of acknowledged features—plus standards—which bring about the results in which the motorist is interested.

Men expect more from Brunswick Tires. Let us assure you that you get more.

One Brunswick will convince you. In it you will find maximum qualities.

Brunswick TIRES

and Tubes—Plain, Skid-Not and Ribbed Treads

There's a Brunswick Tire for Every Car—Cord, Fabric, Solid Truck

We Offer to Dealers a Unique Opportunity. Write us for Proposition.

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company General Offices. **623–633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago**

Branches in the Principal Cities of United States and Canada (1443)

Both make Electricity:—
the Power Station Dynamo and the Fiery little Columbias

THE big dynamo whirling in the power station makes electricity for the big jobs—to light the city; to run the factory full of machines; to propel the street cars.

The fiery little Columbias standing quietly behind the scenes make electricity for all the little jobs—to ring bells and buzz buzzers; to make telephones talk; to run toys for the little folks; to ignite farm engines, autos, trucks, tractors, and motorboats.

THE DRY BATTERY

THE world is so used to having the Columbia Dry Battery always at its beck and call, the little red fellow's work is accepted as a matter of course.

Yet he is really one of the great marvels of the age—marvelous for what he does—marvelous for his power—marvelous for his long life.

Columbia Dry Batteries are appropriately called "The handy-men of the world."

THE STORAGE BATTERY

THE Columbia Storage Battery is backed up with a *definite guarantee* that makes certain for the purchaser the actual performance to which his original purchase entitles him.

And everywhere there is Columbia Service organized to back up that guarantee. Your Columbia Storage Battery has the protection of the Columbia Pyramid Seal stamped on its lead terminals. No one but authorized Columbia Service Station experts will break that seal—they, and they only, have the authority and equipment for re-sealing.

And if your battery should fail to live up to its guarantee, its intact Columbia Pyramid Seal will show at once that the battery has not been tampered with and you are entitled to thorough repairs or another battery without additional cost.

Columbia Storage Battery Service is all around you—it will be well worth your while to drop in and let them show you how they will save you annoyance and expense.

Columbia
Storage and Dry Batteries

"Sampeck"

TRIPLE-SERVICE SUIT

SIZES, 7 to 18 YEARS

TO the Mother who buys it; to the Boy who wears it and to the Father who pays for it our TRIPLE-SERVICE Suit makes a three-fold appeal—Durability, Pride, Thrift.

Extra-sewn pockets; re-inforced wear-proof seat and knee and interlocking seams, together with the characteristic Sampeck style—grace and the encouragement of "correct posture," which adds so much to your boy's appearance.

Sold By Your Clothier At

$15.00

under our binding guarantee of "*Satisfaction or Purchase Price Refunded.*"

We stand behind every TRIPLE-SERVICE Suit for wear and service.

FREE—Boys! Send for a copy of "Movie Stars." It pictures in *real* life the Screen Heroes you love in *reel* life. In writing, be particular to mention your clothier's name.

SAMUEL W. PECK & CO.
1140 Broadway, New York

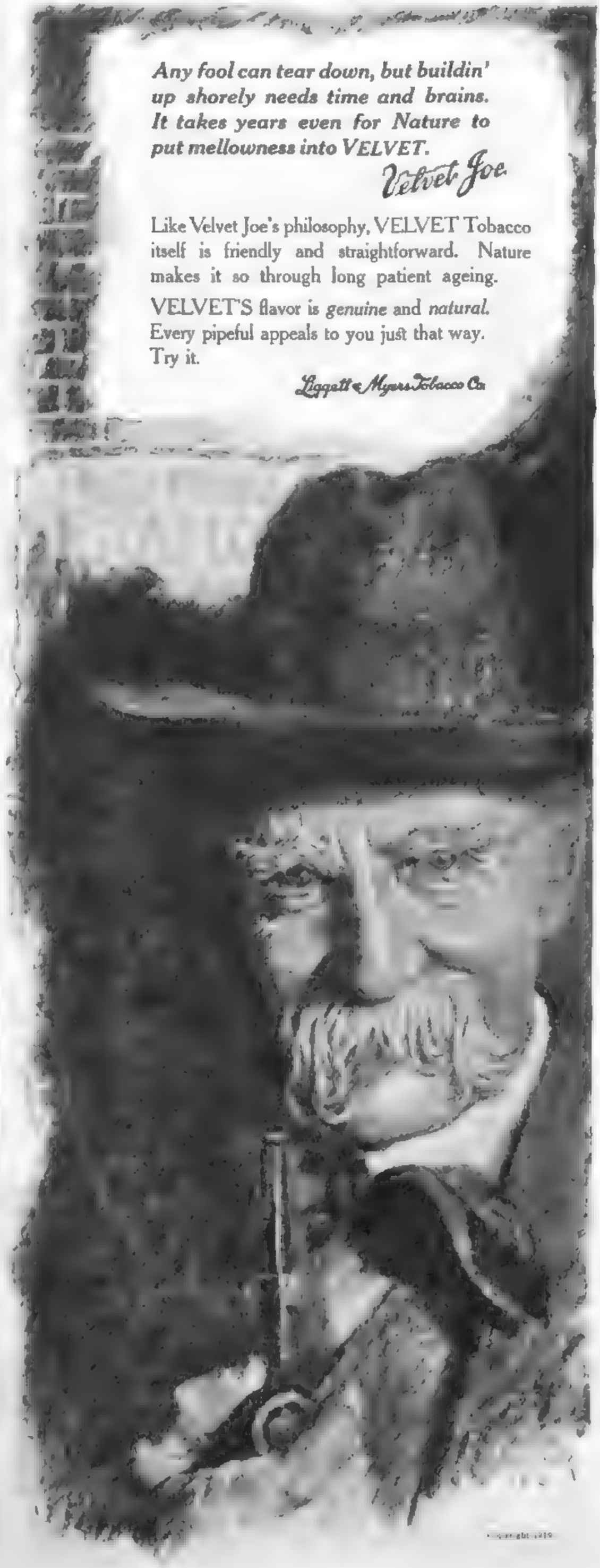
Any fool can tear down, but buildin' up shorely needs time and brains. It takes years even for Nature to put mellowness into VELVET.

Velvet Joe.

Like Velvet Joe's philosophy, VELVET Tobacco itself is friendly and straightforward. Nature makes it so through long patient ageing.

VELVET'S flavor is *genuine* and *natural.* Every pipeful appeals to you just that way. Try it.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



(Concluded from Page 131)

The danger of revolution is, however small, never negligible. At a time when the apparently unassailable autocracy of Russia has crumbled away, when Europe almost from end to end is in chaos, it is no longer safe to regard even the soundest of systems as exempt from assault. The revolutionary spirit is abroad and the international organization of labor provides numerous channels for its transference here if circumstances not now apparent make British labor a suitable host for infection.

It is necessary to point out briefly what are the characteristics of the labor movement in Europe. In France we have again the duality of an industrial and a political movement. The Confédération Générale du Travail is the industrial organization and the Parti Socialiste the political. Both are small, measured by membership—about 600,000 in the case of the C. G. T., and 60,000 in the case of the Parti—but their influence and importance are not to be gauged in this way. The Socialist Party, for example, obtained 102 seats in the Chamber of Deputies, the total number of deputies being 602. Besides the 102 members of the Socialist Party there are thirty "Independent" Socialist deputies.

Both organizations—that is, the Parti and the C. G. T.—represent broadly the same point of view. This year arrangements have been made for the closer union of the two organizations and for better cooperation in their joint aims. The political movement differs from the British labor movement, however, most characteristically in the nature of its leadership and in its theory. It is essentially doctrinaire, its leaders "intellectuals," with a distinct philosophic bent in their writings and propaganda; but its general policy and attitude are in this country regarded as extreme.

The Italian labor movement is in outline very similar to the French. On the industrial side is the Confederatione Generale di Lavoro, and on the political, the Socialist Party. Political unity is not so marked as in the case of France, and during the war the government received support from some elements of the extreme left as well as from the right. The general tendencies in both the industrial and political movements, however, are very extreme, more so even than of the French, and approximate closely to those of the Socialist Labor Party in England.

In Norway and Sweden the radical movement is strong and is in close alliance with the labor organizations. Having been subjected to Bolshevik propaganda it has become more extreme and may develop dangerously in spite of the moderation of its best-known leaders, such as Branting. The movement has also gained ground in Denmark.

Recent events in Holland have served to bring into prominence the divisions of the movement—a right group, the center, and the party generally, led by Troelstra; and the left or extremist wing—and have given some indication of its aims and strength. The revolutionary movement commanded the adhesion of only a minority of the workers; had Troelstra not been so sure of his victory as to announce publicly when the revolution would begin the revolutionaries might have been temporarily successful in a coup d'état. As it was, the result was an overwhelming demonstration of loyalty to the constitution and the Queen.

The labor organizations themselves can claim to have been the first to direct attention to the necessity for international labor legislation, and recently in England, France, Italy, the Scandinavian countries and in Belgium they have either urged in general or indicated in detail the problems to be tackled—the right of trade-union combination, the restriction of dangerous trades, the provision of holidays and leisure, insurance, the regulation of the employment of juvenile and female labor, and so on. The practical accomplishment of the international regulation of these, and of humane conditions of industry in general, means an infinite accumulation of detailed knowledge; and none is better fitted by experience and by interest to assist in its collection and to interpret it for the guidance of legislatures than is organized labor. If, therefore, this problem is tackled by a League of Nations as one of its essential functions, one at least of the main present mistrusts of labor will have been removed. Moderate labor leaders in all the European countries will be able to strengthen their position by the solid argument of something done.

There is one final factor which cannot be left out of account, and that is Russia. It should be first of all noted that Russia - or at all events the Bolshevik elements which now control it—has no place or function in the securing of better industrial conditions by means of international legislation. The Bolshevik theory does not allow of any compromise with existing governments or of any action which would involve any recognition of its rights. International legislation or agreement binding the individual states to place certain restrictions on industry is something to which Russian representatives could not subscribe, since in their political and industrial system the employer or management as we know it does not exist. It is not, therefore, in this practical field that Russian influence may be felt.

Its importance lies in its determined propaganda, the destructiveness of which it would be fatal to underestimate.

All parties, political or industrial, are striving toward ideals which even their most fervid adherents admit are incapable of attainment except by slow progress. Their policy is to make that progress as rapidly as possible, but step by step. Even the socialistic theory of Marx looked to an evolution in which industrialism must live its full life—and collapse eventually. It was in fact this argument which the majority socialists in Germany employed to fortify their support of German imperialism during the war, urging that the sooner Germany reached the dominant position to which she was undoubtedly progressing, the sooner would capitalism have run its course; and in the face of this universal doctrine of slow evolution—toward whatever end—the extremist who demanded a sudden overthrow of industrial organization at one blow laid himself open to the charge of the maddest unreason.

Bolshevism in Russia, however, has persuaded a certain type of mind that the apparently impossible can be done, and that the results, good or ill, can be sustained. Adherents of extreme doctrines are doubting now whether they should not revise their ideas as to the means by which their ideals can be attained, and this attitude of doubt is fertile soil for Bolshevik propaganda. In England, where most of the leaders of labor are hard-headed men from the industries, not prone to vague enthusiasms, there is naturally a tendency to judge by results and to refuse to be stampeded into support of the Bolshevik method or end, with news daily flowing into England of atrocities, famine and industrial chaos in Russia. But it must not be forgotten that the declared intention of the Bolshevik Government is to secure international revolution, and that it is led by men who are experts trained for the purpose. They count it a gain to split any movement, provided one section be more extreme than the original was as a whole.

He would be a wizard indeed who attempted to chart or predict the course of industrial events for the months to come. There is still too much confusion; our knowledge of the situation in various countries is too incomplete for any clear indication of the direction in which the discordant forces covered by the phrases "labor movement" and "labor viewpoint" are moving. We are certain of the course that American labor will pursue both in its home and its international policy. Behind Mr. Gompers and his colleagues there stands a solid body of trade-union opinion and support, the fruit of years of growth and experience.

Back of the elected leaders and spokesmen of the British labor forces there is a powerful body of moderate, typically British workers who will resist to the utmost any excursions into unknown fields of industrial experimenting at the expense of a movement which took a century of struggle to bring to its present stage. Coöperating with these forces for constructive methods are the most respected employers and managers, and a body of public opinion favorable to the cause of labor's advance.

Britain and America will no doubt have more to do with shaping the course of events in Europe than all other countries combined. But the path of labor's representatives from the English-speaking countries will not be an easy one. Plans or traps, as one may choose to view them, have been laid for the capture of the delegations. Rumors will soon fly thick; propagandists are on the job; nothing will be overlooked that may give the impression in Great Britain and in America that trusted leaders have succumbed to the projects of upheaval. But Continental Europe will find that neither British nor American representatives are easy marks. Labor in both countries not only looks forward to a peace period marked by orderly progress in industrial relations but is especially impressed by the tremendous importance of maintaining industry intact in order to save the victims of Europe's industrial chaos.

That a new international note is coming into the English-speaking labor world is obvious. There is a tendency to regard the results of the recent general election as a condemnation of international entanglement. To the extent that such entanglement imports an alien spirit into labor policy and implies a disregard of natural typical loyalties of the people there were indeed both condemnation and repudiation.

Yet even during the war British labor kept alive the idea of international labor relations through the interallied conferences, which were held in London in 1915, 1917 and 1918. At these conferences labor's views on the meaning of the world war and its solutions of the problems raised by it were set forth in the well-known Memorandum of War Aims.

Summing up the labor viewpoint and situation in Great Britain I should say that the outstanding event that will make the year 1919 a landmark in these matters is the definite emergence of the Labor Party as the government's chief alternative and opposition party. It is the old labor party enlarged and definitely reconstituted.

About a year ago the party constitution was changed in order to strengthen the membership and give it greater weight in political life. One innovation was the formal recognition of the interest of "all producers by hand or brain." Unlike Bolshevists, the Labor Party does not see the industrial organizer, specialist and manager as anathema. He is an indispensable factor in production, unless, as in Russia, industry is to be reduced to primitive conditions of barter. It is of interest to note that lately Lenine has been pleading with his coadjutors to entice the fugitive employers and managers back by most extravagant sums of money, in order to resurrect the dead industries of his country.

The present leaders of the Labor Party are clear-headed patriotic men, with experience in building up and with a keen industrial sense. Backed by the strong Trade-Union Congress, which recently signalized its fiftieth birthday by sending a message of congratulation to the Forces, the prospects on which the majority of the labor forces base their hopes are good. It is not conceivable that the present government will disappoint these hopes.

Signs point to a far-reaching program of national reforms on which labor, government and thinking employers will unite. Their slogan is: "Make Britain a good country to live in; its industries fit places to work in."

Dependable Power

Midwest Engine Company Products

Midwest—Diesel Engines
Midwest—Hvid Oil Engines
Midwest—Parsons Turbines (Reaction Type)
Midwest—Wait Turbines (Impulse Type)
Midwest—Hill Centrifugal and Reciprocating Pumps and Auxiliaries
Werkspoor Diesel American Licensees

HERE again is an illustration of Midwest dependability. This elevator service pump set operates all the elevators in the large Western Reserve Building in Cleveland, Ohio. Where hundreds of passengers are transported from floor to floor each hour, reliable and safe apparatus is imperative.

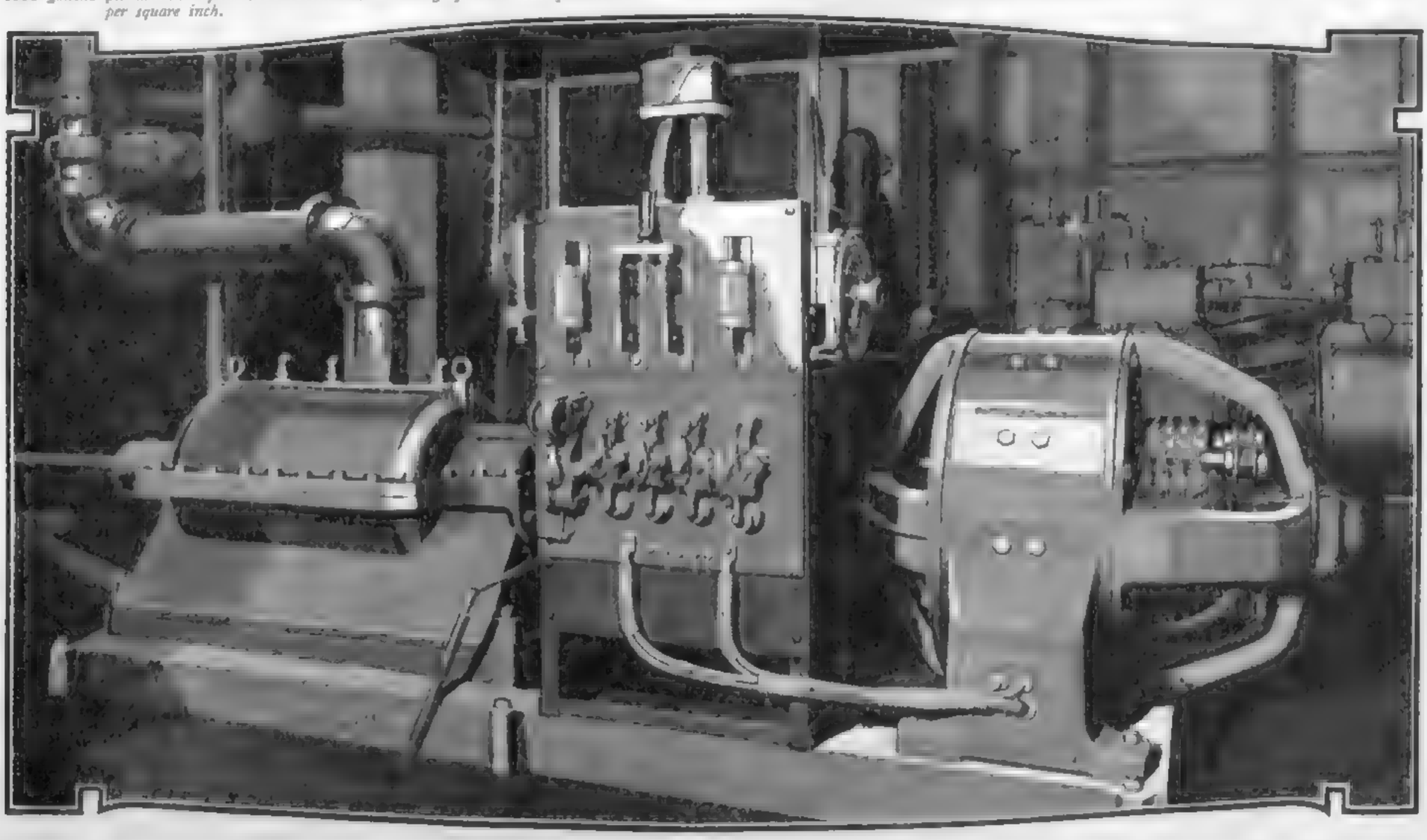
This particular pump has been in service one year and it has never been necessary to furnish any repairs for it whatsoever.

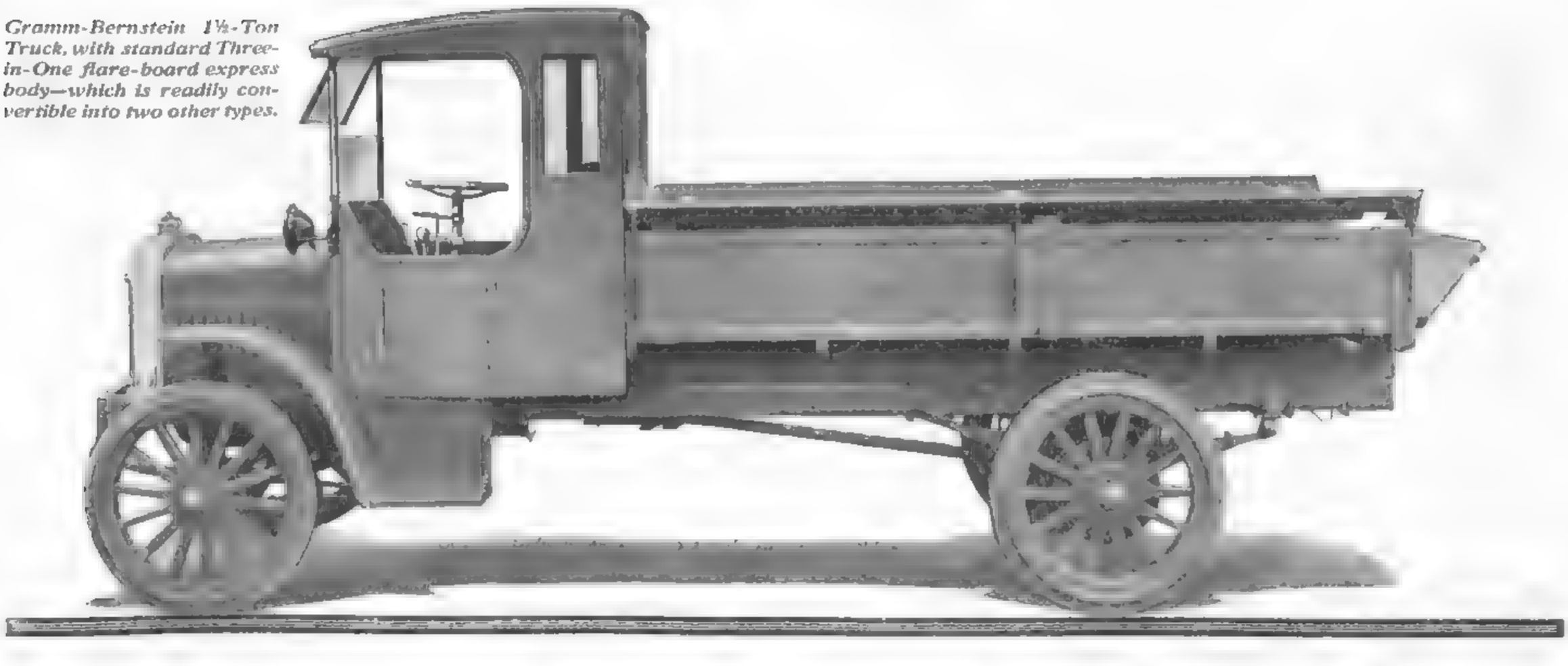
The whole unit is controlled automatically, starting and stopping every few minutes, thus keeping pressure in the supply tank regulated at 110 pounds.

The Midwest Company produces prime motive power and auxiliaries for practically every industrial need; and the precision of our manufacture, coupled with the rugged correctness of Midwest engineering, makes it advisable for you to give Midwest equipment the most serious consideration in connection with your building or expansion plans. Note the list of Midwest products printed under our trademark on the left side of this page. All inquiries are given our immediate attention—we will even send representatives of our engineering department to confer with you if you think it advisable.

MIDWEST
ENGINE COMPANY
Successor to the Lyons Atlas Company and the Hill Pump Co.
INDIANAPOLIS, U. S. A.

Four stage pump direct connected with 100-H. P., 250-volt, direct-current motor—capacity 1000 gallons per minute—speed 1150 revolutions—discharge pressure 110 pounds per square inch.





Gramm-Bernstein 1½-Ton Truck, with standard Three-in-One flare-board express body—which is readily convertible into two other types.

The Extra-Value Truck, Backed by a Good Name

The positive voucher for real extra-value in this 1½-ton Gramm-Bernstein, is the name of B. A. Gramm.

Truck-buyers know that name means 18 years of truck-building. They know what it has always stood for.

So the name, back of actual outstanding superiorities, won instant recognition of this truck as an unusual value.

Built as a 1½-Ton Truck Should Be

To begin with, it is the product of the longest experience in the truck business—dating back to 1901.

Second, it is exactly what this experience shows that a good 1½-ton truck should be.

It is well-engineered and well-built. It is perfectly balanced, and uniformly strong and sound in all its units.

Rear Axle Good for 2-Ton Duty

The rear axle is literally the truck foundation. The one B. A. Gramm puts under this vehicle is fit for 2-ton duty. Its bearing sizes, for example, are one to two points larger than in many 2-ton axles.

Yet it is specified for the 1½-ton Gramm-Bernstein. B. A. Gramm does this as one means of insuring long life and thorough reliability. The first 4-cylinder truck he built in 1906 is in service in 1919.

These Gramm-Bernstein springs might appear too heavy, or the leaves too many for the truck's capacity. Mr. Gramm's experience tells him they are precisely right for a 1½-ton truck. He could use springs less costly than these of Vanadium alloy—but he will not risk a fine truck reputation of 18 years' standing.

Costlier Methods Make a Better Truck

So all through. Longer life, better service with greater economy; built into the truck, even at higher cost of materials and methods.

By some, this 1½-ton transmission probably would be considered admirable for a 2½-ton truck. But Mr. Gramm knows the work to be done, and has built it for that work.

He does away with the "whip" of a one-piece propeller shaft by using a two-piece shaft. Three universal joints instead of two—better engineering and better results.

Both brakes work on the rear wheels, because Mr. Gramm has found that a propeller shaft brake causes excess wear on the rear transmission bearing. Again, the Gramm method is more costly—and better.

The frame is positively insured against misalignment and undue strain by six sturdy cross members. These are gusseted for still greater strength; and rear corner braces are provided, in addition to the customary corner gussets.

The radiator—Gramm make and design—is spring-cushioned to the frame.

These are strong evidences of unusual value. Without these elements, the success of a truck is doubtful.

Positive Assurance of Excess Value

If further assurance of downright excess value were asked, we should say, "Dig into Gramm-Bernstein records for performance, for low-cost operation, for honest service."

We know this truck to be so much better—the Gramm-Bernstein record is so clean—that we feel the two factors must convince thoughtful business men and truck buyers.

Three-In-One Body a 1½-Ton Feature

A highly practical feature of the 1½-ton Gramm-Bernstein is its Three-in-One body, illustrated on this page.

Other body types are the platform stake and the slatted stake, each furnished in high, medium and low styles.

The Gramm-Bernstein line includes all practical capacities from 1½ to 5 tons—all chainless drive.

The Gramm-Bernstein Motor Truck Company

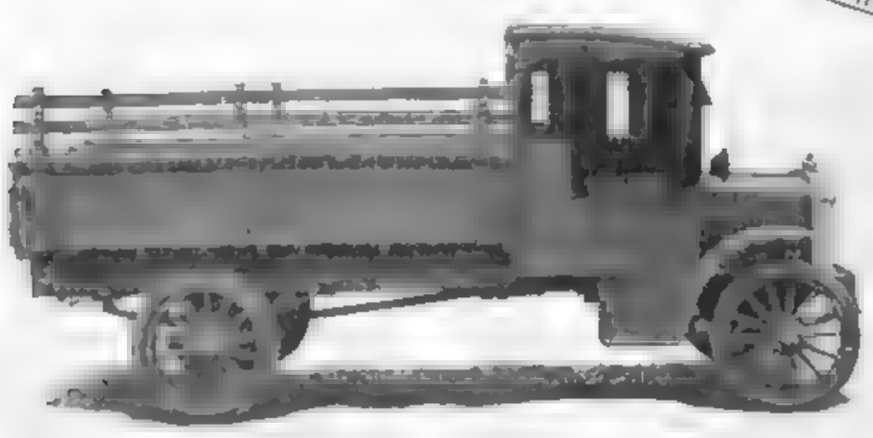
Builder of the first standardized Liberty (U. S. A.) Truck

Lima, Ohio, U. S. A.

THE GRAMM-BERNSTEIN MOTOR TRUCK COMPANY

GRAMM BERNSTEIN

MANUFACTURERS OF HIGH GRADE CHAINLESS MOTOR TRUCKS - 1½ - 2 - 2½ - 3½ - 5 TONS



The 1½-ton Gramm-Bernstein Three-in-One body, with extra slatted panels added.

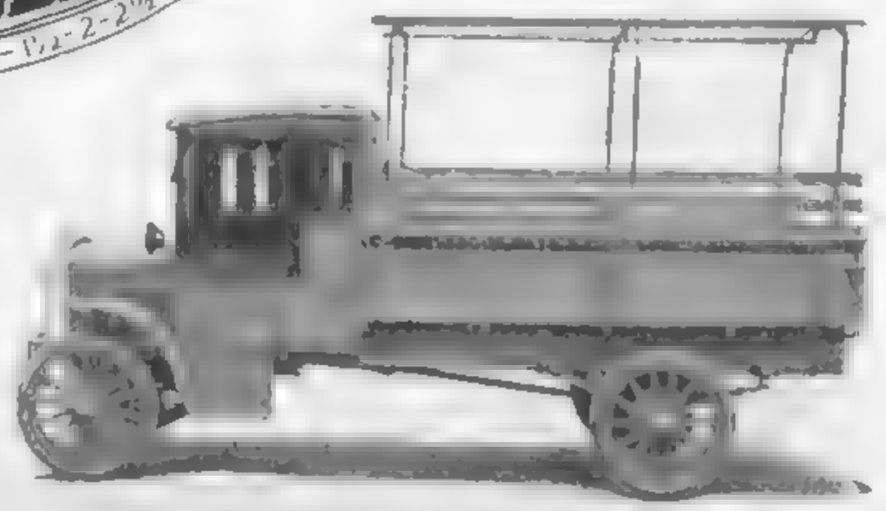
$1895

F. O. B. Lima, Ohio

1½-Ton Chassis with driver's seat.

$1975—1½-Ton Chassis with all weather cab, doors, curtains and windshield.

$2110—1½-Ton Truck, complete as illustrated above, with flare-board express body, which is convertible into a slatted express body and a covered, slatted express body.



Extra slatted panels and tarpaulin carrier added to the standard flare-board express body.

250,000
WORDS AT ONE FILLING

Every Eversharp holds the twelve leads pictured above, actual size. Eighteen inches in all. Many months' supply. Enough for a quarter-million words. Ten thousand words, one cent!

No whittling or wasted lead. Every particle of lead is used in *actual writing*. And there's a point for every word, for Eversharp is *always* sharp—*never* sharpened!

Eversharp Leads, in various degrees of hardness, have a fineness, firmness and smoothness all their own. They come in their own Eversharp lead box, recognized by the Eversharp trade mark on the seal. Look for it.

Like the leads, Eversharp is good all through. That is why you see Eversharp everywhere—in the club, at the office, on the train, in the hands of both rising young men and professional men who have long made their mark.

Whether your Eversharp is selected for the pocket, chain or lady's handbag, its beauty and efficiency are always the same. Eversharp is a recognized symbol of good taste and good writing everywhere.

Prices, $1 and up. If your dealer is not supplied, write for descriptive literature to aid in selection direct.

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1806 Roscoe Street Chicago, Illinois
EASTERN OFFICE: Astor Trust Bldg., 501 5th Ave., New York
BERT M MORRIS CO., 444 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.
Western Representatives for Eversharp Pencils and Tempoint Fountain Pens
CANADIAN REPRESENTATIVES
The Rowland & Campbell Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, Manitoba

DEALERS: Write today for catalog and interesting proposition on Eversharp and Tempoint.

EVERSHARP
ALWAYS SHARP—NEVER SHARPENED
Right-Hand Mate to the famous Tempoint Pen

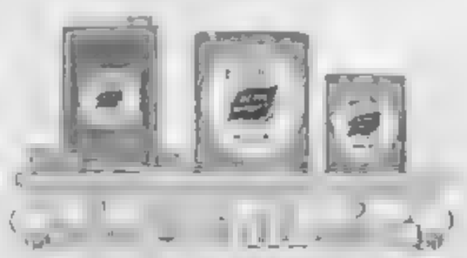
Eversharp Pencils and the Tempoint Pen

Keeping your home Beautiful

START the spring season with a cheery determination to put the sunshine of fresh Acme Quality Paints and Finishes into every shady corner in your house, on every wear-weary spot! How you will be repaid! Every brush stroke will prove a delight! With the friendly aid of

ACME QUALITY
PAINTS & FINISHES

pleasing results are assured. Your decorator knows and approves them. Acme Quality Paints and Finishes are what you need—an Acme kind for every purpose! They give to floors, furniture, walls—to every surface that can be painted—a finish that is as lasting as it is beautiful. Acme Quality Paints and Finishes are particularly for home service. And, to aid home beautifiers we have published two booklets—"Acme Quality Painting Guide" and "Home Decorating." If you would get every joy out of your home, by all means get these books. They're free for the asking. If your dealer's supply is out, write us.



For the many "touching up" jobs about the house, keep always on hand at least a can each of Acme Quality Varnotile, a varnish for floors, woodwork and furniture; Acme Quality White Enamel for iron bedsteads, furniture, woodwork and all similar surfaces; and, a quart of Acme Quality Floor Paint of the right color.

ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS
Dept. A DETROIT, MICH.

Boston	Minneapolis	Pittsburgh
Toledo	Birmingham	Dallas
Lincoln	Portland	Los Angeles
Chicago	St Louis	Cincinnati
Nashville	Fort Worth	Topeka
Spokane	Salt Lake City	

VALUES REVISED

(Continued from Page 7)

"Good for you!" her visitor nodded in approbation.

"They are the real thing," said Alicia, "and the things they care for are real."

"Money's a pretty real thing too," remarked its possessor. "I wish I knew just what their objection to it is."

"I'm not sure whether they think you can't have so much without its being inevitably ground from the faces of the poor, or whether they just chiefly have an aversion for it for what it—well—connotes. To them the manners and the lives of the notoriously rich are just—you'll excuse me—plain vulgar; they feel toward them as you might toward—well, the *nouveaux riches*. You're all *nouveaux riches* to them, you see."

"Well, by Jove!" exclaimed Eric. "At that, they're more than half right! And still we aren't so bad; we average rather fairly; they might remember we even go to colleges."

"It's what you do—or don't do—after college that they object to," suggested Alicia. "I imagine a lot of your friends would be pretty well at a loss, shorn of their money, for instance; but with or without money, can you imagine my mother-in-law ever being at a loss anywhere? She would always be just herself. Vere too—but you've seen her transplanted."

"She was charming."

"And as for Viva!"

"As for Miss Viva," said Eric, "she hates me most of all." Their eyes met and they both smiled.

"Viva," Alicia ventured, "is—very loyal."

"I've gathered as much. Her devotion to tennis is also remarkable. Vere plays a much better game."

"She ought," Alicia ventured again. "She has had more practice."

"I gathered that too," said Eric. He got up from the low chair with lazy grace. "Well, I'm going, undiscouraged, to pay my desperate court to your mother-in-law. I'm dying to take her some real flowers, but I don't dare. I tell you what ——" His countenance brightened—"I'll get her some wild ones—myself."

"She'll love that."

"I'll hunt up Warwick. If it wasn't for Warwick I should despair."

"One member of the family who doesn't despise your money," his hostess observed maliciously.

"Oh, Warwick's the real thing. And he can run the light car now mighty near as well as I. Even that small favor"—he added bitterly—"I practically had to go on my knees for."

Alicia laughed heartlessly.

"The sorrows of the idle rich, as Viva calls them."

"Does she indeed?" Eric answered sharply. "I'll wager I am quite as busy as that young lady."

"Where's Vere?" Alicia effected a diversion.

"Oh, Vere's busy too meaning that she's getting more tennis instruction. Pearsall's a good sort, and I suppose playing tennis all day doesn't qualify one as one of the idle rich."

"You forget it's vacation," Alicia reproved him; "and a hard-working young biologist must have some fun."

"Well, I'll get Warwick," Eric repeated with resignation, "and we'll go pond-lilying. There again—I want so much to send for my motor launch, and I don't dare."

Alicia laughed again, but her eyes followed him thoughtfully down the garden path. How could any girl help being fond of him, she wondered. He was due, he was overdue, at half a dozen summer places she knew; she knew also that a perfectly good steam yacht was going to waste in port. Yet he stayed. And one of her sisters-in-law was playing all-day tennis with a biologist, a mere biologist; and the other sang hymns of hate whenever millionaires were mentioned.

Alicia was puzzled, she was also entertained, but most of all she was worried. It would be too heartbreaking a thing if her perfectly mad family-in-law should fail to keep him in the family!

Vere, dancing rather than walking through the low, sunlit room, so filled with flowers that it seemed merely an extension of the garden without, stopped to gather a rose from a bowlful and tuck it into her belt; then taking a second she stole behind her sister's chair and dropped it in a rain of petals on the page she was reading. Simultaneously she bestowed a kiss behind her ear.

It was the kiss which alarmed Viva. In general Vere and she managed to dissemble their secret devotion and avoided demonstrations with a tenacity which was almost English in its reticent withholding. Now, looking up at her sister, Viva was seized with an immediate conviction that her anxiety was well grounded, and her sympathy for the radiant image she confronted was pierced with distrust.

"Where are you going?" she asked, even while she smiled. Vere, all in white, looked almost bridal, it occurred to her, and a second anxious glance assured her this effect did not end with her sister's raiment; it was in her eyes, on her lips, in a certain unspoken appeal to her to share it. Deep misgivings seized her.

"Where are you going?" she repeated without any smile at all.

"Oh, just tennis—with Jim," Vere answered, but she might as well have sung it.

"Again!"

"Why do you say 'again' like that? And why shouldn't it be again, I'd like to know?"

Viva opened her lips and closed them. Why, indeed, shouldn't it be?

"Oh, I had a sort of impression your other admirer was likely to turn up, that's all," she said with cold severity.

"If you mean Eric Stuyvesant!" Vere observed placidly. She finished the sentence with a shrug.

Viva flushed with unaccountable wrath.

"Do you think," she said tensely, "that it was quite nice to drag him down here just for the purpose of neglecting him?"

"Drag him down!" repeated Vere. She laughed. "If you think it took much dragging ——"

"So much the worse, then," said her sister bitingly.

Vere looked at her in astonishment.

"What is the matter with you?" she exclaimed. "I thought you were all on—on Jim's side. He thought you were, and that you'd be so—so pleased ——" She stopped consciously, and none too soon.

Viva was crimson.

"Can't I be on Jim's side, as you put it, to the extent of resenting your making a victim of him, without therefore being pleased to see you make a victim of somebody else instead? I think it's perfectly disgusting for a woman not to know her own mind."

"Who says I don't know mine?" inquired Vere, growing cool as her sister grew hot. "And, in the first place, it's perfectly absurd to call Eric a victim of mine. If he cherishes a secret passion for anyone I should say it was for mother; it's her he always asks for, and brings flowers and books to. And in the second, as if I would hesitate an instant between Jim and him."

Viva was mute, gazing open-eyed at her sister.

"Not, of course," Vere hastened to qualify, "that Eric isn't a dear, charming boy; he is, and he's a gentleman, and attractive, handsome even, if one cares for that rather fashion-plate type. But as to comparing him seriously for a single moment with Jim ——"

"Oh, of course not!" exclaimed Viva bitingly.

"Well then, why aren't you satisfied?" demanded Vere.

"Because—it would be quite impossible to make you understand," replied her sister loftily.

Vere surveyed her a moment.

"Well, I certainly don't understand you now," she said, and walked with dignity from the room, but also with a slight diminution of that bridal radiance, Viva was at once glad and sorry to observe. She herself sat staring at the unturned page of her book. It was small wonder that Vere did not understand her; she did not understand herself.

"Where's Vere?" Warwick tumbled into the room with the question everyone was asking these days.

"How do I know?" replied Viva, without looking up from her book.

"Well, Eric's coming."

"Eric!" repeated Viva with emphasis.

Warwick colored a little.

"Well, he asked me to. He isn't a great stiff—he's human, he is." Then he returned to his grievance: "And he'll be here in a few minutes. I wish you'd find Vere."

"Vere," said his other sister, as she turned a page, "went down the road a while ago with her racket, if that will assist you to locate her."

Warwick groaned. "Then she's off with Jim again—just what she did yesterday and day before. And he's got his touring car. I call it a shame!"

"Why do you call a touring car a shame?" asked Viva interestedly.

Warwick groaned. Girls were the limit!

"Pshaw, you know perfectly well what I mean! She was off all last week with Jim—and he's got three cars here now."

"Jim has?"

"Eric, of course!"

"Well, I'm not a garage," said Viva with some disdain.

Warwick bounded from the room. Viva precipitately retreated to her own, where a little later the melancholy note of a horn caused her first to smile maliciously and then to frown. But a soft knock at her door caused her to banish all expression of any kind and turn a blank face to her visitor.

"Where is Vere?" asked her mother, coming in; there was anxiety in her tone and eyes.

"Where she usually is nowadays—playing tennis with Jim."

Mrs. Bracebridge made a soft sound of dismay, hastily camouflaged as she met the eye of her younger daughter.

"Eric is here," she offered as a kind of alibi for the sentiment.

"Eric!" Viva underscored, and her mother blushed.

"He has begged me to," she deprecated; "after all he has no mother."

"What he needs is a guardian," remarked Viva coldly.

Her mother sighed.

"I must say," she said slowly, "that I am deeply disappointed in Vere."

"Why? Isn't this exactly what you—what we all—wanted and hoped?" asked Viva brusquely, with an almost savage candor.

Mrs. Bracebridge blushed again, deeply this time.

"I can certainly never have hoped that a daughter of mine should play fast and loose ——"

"Exactly," said Viva. "Then it's a good thing she shouldn't begin with Jim."

Mrs. Bracebridge gasped; she all but reeled indeed under the blow. She groped mentally for support while she avoided her daughter's eye.

"Where's Vere?" Alicia's voice, never so welcome, came to her rescue, followed quickly by Alicia herself. "Eric brought me over; he is down there with his car."

"Eric!" Viva reiterated pitilessly. "Has he been making love to you too?"

Alicia laughed. "Oh, it's no secret that I make love to him." Her astute eye roved from one to the other. "Have I interrupted something? But while you discuss the chauffeur waits serenely."

"I hope it is serenely," Mrs. Bracebridge faltered.

"Oh, it is," Alicia assured him. "Eric's amiability is unimpeachable. All the same," she added sharply, "Vere would better not try it too far; he isn't Jim. I call it deplorable ——"

"Mother was just deploring it," observed Viva coldly.

"Viva," that lady turned to her appeasingly, "after all in simple kindness, in simple courtesy, won't you take her place this once more? Do, my child!"

Viva tossed her book lightly down.

"I've been understudying Vere—taking her place—for about a month now; first it was with Jim, and just as I was getting him somewhere near normal again, Vere returned to the game. Now I'm expected to do the same for this millionaire foundling of hers."

"If you do perhaps she'll return to him," Alicia offered helpfully. "She will if she has even one spark of sense left in that head of hers."

"It's you who haven't a particle of moral sense, Alicia," Viva upbraided her. "You never did have, so I'm not surprised; but I am shocked at mother. And please just understand, both of you, that if I consent to do this once more, it's for the last time, and it isn't because I'm sorry for him—why doesn't he go back to New York and do something useful?—but because I'm disgusted with Vere."

Having completed this logical display she picked up a hat, dragged it on her head in the purely modern manner—where it at once assumed a sculpturesque affinity—and walked out, hiding a smile and leaving her convicted moral inferiors to their confusion. Alicia's, if it ever existed, hid itself in a hearty laugh, in which her mother-in-law did not join

"Viva is right." She met Alicia's inquiring gaze with every aspect of confessed guilt. "I should have seen it long ago, but I wouldn't—I tried not to. She is right. I am ashamed—but he is such a dear boy!" Her eyes appealed to Alicia for extenuation.

"Nonsense!" Alicia answered the appeal cheerfully. "Viva is a little idiot. Of course he's the dearest boy possible. We should miss him quite too dreadfully. I call it outrageous. Hasn't Vere eyes?"

"No, no," her mother-in-law spoke quickly, "Viva is right; it would be too distressing. Vere is right; they are both right. It is I who have allowed myself to be influenced—to become too much attached. He is so very lovable! But it would be dreadful if Vere had done otherwise, especially in view of all his deplorable wealth."

Alicia looked at her speechlessly a moment.

"Well," she said finally, "all I have to say is, it will be a crime if somebody doesn't keep him in this family. I can't think of any really good reason for divorcing Fred; but ——"

But Mrs. Bracebridge had fled the room.

Viva, descending to the porch with every trace of smile carefully banished and a young storm-cloud on her brow meant to underscore condescension on her part—since nobody is expected to enjoy being an understudy—was met by a patient young man, who rose, tossed his cigarette into space and smiled as genially as if she had been Vere. Viva admitted he had manners.

"You!" he said, as if it sufficed.

"Yes, I'm sorry," Viva answered stiffly. "Vere is off somewhere."

"She's rather more off than on, these days, isn't she?" remarked Eric cheerfully. "It's charming of you to—er—take her place." He held out his hand so simply that she took it and entered the car meekly. "And your mother?"

Viva shook her head.

"She can't come; it's her club day."

He jumped in without further comment and with his hand on the wheel turned to look down at the face beside him with a smile on his own.

"Where to—off into space by our two selves? Or would you rather run over to the club and watch Pearsall and your sister win the finals?"

Viva gave him a quick look. He had known then?

But Eric, with an obscure smile, was driving "into space." He was carrying it off very well, Viva grudgingly admitted, stealing a side glance at the man whom her sister—in plain language, her fool-sister—was rejecting for the excellent Jim. Deep color came into her cheeks as she thought of it.

"I've so often wanted to ask," Eric spoke casually, "whether your name was cause or effect. Did they call you by it because you were you, or did you get to be you by trying to live up to it?"

Viva answered coldly.

"My father was named Vivian."

"Oh," exclaimed the young man in another tone; "I beg your pardon." He added gently:

"Then that's why your mother—your mother ——" he broke off suddenly. "I think she's the very loveliest woman I've ever known."

Viva's heart softened slightly at this discrimination.

"We think so. She's very fond of you," she found herself admitting, and with instant regret.

"Ah, that's part of her loveliness," returned her companion. "She makes me feel so rich." Viva swept him one lightning glance; it was plain he had used the term innocently. "You see I don't remember

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my mother—only my dear old dad. And my good old nurse—she's my housekeeper still and an old dear; but, after all, she's not precisely one's mother."

Viva stole another glance at him; for a moment she caught herself on the absurd verge of pitying a millionaire who seemed—and not for the first time—almost human. Unluckily she timed the stolen glance so badly that it encountered with one he was stealing at her and, being young, they both smiled.

"I used to think," remarked Eric promptly, "that your sister had the prettiest dimples in the world"

"She has," confirmed Viva.

"No, only the next prettiest," he corrected. "Just as she has the next most beautiful coloring."

"Do you realize," asked Viva, brilliantly reënforcing his argument, "that you are saying the silliest sort of things?"

Her companion's reply was irrelevant: "Why do you hate me?"

They were running smoothly now along the country road, the light hand on the wheel needing inconveniently little attention, it struck Viva.

"We don't hate you," she replied severely.

"What do you hate in me, then?" he persisted, while reflecting on the waste of so much beauty on one girl. "Come, out with it—I want to know the worst. Is it—is it my money?"

The girl beside him gasped; put that way, it sounded indecent, and she instantly went on an indignant defensive.

"Since you mention it, we should like you better without it."

Eric mused a moment, skillfully sidetracking a stone in the road the while.

"Don't you think—excuse me—it's just a little low to give all that importance to money?" he inquired then mildly.

Viva sat upright; her cheeks glowed.

"We think it's rather low to have so much," she retorted.

"I know you do; I made that discovery about my second day here. I've done my best against the handicap, but do you think it's quite fair to remind me so constantly of my inferiority?"

"We don't."

"You do. I can feel you all the time trying to conceal from me your pity—as if I were the victim of some kind of moral leprosy."

"Well, you are," said Viva with decision.

Eric suppressed a smile.

"I haven't robbed a bank; my money was wished on me by the best father ever. Dad made it—most of it anyway—by making two things happen where not even one had ever happened before. I can't help being rich."

Viva's eyes opened wide.

"Nonsense!" she said severely; "there must be some way."

"Well, I haven't found it yet—any decent way. I can't throw it away; if I even tried to give it all away they'd probably put me in an asylum. Maybe you think that's where I belong?" he added pensively.

"Maybe it is," replied Viva unfeelingly. She was vividly aware of various details clamoring at her consciousness—of the nice firm wrist emerging from the nice sleeve so near her—and she hated herself for even being aware of them. Beautiful coat sleeves were a part of his unfair advantage over excellent young men like Jim. Not that she was aware of any particular sartorial deprivations Jim suffered from, but just as a principle no doubt it was so. It annoyed her to be so sensitive to that coat sleeve and made her cheeks hot. Eric, watching fascinated, thought:

"I never knew God could make a thing like that!"

Abruptly he leaned nearer.

"What would you like me to do?"

The sleeve was now so near that it seemed to give out electric currents; the girl caught her breath quickly.

"I? Oh, I should like you to go away and never come near us again!" she exclaimed. "You don't belong. You upset everything!" She stopped, breathless; it was clearly impossible to go on and explain that never had life in the Bracebridge family been so tense as since his arrival—and why.

Eric went on steering the car imperturbably.

"Do you think," he asked, "you could manage to forget, for just five minutes, my unhappy money?"

Viva steeled herself.

"Well, it's not very easy when it sticks out all over you so."

At this he flushed.

"Oh, I say, I hope it's not so bad as that," he said a little stiffly.

"It is," said Viva. "I realize you probably don't intend it, but you have—oh, well—such a rich way of doing things."

"A rich way of doing things!" Eric threw back his head and laughed scornfully. "When, if I am objectionably rich by now, as I may have become, it's because my wealth has been piling up for lack of ways to spend it here. Jove! My wildest expenditure for weeks past has been buying sundaes for Warwick when you weren't looking! Of course," he changed his tone, "I can go away if you really wish it. I don't want to stay where I'm absolutely *de trop*, as of course I should be if you turned me down. It's easy to see how things are with your sister ——" He turned at her quickly drawn breath. "Oughtn't I to speak of it? Fine chap, Pearsall. But I shall miss your mother and—all the rest frightfully."

Viva was dumb—she told herself it was with surprise—and wondered that in that case she was not more surprised at his resignation. Had he never loved Vere?

"You see," the young man went on, turning his blue eyes on her, "I've never had anything like this in my life before—never much of anything but things you can buy, of course. Money!" he exclaimed with sharp disgust. "Money! Why, I've tried sometimes to think what things I could do for you with my money, and it's ghastly to see how little. You've got all the worth-while things—the loveliest home, books, flowers; you've read and studied and seen; you wear charming things"—he glanced appreciatively; "even your food is the best I ever tasted."

"It's the least you could say," Viva broke in in order to say something. "We've not been allowed a dish except your favorites since mother found out which those are. She even goes into the kitchen and does things for you—if anything, she's worse than Warwick about you."

She stopped short, too late; but he took it with great humility.

"I felt there was magic somewhere about it," he said; then perceived and promptly used the weapon. "Doesn't that count for me? Oughtn't you, for their sakes, to try to overlook my handicap? If you would," he was unhappily inspired to say, "you could help me to get rid of quite a lot of that money, I should think."

"I!" exclaimed Viva haughtily; "I am not that kind of person."

Eric bit his lip. He wanted to laugh; but most of all, as he looked down at a lovely flushed cheek, he wanted something else.

"I meant usefully, of course," he said meekly. "But never mind, give me a little time and I'll take care of it myself. After all, I haven't had but a year and half since college, and one of those even you'd forgive me. I mean," he answered her glance, "the year over there."

Viva looked quickly up. "Over where?"

He appeared surprised. "Why, with all the other fellows—driving ambulances, of course. I supposed you knew."

The girl was still a moment.

"No," she said in an odd, short tone, "I didn't." After a moment she added, her eyes on the hand on the wheel: "So that's why you drive as if you were doing it in your sleep."

"I could do it in my sleep, I think," he replied simply.

They rode on in awkward silence.

"How could you bear," Viva broke it passionately, "after that, to come back to this?"

"The life of the idle rich?" Eric asked with a tinge of amusement. "I came back, if you care to know, to go again. I'm trying for a commission in the fall—R. O. T. C.," he answered the question in her eyes with a little nod. "Yes, we're sure to go in; there isn't a question. And I wanted to go with my own country. That's the one reason," he added casually, "why I've been so glad to loaf in this charming place. My eyes were a bit off when I came back. I want to be fit as possible for the tests. And it's a reason too," he added gravely, "why I've been so keen about coaching Warwick in driving, swimming, shooting and all that."

"Warwick!" exclaimed his sister. "He's nothing but a boy!"

"We may need them, too, before we get through," answered the young man grimly, and the few words seemed to illuminate for the girl beside him a whole new, imminent and undreamed-of future. She gave him a strange look, and he met it steadily.

"This country," he said, "is walking in its sleep; some day it will have an awakening"

She was silent, filled with wonder, dismayed, stirred, a little ashamed, but hearing irrationally through it all the discordant phrase: "That's the reason I was glad to loaf here." So it was really the place that had held him!

Presently he spoke again:

"Perhaps you can understand now why it's hard to feel that money matters much either way. It looks such a very little thing—when you've seen what I've seen. And also that's why I don't think you or I need worry much over it. For the present it's good to have; you'd think so if you'd seen what it can do at the Front and back of it. It doesn't seem to matter much who has it, just so it's there. And for the future, I've a notion it will matter still less—that there'll be bigger things to think of. Those of us who come out of what lies ahead are going to care more for what a man has done than for what he has. I've a notion, too, things will even up more; the rich won't be so rich, perhaps, nor the poor so poor. I'm no political economist, but anybody can see that something's due to happen."

"Why," asked Viva suddenly, "did you never tell me this? Why have you never talked like this before?" Her hands, as if for safety, were pressed tightly together.

"You've been so busy despising me there wasn't much chance," Eric smiled. "But also, I suppose, I thought in a way you knew."

"I'm sorry ——" She went no further but broke off with that new emotion which was like a passion. "If there's war for us I shall go; I shall be a nurse; I've always said so."

Eric nodded.

"You'd better begin your training then without loss of time," he said calmly. "This little near-heaven isn't going to last. It can't, because it ought not, and it won't, because there's still an America." He looked down at the girl. "You do see, don't you, how silly it would be now to think of us in terms of money? Money to-day is just ambulances, ammunition, food, service, medicine—and to-morrow there may not be either us or our money. One can't think seriously of a thing like that in times like these." Suddenly he put his hand over the two tightly clasped ones; they fluttered for a moment and then were still. "I believe in this beautiful old American life of yours; I've dreamed of such a life sometimes; but I can't live it or any other life we've got to go on to, without you. You know I'm madly in love with you."

She shook her head, but he had to bend close to catch her muttered words: "I thought it was Vere."

He shook his head in turn

"No, you didn't; you only tried to think you thought it. You knew very well I wouldn't be hanging round here after Vere—in the circumstances; just as I know—at least, I think, I hope—you wouldn't have consented to take Vere's place, day after day, if you hadn't cared—a little. You do care—and you're going to marry me, right off, before it's too late?"

"No, no, oh no!" exclaimed Viva, shaking off the spell that had kept her so still and freeing her hands almost violently. "It—it's impossible!"

Eric's face lost all color; he looked at her with sudden, bitter anger of disappointment.

"You are not going to tell me again it's my damn money!" he said almost roughly.

"I never even thought of your damn money!" cried Viva, putting out, in the eagerness of her disavowal, a hand which she as instantly withdrew. "It—it's something else entirely, but it makes it impossible." She stopped, trembling with feeling. How indeed could she explain that, having done everything to prevent Vere from marrying him, virtually compelling her to accept the inferior Jim, she could not possibly now marry him herself and face Vere. Pride, decency, self-respect, loyalty—a whole calendar of virtues forbade.

"It's no use to tell me you don't care for me," Eric went on miserably, but with a very white, set face. "You do, or, at least, you could—because I can just feel that we are made for each other. You aren't the kind of a girl to mislead a man. What is your dreadful reason—at least I've a right to know that?"

Viva was silent, since what could she say? He eyed her grimly.

"It's a bad one, or you'd tell me. And you don't stop to think, you don't care, that it isn't only me you'll make unhappy, but everybody else—your mother—who might be mine—Warwick—Vere ——"

"Vere?" repeated Viva in a very thin, skeptical voice.

"Vere, of course; Vere specially," replied Eric impatiently. "Wasn't it she who told me of you first in New York, when I was beginning to be the least bit *épris*?—she was the most attractive girl I'd ever seen then," he parenthesized. "She just vaguely let me know Pearsall existed—she's tremendously square—and she told me if I really wanted to see an attractive girl I'd better see you."

"Vere did!" faltered Viva; then suddenly her face blazed.

"No," Eric shouted to that blaze, "she wasn't thinking of my damn money, and she knew I wouldn't think she was either! There isn't another member of your family capable of such a low suspicion, such unspeakable mixing of values. If I had a mind like that I'd go and hide from myself!" He brought himself up short, with a vague perception that he was becoming pointedly personal, and he glanced severely at the edge of a brilliant cheek which was all he could see of an averted face; then he waited for what might happen, as he had not infrequently waited for a shell to burst, stolidly.

And with all of a shell's unexpectedness it came.

"Then," said Viva's voice, speaking with unexpected sweetness from carefully averted distance, "with that idea of my mind, you wouldn't, of course, care any longer about marrying me?"

"Wouldn't I?" exclaimed Eric grimly, but with a queer feeling in his throat and about his heart as he observed that the figure beside him was shaken tremulously with an emotion he could not determine.

"Because," continued the voice, "otherwise, it has now be-become no longer impossible." And as she turned slowly to him he became aware that the tremulousness was half of laughter—as in her voice—and half of tears—as in her eyes.

"Well, I'll be ——" exclaimed the bewildered lover, and therewith the machine came to a stand.

"Nice temper you have," remarked Viva cheerfully, somewhat later, with a full barrage of dimples out, as the machine resumed its homeward way. "But there, it will do to go with my mind—your notion of it."

"Eric says ——" began Viva modestly, entering with him the room where a hastily called family council was debating the propriety of sending out a search party in the absence of an S. O. S.

"Eric!" echoed Alicia, while everyone turned hastily to look at the two.

And then the gentle tumult broke forth. In its midst Viva went softly up and kissed her sister's smiling face.

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Feel it—feel *ink?* Yes, sir, and it's more than intuition. The minute you put your pen to paper you feel Signet's goodness. You sense it just as you feel a comfortable pair of shoes, a hat that fits, or a chair that's easy. The pen just jogs along without extra push or pull, and Signet does the rest—and does it *everlastingly.*

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Think how this fruit serves the well and the sick; not to delight alone, but to benefit all those who eat it.

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